

Collier's

JUNE 26, 1948

TEN CENTS



CHURCHILL URGED F.D.R. TO GET TOUGH WITH JAPAN

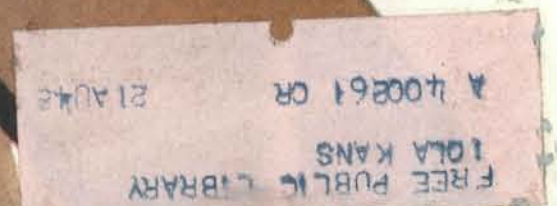
—The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

Unemployment Insurance Racket

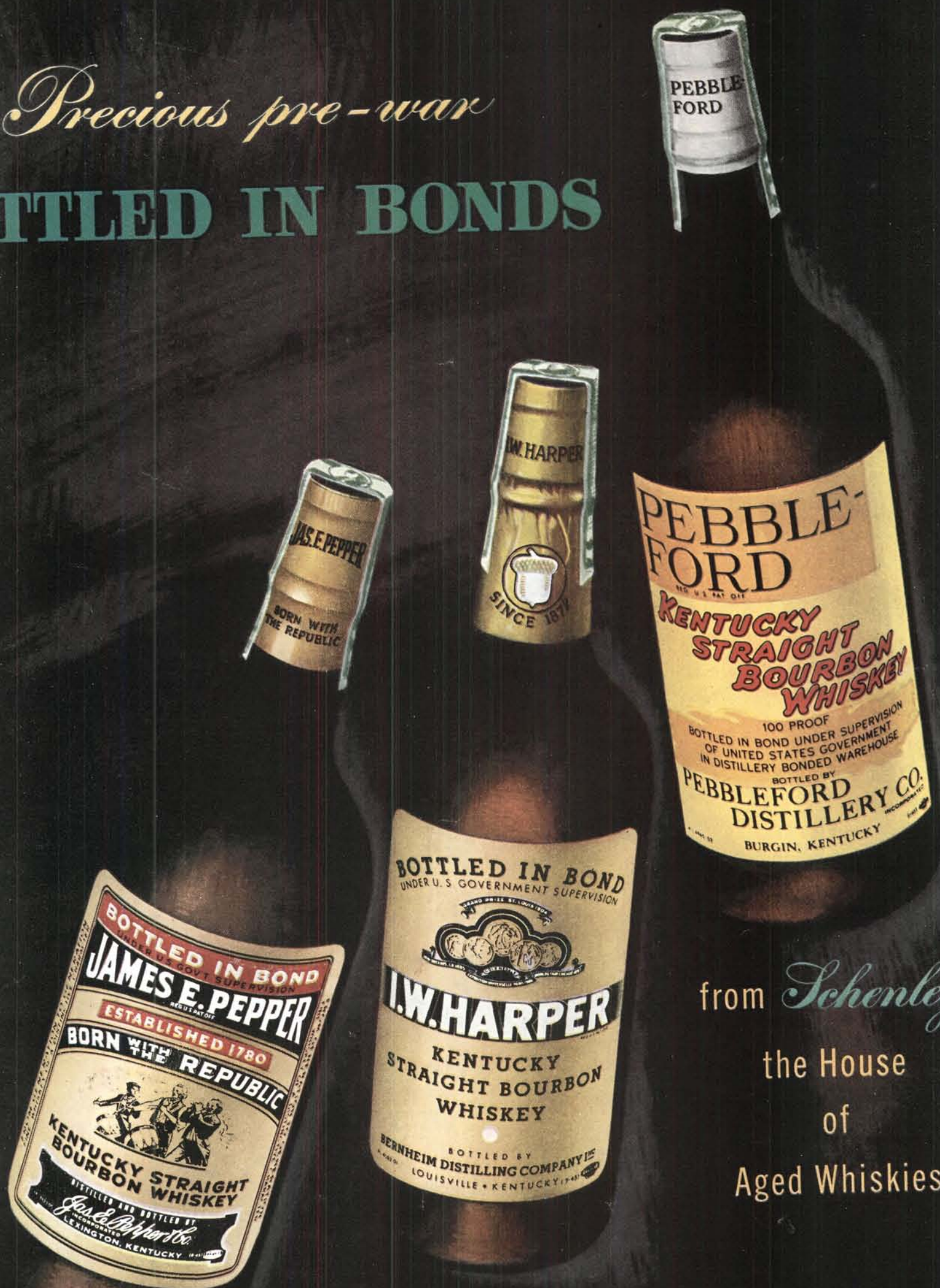
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June 26, 1948



Precious pre-war
BOTTLED IN BONDS



from *Schenley*
the House
of
Aged Whiskies

for "Elegance in Taste"

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Millions of families are seeking the open country. Searching for clean, fresh air . . . friendly neighbors . . . good schools . . . a comfortable home in which to rear their children.

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Trucks are doing a great job in helping to make America great.

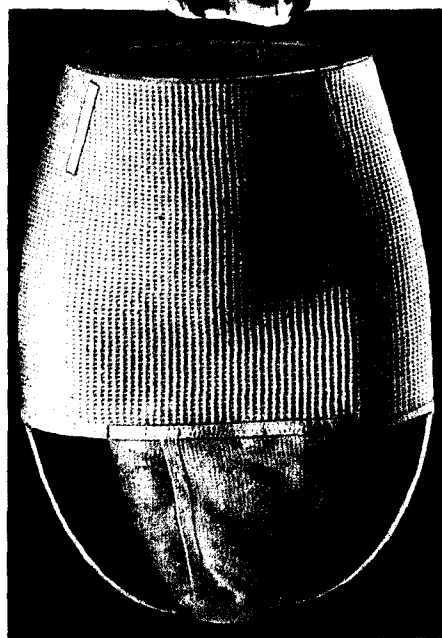


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AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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June 26, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FEAR OF FEAR ITSELF

SIR: Your editorial on fear is very timely (Most Fears Are Phony, May 15th). In small towns and country places the most prevalent and the bitterest of all fears is the fear of antagonistic mental influence. Mental influences can, of course, hurt nobody, but the fear of them is driving thousands insane, making with others a mockery of religion, exalting devils to powerful thrones and subjecting the consciousness to the imaginary immaterial forces. I admit that the discovery of the cosmic radiance shows that the brain can receive telepathic impulses from other brains (a measure of cosmic consciousness) but these impulses can never be harmful. They are always beneficial and tend toward the unification of mankind.

A. D. CRANE, Kingsport, Tenn.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE!

DEAR SIR: We, of the American Legion, are taking recognition of the dire need for conservation education on a large scale by our attempt to establish a National Conservation Committee of the American Legion.

We are gratefully acknowledging your effort in making Americans conservation-conscious (Are We Short of Water?, May 15th).

HANS W. KRUGER,
Baudette, Minn.

... I don't know about Lester Velie being Short of Water, but we're not. In these parts even the robins are equipped with pontoons and the children are taught to swim before they walk just in case somebody leaves a door open. The thought of anyone paying \$40 for a two-hour wetting fills me with delirious dreams of what could be accomplished if California could get together with Washington. The South needs rain and, brother, we've got so much, after it gets tired of coming down it starts going up again, so if our Southern neighbors would care to purchase a little of it for what they soak us to enjoy a bit of their sunshine, it sounds like a good deal for us. Just bring your old tubs (no offense meant to the female specie) and fill them up.

LOIS CHAMBERLAIN, Bremerton, Wash.

... I put in about 20 Years Draining Water out of the Earth and have Traveled through about 1,000 Miles of Under Ground Workings. There for when I say that Water can be Stored in the Under Ground Reservoirs that Nature put ther for

(Continued on page 62)

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Sign of Good Eating

Show a man that familiar bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup when he's dining out—and he knows he's picked a place where *quality* counts and good home-tasting foods are the order of the day!

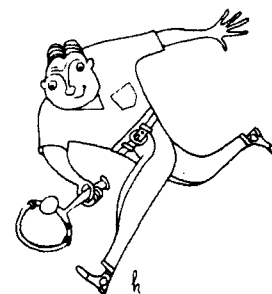
BRING on Heinz Tomato Ketchup at home—and double your husband's enjoyment of steaks, chops, stews and economy cuts! Add the magic touch of Heinz Tomato Ketchup to your gravies, omelets and other cooking, too. This full-flavored blend of luscious "Aristocrat" tomatoes and spice is found wherever good food is served! Ask for Heinz Tomato Ketchup at your grocer's! You'll find the whole family shares your husband's weakness for the world's largest-selling condiment!



Heinz TOMATO Ketchup

BADMINTON'S MR. BIG

BY BILL FAY



DAVE FREEMAN got into shape to win the national badminton championship by beating his wife with a frying pan. Dave didn't want to do it, but the Panama dampness had warped all the rackets except one. Dollie used it, and Dave swung the frying pan, and the score was 15-3, 15-6.

Maybe Dave could have won the nationals with the frying pan. Maybe not. Using rackets, he never has a bit of trouble. He hasn't lost a game—much less a match—since 1939. Meanwhile, he's captured 306 consecutive tournaments, including six straight nationals. It would probably be ten straight only for the fact that the war canceled competition after 1942 through 1946.

Freeman, an Army doctor stationed in Balboa, Canal Zone, had to enlist his wife's badminton services because Dollie was the only coercible opponent within 1,500 miles. Before the rackets warped, Dave stayed in shape by flailing rug-beater-style at a

shuttlecock hanging from the basement ceiling.

Freeman flew home to Pasadena ten days before the nationals at Waco, Texas, and won the California state tournament on blistered feet. At Waco, even with his blistered feet, Dave beat Martin Mendez, 15-4, 15-5.

Badminton is a game of reflexes and Freeman has them. "Sometimes the bird travels so fast you can't see it," Dave admits. "I just stick out my racket—instinct, I guess." The same reflexes might have made him a tennis or a squash champion. He was ranked behind Jack Kramer and Welby van Horn in 1938, but the California association sent him to the national junior tennis championships, anyway. "He's such a great competitor," the officials decided, "he'll be a good influence on our team." While the California stars cracked under pressure, Freeman, who went along for the ride, raised his game 50 per cent and won the national title.

Dave didn't take up squash until he

enrolled in Harvard Medical School in 1942. Eighteen months later, he won the New England championship.

"I seem to play better in competition," Dave says. "Maybe that's something I inherited from my father, who was a Presbyterian minister in Pasadena for 30 years. Dad always said that an audience stimulated a speaker. I get the same keyed-up feeling from a badminton gallery."

The separation papers of Army Captain David G. Freeman, M.C., should be processed soon. Dave plans to take up civilian practice in Pasadena, specializing in eye, ear, nose, throat and shuttlecocks. At twenty-seven, he's so far ahead of the badminton field that he could hold the national title for another 10 years. By that time, the young Freemans, Rees and David, Jr., may be causing trouble. Doctor Freeman says four-year-old Rees is lazy but has wonderful co-ordination. People have been saying the same thing about his dad for years.

THE TWO OLD MEN

When Bob Fitzsimmons started training, February 2, 1897, for his heavyweight title fight with Jim Corbett, Fitz jogged 12 miles with Yaraum, a 185-pound great Dane.

Fitz loved to show off his pet, and on one occasion threw Yaraum in a saloon wrestling match.

Jim Corbett, it developed, also had a dog—a mongrel named Laddie. Ten days before the St. Patrick's Day battle, Fitz and Yaraum met Corbett and Laddie on their morning jog.

Laddie, outweighed 172 pounds, snarled at Yaraum. Fitz snarled at Corbett. Then cooler heads prevailed. Not a blow was struck, or a bite taken, but the training-camp journalists wrote two columns on the dogfight that might have happened. That's considerably more space than many contemporary writers are devoting to Joe Louis' return heavyweight title engagement with challenger Joe Walcott.

After all, what is there to say about Walcott and Louis? If Louis is half the champion he used to be, he'll knock out Walcott in three rounds. Walcott never was much of a fighter. He worked as a sparring partner in Louis' camp before Joe's first scrap with Schmeling and his age is a more closely guarded secret than Sugar Ray Robinson's war record.

Louis has lost his enthusiasm for fighting. Joe wanted to quit after the second Billy Conn bout, but couldn't. Reason: He borrowed \$100,000 from Promoter Mike Jacobs during the war and Uncle Mike always likes to be paid back—with interest. Louis received less than 20 per cent of his fabulous ring earnings. The rest went to taxes, Jacobs and numerous managers. And what Joe got, he spent. Everybody has made money out of Louis, except Louis.

Getting back to the fight, Joe ought to put Walcott away like a Pendergast ballot box. If he should lose his 25th title defense, it would prove only one thing: that the greed of promoters and managers forced the greatest of the heavyweight champions to keep on fighting well past his prime—until he couldn't even beat an old sparring partner.

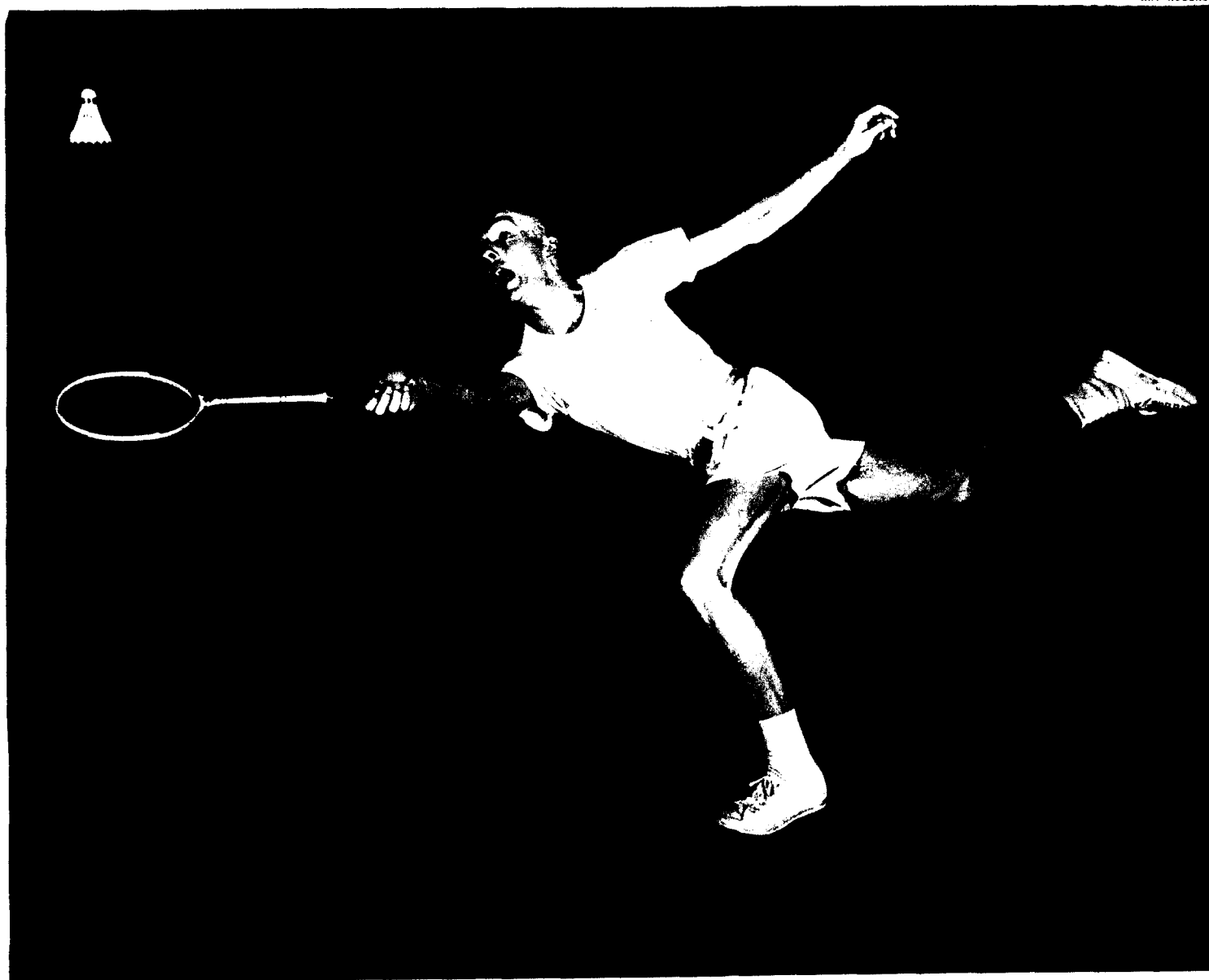
CROSS-COUNTRY CREW

The Severn was a rough and windy river all spring—too rough for rowing. Navy's crew trained on sheltered Backbreak Creek two miles from the boathouse. That meant loading the shells onto carts, pushing them overland to Backbreak Creek and home again.

After two weeks of pushing, Coach Buck Walsh predicted: "We may not win Poughkeepsie, but we're developing one helluva cross-country team."

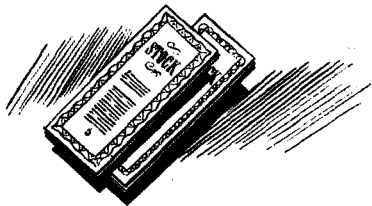
Walsh's coaching colleagues have a hunch that Buck really is developing one helluva varsity boat—a powerhouse eight that figures to retain its Poughkeepsie title by plenty of open
(Continued on page 36)

Long-time national badminton champ Dave Freeman gets under a difficult shot and bangs it back to his opponent

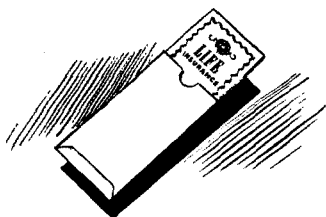


Can you find your shoes in this picture?

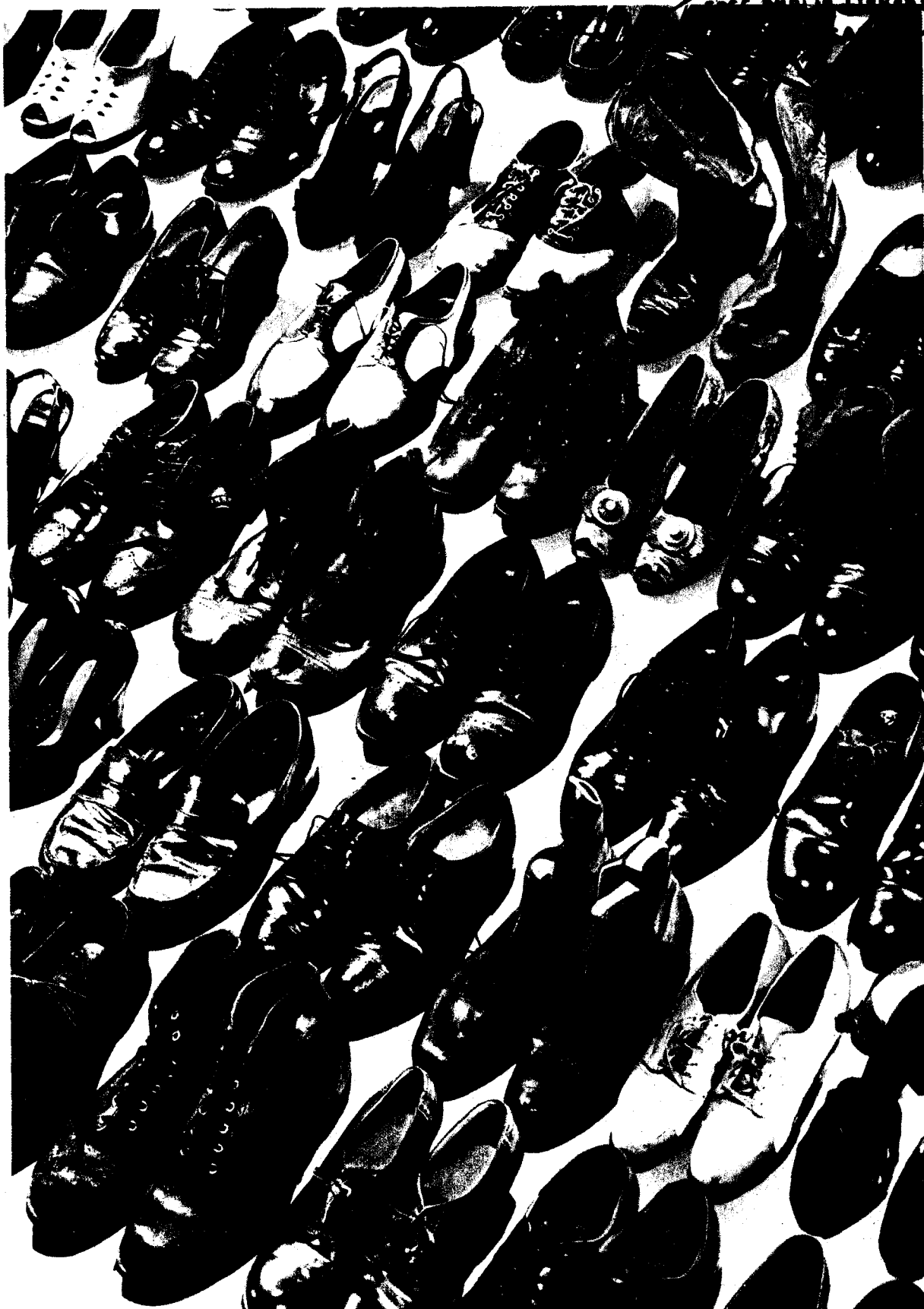
1. If you could look at the shoes worn by the people who are the true "owners" of American business, chances are you'd find *your* shoes among them! And that holds true whether you're a factory worker or a schoolteacher—a farmer or a storekeeper—a clerk or a cowboy—a housewife or a stenographer—or anything else! Here's why:



2. If you own a single share of stock in any business enterprise, you are one of the 14 million Americans who are *direct* owners of American industry, and who receive part of the profits of industry in the form of dividends.



3. If you carry life insurance, you are an *indirect* owner of business. Because the premiums you and 75 million other policyholders pay are reinvested by insurance companies in sound, profitable businesses. That's why your insurance policy can give you *income* as well as *safety*. The same holds true of almost all pension plans.



4. Even if you have no stock, no insurance, no pension—but are one of the 60 million people who have savings accounts, you have a stake in business. That's because the bank can lend your money to well-managed businesses—at a profit—and so can pay you interest.



5. Add it all up and you see that just about every family in America today is a part "owner" of business. Which means that just about every family in America profits when industry profits.

How much profit does it take to do so much good for so many people? Here, indeed, is another miracle of the American "profit system."

For, while most Americans think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make—Government figures show industry averages less than half that much!

And about half of what industry does make goes right back into business to pay for the development that brings more Americans more good things than are enjoyed by any other people on earth!

NATIONAL **A**SSOCIATION OF **M**ANUFACTURERS
For a Better Tomorrow for Everybody

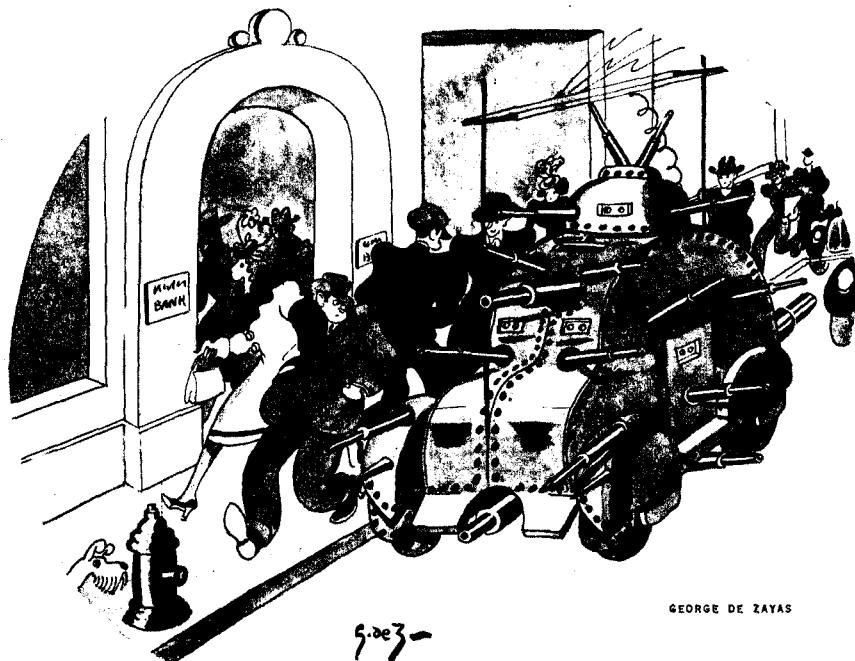


FLORSHEIM SHOES

Invest in the quality that pays dividends in economical longer wear



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A modern money-moving service is using armored trucks that, besides being protected by a two-way radio and several kinds of guns, are constructed in such a way of reinforced steel that they are believed to be impregnable against attack by any weapons that might be used in a holdup, including bullets, grenades, mines and even demolition charges.

No living platypus, the egg-laying aquatic mammal, has ever been on exhibition outside of its native Australia except at New York's Bronx Zoo where one died seven weeks after its arrival in 1922 and three have flourished during the past 15 months. This four-pound, 23-inch animal is nocturnal and so delicate and nervous that it catches cold easily and can be made sick by crowds, noise and bright light. Therefore, the three in the Bronx are on display (in their outdoor tank) for only one hour a day and only from May through October.

Despite the attempts to ban the student duels in Germany, these medieval combats were continued until 1939, in the belief that they taught a youth courage and that the resultant facial scars marked him as a true gentleman. In such duels, eight of which were fought by most students, the combatants, with their eyes and bodies protected, slashed at each other's head and face with a sharp saber, exchanging more than 300 of these strokes within the allotted 15 minutes.

In England, men who have attended certain famous educational institutions proudly wear their Old School Tie throughout their lives because no symbolic pin, ring or similar article approaches this neckwear in commanding respect and wielding influence. Owing to the success of the idea, ties of distinctive design have been adopted by hundreds of British organizations such as clubs, banks, regiments, business houses and government departments.

Factors in the atmosphere at an altitude of 20 miles are now being recorded on instruments carried up by a new, lightweight balloon. As the gas used is helium which expands greatly as the outside air pressure decreases, only 2,700 cubic feet of it is put into the balloon because this amount swells to 206,000 cubic feet, or 76 times its original volume, and fully inflates the bag by the time it reaches its destined height.

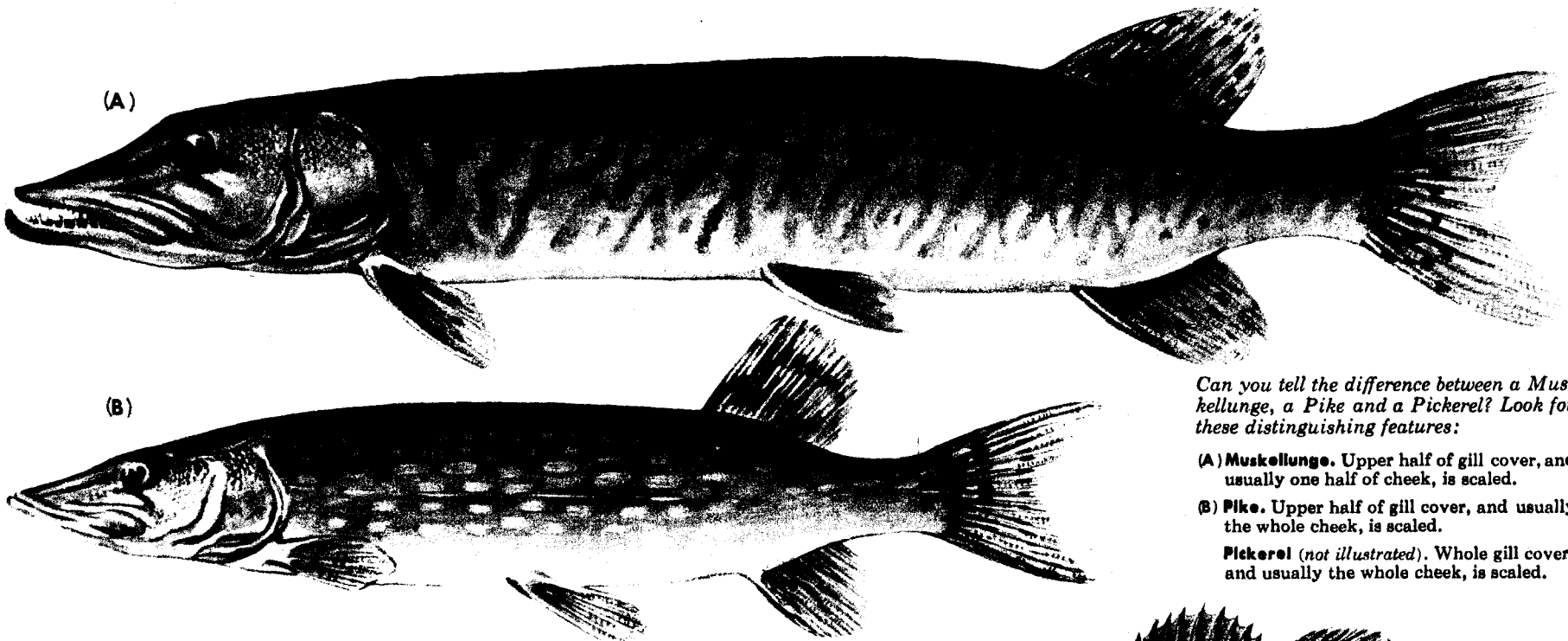
The world's largest and costliest indoor swimming pool is in the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn. Constructed in 1930, it is 40 by 120 feet, uses salt water pumped from an underground stream and attracts an average of 10,500 swimmers a week. The walls and ceiling are covered with gold mirrors, one of the luxurious features that made the pool cost \$1,264,000.

One of New York City's most amazing swindlers was George C. Parker, who died in Sing Sing's prison hospital at the age of seventy-six in 1937. In his heyday, Parker's specialty was selling famous structures to gullible out-of-town visitors whose confidence he won with his sincere and convincing manner and cleverly forged deeds and other documents. Among his prized "holdings," which he sold at prices ranging from \$200 to \$50,000, were Grant's Tomb, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty and the Metropolitan Museum of Art with its contents.

Since the first night games in major-league baseball were played in Cincinnati in 1935, they have constituted a steadily increasing number of the 1,232 games scheduled annually. While their total had reached only 70 in 1940, it jumped to 203 in 1944 and will be 358 in 1948.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address: Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for June 26, 1948



Can you tell the difference between a Muskellunge, a Pike and a Pickerel? Look for these distinguishing features:

(A) **Muskellunge.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually one half of cheek, is scaled.

(B) **Pike.** Upper half of gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled.

Pickerel (not illustrated). Whole gill cover, and usually the whole cheek, is scaled.

When you go fishing

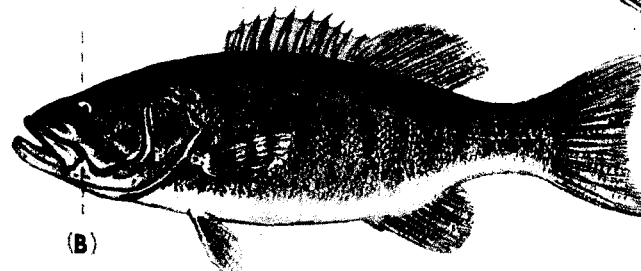
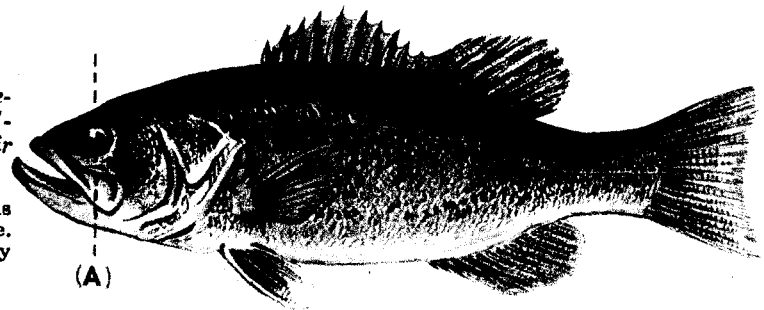
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify these fighters

* Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

You can distinguish between Large-Mouth Black Bass and Small-Mouth Bass if you look for their special characteristics:

(A) The **Large-Mouth Black Bass** has jaw which extends back of his eye. Also the dorsal (top) fin is deeply notched.



(B) The **Small-Mouth Black Bass** has a jaw which does not extend back of the eye. Moreover, his dorsal fin is not so deeply notched.

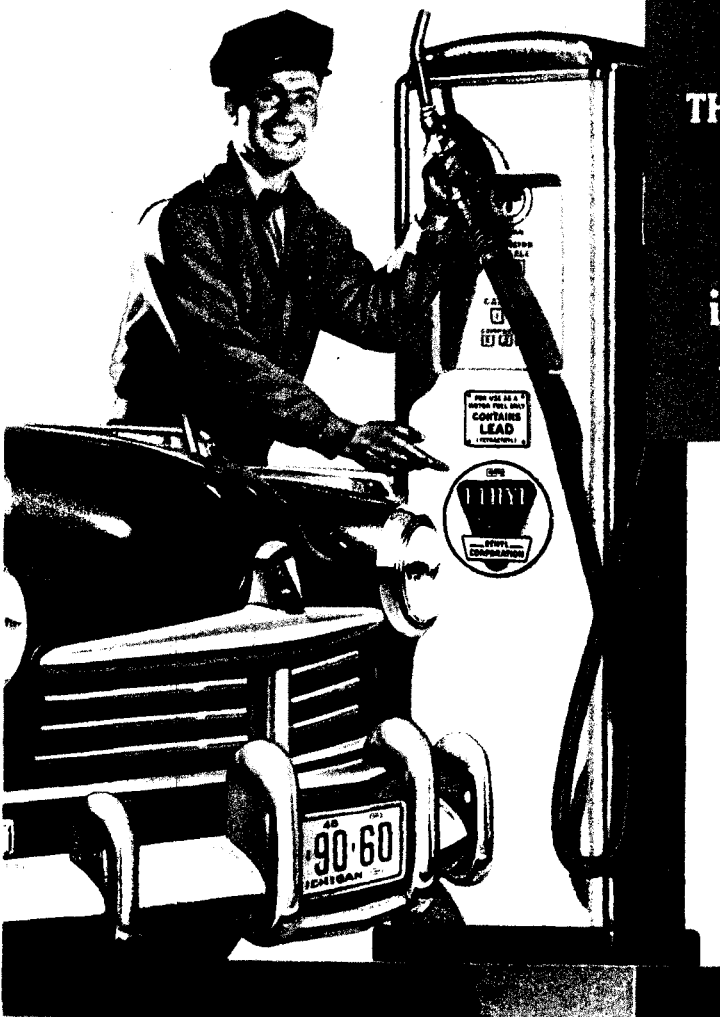
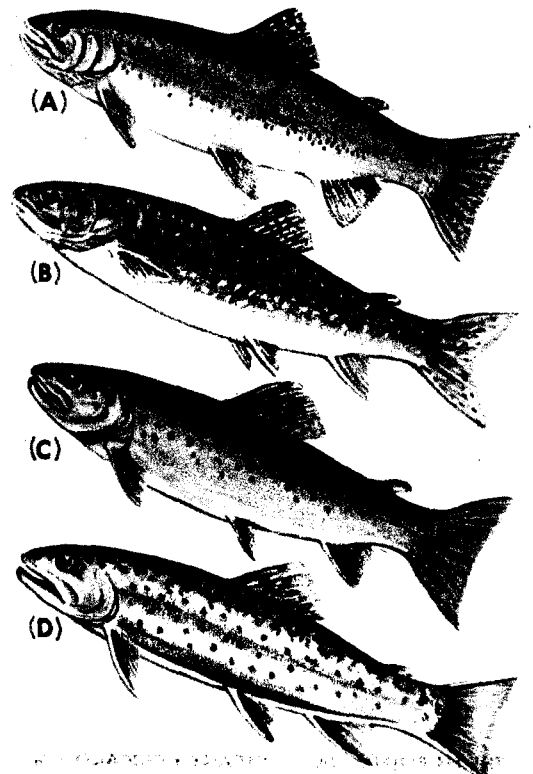
Trout are marked by a group of distinguishing characteristics. For example:

(A) **Rainbow (Steelhead).** Many strong teeth in zig-zag rows on roof of mouth. Tail fin usually spotted.

(B) **Lake Trout.** Teeth on roof of mouth on an elevated crest. Has teeth on base of tongue. Red or pale spots on body. Forked tail.

(C) **Brown Trout.** Brownish, rather large scales. Red spots on sides surrounded by light rings.

(D) **Breik Trout.** No teeth on base of tongue. Red or pink spots on sides. Lower fins with light-colored edges. Tail square or only slightly forked.



When you buy gasoline

THE "TRADE-MARK" "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. To show you that their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" fluid, gasoline companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their pumps. "Ethyl" antiknock compound is made by Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.

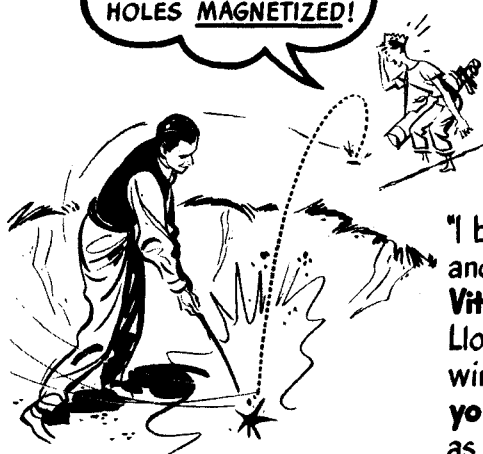
Working Out

with
Lloyd Mangrum

"Stylist" Mangrum, 46 U.S. Open Champ, is a short-game artist. Always practices putting before the tee-off. Lloyd's workouts under scorching sun are rough on his hair...so he plays it smart with **Vitalis**.



HE'S GOT THOSE
HOLES MAGNETIZED!



"I beat the bogey of blistering sun and drenching showers with the **Vitalis '60-Second Workout'**," says Lloyd Mangrum. Don't let sun, wind and water weather-beat **your** hair. Protect its good looks as so many top (and up-and-coming) men do. Get **Vitalis**.

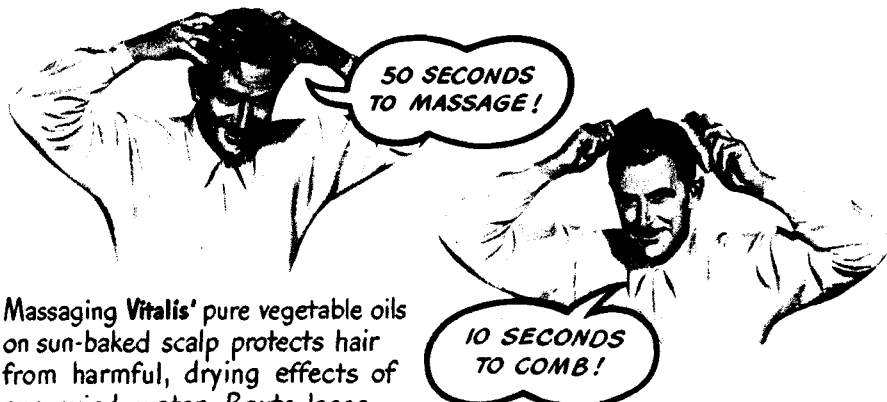


here's how the

Vitalis

"60-Second Workout"

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oils on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis**!

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about **Vitalis** and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

THE WEEK'S WORK

Sylvia Brooks



TO COLLECT the material for *Dancing-School Bonanza* (p. 22), Sylvia Brooks threw in her arch supporters for dear old Collier's. "I've been a reporter for five years," she mourns, "but I never knew the meaning of leg work till I began to migrate from dancing school to honky-tonks, taking real, paid-for and guest lessons."

"I guess I covered about 12,000 miles of dance floors, developed ballerina leg bulge and had all my problems for years to come solved in 20 lessons. The interviewees gave me all of the business I describe in the story. Oddly, I didn't get Charley horse till I sat down to the story for several days at the typewriter."

Otherwise, Miss Brooks is a New Yorker, a Columbia University M.A., and she narrowly missed being a professor. Instead she married Harvey B. Storch, an economist, lives in Washington, likes to bicycle and dance for relaxation.

KERMIT ROLLAND traces *The Man Who Painted Himself Blue* (p. 26) thusly: Out of funds last spring he wandered from his cold-water flat (rent \$14) in lower East Side Manhattan, New York, in quest of *zakuskas* (free lunch) to be found in the neighborhood Russian-American bars.

He was making a solitary feast of spiced *selotkas* (small herring) and *fartoshke* (boiled potatoes and tap water) when the female bartender suggested a token investment at the bar was necessary before the patron did away with the entire free lunch.

Rolland, prepared for such emergency, fished out a final dime he'd been husbanding against the predicted business recession, and bought a bitter beer. A small gentleman of odd complexion, sipping caraway brandy, thereupon asked Mr. Rolland why he looked so melancholy.

"Pride made me conceal the truth, that I'd squandered my fortune. I told him I had been disappointed in love," says Rolland. "I felt this might move the barmaid to let me munch the community soda crackers. Two hours later, reeking of soda crackers, I hurried away from the taproom with an odd story my Caraway Man had told me. With the money I received from Collier's for *The Man Who Painted Himself Blue*, I bought a free-lunch counter of my own. It is now set within reach of my typewriter."

COLLABORATOR Richard Stroup, who with Hal Masson gives us *Ring-Shy* (p. 16), has a small, obscure feeling of guilt about Collier's. Seems Stroup used to hate us—because he'd send in a story with

great love in his heart, and we'd bounce it back. Being the persistent type of lover, Stroup met Hal Masson last fall, and they teamed up to break our maidenly reserve. *Ring-Shy* (which they subtitled *The One Collier's Took*) resulted. Stroup hopes the wedding will be long-lasting, and produce bigger and bigger ones—we believe he means checks.

Mr. Stroup is from Colorado, did 3½ Army years in China and India, and narrowly escaped being a junior executive after the war. "My readjustment period was confused and frantic," he relates. "I was devoted to investigating new filing systems until my affection for writing displaced my yearning for cities and success. Now I have a knack for filing rejection slips."

WILL F. JENKINS, an old Collier's fiction hand, made his first big financial killing at thirteen, when his energetic eulogy of Robert E. Lee was published. "The subject was appropriate for a Virginian," he says. "But the piece was awful." He was not paid off in Confederate money, however.

At twenty-one he was a free lance, and has been one ever since with two interruptions: (a) World War I and (b) World War II. "I was a Senior Publications Editor with the OWI," he recounts. "I edited nothing, had nothing to do with any publication, and was junior to practically everybody—but worked my head off anyhow. I don't feel bad about the results. The OWI did some damned good work, politicians to the contrary notwithstanding. By the way, as a free lance, I've starved to death only twice."

Mr. Jenkins now inhabits a kitchen-colonial house in Gloucester County, Virginia, built in 1650 and once the property of the first man ever to be hanged in Virginia. There he lives with his wife and two of his four daughters. There he wrote his last book, *The Murder of the U.S.A.* (free plug), and *The General Was An Honest Man* (p. 67).

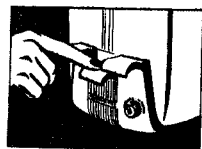
Mr. Jenkins knows the country his honest general operates in, having spent some of his youth ducking in and out of revolutions, smuggling arms and playing banana politics.

This week's cover: Brown Betty with the Jutting Jetty. Earl Oliver Hurst, wandering through New York's *soigné* Bonwit Teller's, seeking cover ideas, saw the very latest in swimsuits: the Cancan. He rushed to his easel, bedecked a girl of his dreams in the flouncy briefness, gave her hip a jaunty flip, and let loose with the splashy colors. "Betty's is not the No Look," says Hurst. ... TED SHANE

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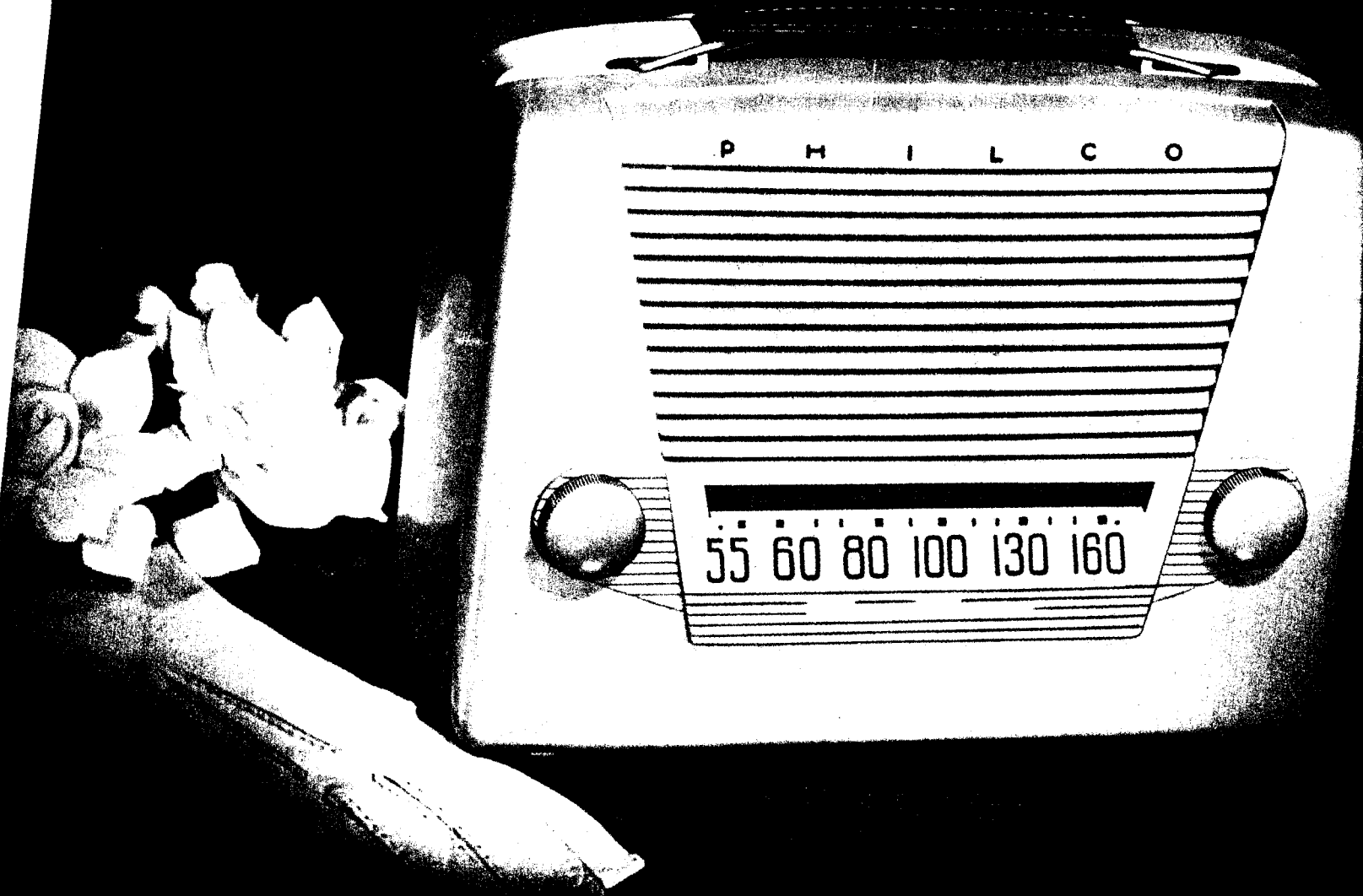


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CHISELERS' HOLIDAY

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

Florida vacations, six-month honeymoons and other luxuries are being financed by unemployment insurance funds in the slick hands of bogus claimants. Their looting may undermine the whole system unless the authorities and the people act—the sooner the better

THE wise men who originated unemployment insurance never envisioned a nightmare in which chiselers, pirates and downright crooks would loot the funds which belong to honest workers—and get away with it. Yet precisely this has been going on right under our noses.

"Unemployment benefits" have been paid out to Florida vacationists, to stenographers who quit work to get married, to gougers who collect benefits off one job while working at another, and to a whole menagerie of spongers and free-riders who—worse than the money they plunder—are weakening the entire structure of unemployment insurance, one of the important social developments of our generation.

The situation has a special urgency today, with enforcement being drastically curtailed at the very time when the unemployment insurance funds are swollen beyond anyone's anticipation—a fat \$7,000,000,000 straining at the seams of its sack. A penny-wise, pound-foolish Washington has stripped the states of their ability to stitch the holes in the sack and instead has, in effect, widened the holes so that the lucre leaks out faster.

In a survey of unemployment insurance in a number of states, I found local officials quite frank

about the looting that goes on. "All you have to do is be dishonest. These funds are simple as pie to chisel," said the counsel to one state unemployment insurance department.

"We can't begin to touch the chiseling and the frauds," admitted a state director.

"The surface hasn't even been scratched," said another.

In New York State, whose unemployment insurance program is by far the largest of the 51 state and territorial plans, Director Milton O. Loysen said without qualification, "I feel certain I could save the state fund between ten and twenty dollars for every dollar spent on enforcement!"

Some of the chiseling is due to ignorance. Many people don't know just what unemployment insurance is, let alone how it operates. One large employer said the girls in his plant sincerely believed it was "matrimony insurance"—that they could simply draw \$26 a week for twenty-six weeks any time they decided to quit work and get married. Another said some workers thought it was "rocking-chair money," to be drawn whenever they felt like knocking off for a vacation. Thousands confuse it with Social Security and think, "I'm paying for this. I might as well collect what's coming to me."

(Continued on page 50)



OUR JOB IN ITALY

BY CHARLES WERTENBAKER

Beating the Communists in Italy was a big victory for the forces of democracy. But the Italians are capable of reversing that vote if the U.S. fails to keep its promises

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA



At a mass meeting in Milan shortly before the elections, De Gasperi attracted a huge audience. Note the priest applauding vigorously, while a military policeman holds back the crowd. Trouble was expected but did not develop

Maria Cattaneo (see text) lives in the village of Cuggiono, near Milan. Nearly everyone there voted Christian Democrat. Many were influenced by letters from friends and relatives in the U.S.



Like other steelworkers at the big Breda plant, Giuseppe Magni seemed to feel that a victory for the Popular Front would mean better scrap iron for the furnaces. The Breda works are in a so-called "Red" suburb of Milan



14

MILAN, ITALY

WE HAVE voted the way you told us to vote," said Angelo. "Will you keep on sending us spaghetti?"

"We are grateful to America because we did not starve," said the woman across the table. "Grazie."

The wave of her hand indicated that her "thanks" was echoed by the people of Italy who had turned down the bid of the Communists for an election victory and had supported Premier de Gasperi's Christian Democrats.

"If the Russians had sent us wheat and coal and gasoline," said Angelo, "we would have voted for them."

"Never!" said the woman across the table. She wore a topaz on a ribbon around her plump neck and she looked as if life had given her pleasure. She had been sitting alone when Angelo and I sat down at her table, and she had joined the conversation because no Italian can keep out of a political discussion.

"Listen," said Angelo, "the Italians are a very changeable people. We have fought for the English and the Americans and we have fought against the English and Americans. We are also sensible people and we will do what we think is good for us. Ecco!"

"To be with America is good for us," said the woman. "Ecco!"

Many of Angelo's countrymen share his cheerfully cynical reaction to the international circus that was Italy's April election. What was to have been their first chance to choose their own government since Mussolini marched on Rome turned out to be a plebiscite on whether to accept or reject American aid. It was the biggest hand so far in the game between East and West, and Uncle Sam won it—but it was still only one big hand.

If the election was a painful blow to the Communists, it does not yet appear to have been a fatal one. Most of the 8,000,000 votes for the Popular Front were Communist votes. The Communists are still a power in many northern industrial cities and they are the sole effective political force in scores of small communities. They dominate the General Confederation of Labor. Their leader, Palmiro Togliatti, is one of the most brilliant speakers and politicians in Europe. Togliatti has left the way open for any move by declaring that the election did not represent the people's will. He charged interference by the U.S. and the church.

The first charge is not seriously dis-

puted by anybody, although it may be argued that extreme persuasiveness is not the same thing as coercion. The second charge was tossed back and forth by both sides and, so far as an outside observer could see, with just about equal justice.

But Togliatti never expected to get a majority vote. The most he could have hoped for was something over forty per cent, with which he would have demanded a place for his party in the government. Long before the election he must have known that the government was prepared to refuse him a place and to meet forceful arguments with the argument of greater force. And so Togliatti was not staking all his chips on the April election.

Whether Communism grows or declines in Italy depends less on the Communist party now than on the Christian Democratic party—and, as suggested by Angelo, on the United States. Alcide de Gasperi made his campaign on one issue, anti-Communism, and from no speech of any Christian Democratic leader did a concrete program emerge. The government's excuse for not enacting more social reforms, called for by the constitution, has been that it was merely a transitional government needing the support of right-wing parties. Now that the Christian Democrats have a clear majority they must make a clear decision: either move as far to the left as the majority of Italians desire, or become a standpat party and suppress the malcontents. The first choice would weaken the Communist party's hand; the second would make it stronger.

More Social Reform Wanted

The choice may depend a great deal on how the forces in and behind the Christian Democratic party group themselves and use their influence. The bulk of the party's vote came from the lower middle class and non-Communist workers and peasants; there is no question that they, with those who voted for the Socialists and the Popular Front, want much more social reform.

This is a country of many poor and a few rich, of many good Catholics and a few anticlericalists or plain non-believers. The election sharpened existing social and religious differences, and it focused the attention of the underprivileged on their complaints. Take the De Vecchi Farm, for instance.

On the De Vecchi Farm, near the town of Paullo in Lombardy, are 47 laborers and their families, living in a rectangular compound. For their work they are paid 12,000 lire (\$20) a month, plus enough produce to bring them in another 20,000 lire. Since they spend only about 30,000 lire per family per month for food, and since in some families two or three men work, they are not so badly off as some Italian peasants. But there are enough rickets, bad teeth and goiters on this farm to cast suspicion on the diet. A typical midday meal is frogs' legs and cornbread, with water to wash it down. Wine, which is a part of every French workman's meal, is considered a luxury in Italy.

The farm laborers work eight hours a day. They used to work ten hours, before a strike last year. The Communists unionized them, and the union backed their strike, so they all voted for the Popular Front.

Domenigo Cavanna, a good-looking young laborer with brooding eyes, lives in a two-room house which his

Collier's for June 26, 1948

mother keeps specklessly clean. The upstairs room contains nothing but beds—two double and two single beds for the eight members of the family. "The owner will not even patch those two holes in the roof," says Cavanna, "so I'll have to patch them myself before winter. We don't want to change this system. We don't want to own the land. But we want it controlled so we can build more sheds and keep more cattle and earn more money."

Cavanna is puzzled by America's part in Italy's election. "I can't understand what America wants. Do you want to make things better for us? Or buy us out? Or what? I look on one side and I see there is no Soviet intervention, and on the other side there is American intervention. I don't see any reason for intervention because we will not stay in *any* bloc."

Less fortunate than the workers on

the De Vecchi place are the people on a neighboring farm, across a rice paddy and a poplar grove. This farm is not producing. In the small, square courtyard, fowl and children swarm, and Maria Conca, forty-two, is washing clothes.

Maria supports herself and her two grown sons, both unemployed, by washing and working as a charwoman at twelve cents an hour. She cannot explain how she does it.

Neither is Riccardo Maina, who lives in two rooms in the compound, able to explain how he manages to live. He bicycles for an hour to Milan every day to earn 950 lire in a factory. He spends 1,400 lire a day for food for himself, his wife Anna and his six children.

"I have to ask for my money earlier each month," says Maina. "I don't know how it will end. I voted for the

Front because I wanted something better. Now I do not know."

The people of Paullo and its surrounding farms think and speak as they have been spoken to by their Communist organizers. They will not think differently until somebody fulfills some of the promises the Communists made to them.

The Voice of the Villages

One of the problems left by the election, in which could be buried the seed of future civil strife, is the political division of the country by towns and villages. Paullo voted overwhelmingly for the Popular Front. So did the town of Magenta, between Milan and Turin. But in full sight of Magenta across the plain lies Cuggiono, which outwardly differs from Magenta only in that it is smaller. Cug-

giono was a Christian Democratic stronghold.

The Communists tried to organize Cuggiono, but they never had a chance. Cuggiono has slightly less than 5,000 inhabitants and, according to local statisticians, 9,000 natives or sons of natives in the United States. For several days before the election Cuggiono's craftsmen and small shopkeepers did not bother much about work, but sat around the Café San Giorgio listening to letters from friends and relatives in America. Standing behind the bar of the café, Maria Cattaneo read one of them—from Luigi Merlo of St. Louis:

"Abraham Lincoln, one of the great Presidents of the United States, honorary citizen of Rome, abolished slavery. America wants a free Italy. Therefore beware the eighteenth of
(Continued on page 38)

Brigades of former partisans marched through the streets of Milan to the Piazza del Duomo in a Christian Democrat parade. Milan Cathedral in the background





BY HAL MASSON
AND
RICHARD STROUI

He treated the dog rough, and she loved it. Why shouldn't it work with the girl?

BLAIR MATTHEWS walked into the control room of studio A and glanced through the glass partition toward the mike. She hadn't arrived. He leaned against the wall and lighted a cigarette.

Johnny, the station disk jockey, was talking to the engineer by the control panel. He looked up at Blair. "You can set your watch by that gal. She'll be here at four minutes to six."

Blair nodded. He watched the slow sweep of the pointer on the control-room clock. Another minute.

"Mr. Matthews, do I have to play a classics album this week? My public is complainin' that I'm going long-hair." Johnny patted the spikes of his crew cut indignantly.

"Afraid so, Johnny. We're still getting requests for it."

At 5:56 the door opened and Paula Gibson stepped to the broadcast table. She wore a neat tweed suit. The three men in the control room watched her remove her gloves and lay them precisely beside her script. She turned her wide green eyes toward the glass partition. The engineer held up two fingers.

She knows I'm here watching her, Blair thought. She knows, but she'd never admit it mattered.

"Paula Gibson," Johnny said, looking at her hungrily. "She's reet with a dimple pleat. Looks sweet as Dixie-land, but she's colder than a Bach cantata. She's a hot clarinet without keys. Man, look at those—"

"That's enough, Johnny."

"Yes, sir." Johnny deposited a kiss on his finger tips and blew it toward Paula before he left the room.

Johnny was right, Blair thought. Paula was something special; in every way a woman could be, she was terrific. But she was keeping it all to herself. Why? Was she afraid? Had she been hurt?

The engineer raised his arm and whipped it toward the table where she sat. Her voice came into the room, each word a small piece of articulate craftsmanship, each sentence bearing her special stamp of authority, "This is Paula Gibson with an analysis of today's events." . . .

Blair was waiting in the hall when she left the studio.

"Nice broadcast, Paula."

"Thanks, Blair." She began pulling on her gloves to leave. It was a disconcerting device which made a casual approach impossible.

"Have dinner with me tonight," he said.

"Sorry. This is Thursday."

"I see. What is it this time, Paula?"

"Thursdays I cook pig's knuckles and sauerkraut for Dad."

"Paula . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd like to meet your father. And I'm a sauerkraut fan, too."

"You're wasting an awful lot of time, Blair. I've told you it's no dice."

"I'm not asking you to marry me this time. I'm inviting myself home for dinner."

"I don't think you'd enjoy it. There's just the two of us and Dad's a little crusty—"

Honest Paula. Forthright Paula. Making excuses, evading, fighting against the thing she wanted because for some reason she didn't want herself to have it. Her troubled eyes made him feel guilty.

"Hey, don't look so unhappy." He squeezed her elbow and smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow." He started down the hall toward his office.

"Blair!" He heard the quick tap of her heels behind him and turned.

"I would like you to come for dinner, Blair. I—I mean, Dad would enjoy meeting you, talking with you. Please. Get your coat and hat." . . .

Blair followed her out of the city in his own car. He had time to recall what he knew about her father. As a young prospector Hollister Gibson had made a rich strike in the days when Montana first linked its name with copper. He had bulled through until he had what he wanted—a million-dollar property. He sold out then and sat back, amused at other men who were caught up in the game and couldn't let go. Blair wondered if Hollister Gibson, alone now, was trying to keep Paula with him. Perhaps tonight he would find an explanation for Paula's behavior.

THE highway from the city was cut from the face of the cliffs, with the sea on the right and the wild bush climbing the mountain slopes on the left. The Gibson home was a large but unpretentious country house set among pine and cypress trees.

Paula called to her father when they entered the wide living room.

"Holly, we have a dinner guest."

"Why?" a leathery voice demanded. He came to the door, a craggy face, belligerent blue eyes, undisciplined gray hair. He was wearing a sweat shirt and his trousers were supported by wide green suspenders. A soiled rag hung from his fingers. A tall English setter stood beside him.

"This is Mr. Matthews, our program director, Holly."

"Don't blame her, Mr. Gibson."

She doesn't want me any more than you do." Blair smiled and walked toward the old man.

Gibson wiped his fingers, not too carefully, on the rag and grunted; he looked at Blair's hand, then gripped it in his own. He turned to Paula. "What did you bring him for? There's never enough pig's knuckles for two of us."

"That's because you eat too much, Holly. Anyway, he's going to stay. You'll have to entertain him while I get dinner. Hi, India." She snapped her fingers at the setter on her way to the kitchen.

The old man regarded Blair distastefully. Blair grinned at him. "I'm an inoffensive person, Mr. Gibson."

"Well, you're here. I suppose you might as well stay. Sit down."

Paula called from the kitchen, "You'll have to clear up this mess on the table. Why can't you clean your guns in the den?"

GIBSON went grumbling to the kitchen and came back loaded with an assortment of half-assembled shotguns, cleaning rods and dirty rags. He disappeared into his den and reappeared a moment later with a pint bottle in his hand. "Want a drink?"

"Yes. Sure."

Gibson pushed a low table closer to Blair's chair with his foot, sat heavily in another chair and set the bottle between them. "Help yourself."

Blair picked up the bottle and examined the label.

"What's the matter—too strong for you? We've got ginger ale."

"I think I can handle this," Blair said. He was tipping the bottle to his mouth when Paula came in from the kitchen.

"We have glasses, Dad. And ice cubes. And soda."

"I didn't offer him glasses and ice cubes and soda! I offered him a drink. If he wants to spoil his liquor he can use cookin' whisky from the kitchen."

"Dad," she said ominously, "the doctor said no more straight whisky for you." She returned to the kitchen.

When she came back with the tray Gibson was saying, "The doctor—always the doctor. I never had a hang-over till I started meddling with soda."

"Maybe they used to make better whisky," Blair suggested.

"Made better men, too. These pasty-faced young galoots that come around here nowadays—they can't hold their liquor; they can't hold their women. Like this young fella that was engaged to Paula—"

(Continued on page 32)

MARTHA
SAWYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Paula was holding her best platter in soapy fingers when he kissed her on the back of her neck. She froze—then spoiled his game by saying nothing





OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

At the Atlantic Conference, Churchill tried to tell Roosevelt that both their countries should be tough in dealing with Japan. He didn't get very far in this

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT A. HARRISON

The Soviet Premier and Britain's Prime Minister urge Roosevelt to take a tough policy toward Germany and Japan but the President warns against antagonizing Congress

PART V. PRESSURE FOR WAR

WHEN Harry L. Hopkins met Joseph Stalin in July of 1941, the Soviet premier freely discussed Russia's war problems and emphasized his belief that the Red Army could hold out if it received sufficient supplies.

Hopkins' report to President Roosevelt was divided into three parts. The second part said:

I told Mr. Stalin at this conference that our government and the British government (Churchill having authorized me to say this) were willing to do everything that they possibly could during the succeeding weeks to send matériel to Russia. This matériel, however, must obviously be already manufactured and that he, Stalin, must understand that even

this matériel could in all probability not reach his battle lines before the bad weather closes in.

I told him that we believed that plans should be made for a long war; that so far as the United States was concerned we had large supply commitments in relation to our own Army, Navy and Merchant Marine, as well as very substantial responsibilities for supplies to England, China and the republics of South America.

I told him that the decisions relating to the long-range supply problem could only be resolved if our government had complete knowledge not only of the military situation in Russia, but of type, number and quality of their military weapons, as well as

full knowledge of raw materials and factory capacity.

I told him that I knew that our government, and I believed the British government, would be unwilling to send any heavy munitions, such as tanks, aircraft and antiaircraft guns, to the Russian front unless and until a conference had been held between our three governments, at which the relative strategic interests of each front, as well as the interests of our several countries, were fully and jointly explored. . . . My suggestion to him was to hold a conference at as late a date as was possible. Then we would know whether or not there was to be a front and approximately the location of the front during the coming winter months.

Stalin said he would welcome such a conference and said that of course it would be impossible for him to go to a conference anywhere other than in Moscow; that he would be glad to make available to our government all information which was required and he offered to give us the Soviet designs of their airplanes, tanks and guns. . . .

There is literally no one in the whole government who is willing to give any important information other than Mr. Stalin himself. Therefore, it is essential that such a conference be held with Mr. Stalin personally.

Copies of Parts I and II of the Hopkins report were sent to the Secretaries of State, War and Navy. There followed a Part III which Hopkins

Collier's for June 26, 1948



In July, 1941, Stalin predicted to Hopkins (shown with Commissar Lozovsky and Steinhardt) that we'd fight Hitler

marked "FOR THE PRESIDENT ONLY." He made only one copy of this part and recommended to the President that it should not be let out of his office but suggested that its contents might be communicated verbally to Secretary Hull. The reason for this secrecy was that Stalin spoke bluntly of the desirability of U.S. entry into the war against Germany.

Part three said:

After Stalin had completed his review of the military situation, he stated that he wanted to give the President the following personal message; that he had considered putting the message in writing but believed it would be more desirable to have the message delivered to the President by me.

(This message, as published in part in the first installment of this series of articles, said the world influence of the U.S. and President Roosevelt was enormous and that an announcement that the U.S. was joining the war against Germany would so encourage the subjugated peoples of Europe that it could result in defeat of Hitler, perhaps without firing a shot.)

Contrariwise, Stalin believed that the morale of the German army and the German people, which he thinks is already pretty low, would be demoralized by an announcement that the United States is going to join in the war against Hitler.

Stalin said that he believed it was inevitable that we should finally come to grips with Hitler on some battlefield. The might of Germany was so great that, even though Russia might defend herself, it would be very difficult for Britain and Russia combined to crush the German military machine.

Stalin said that he believed that

the war would be bitter and perhaps long; that if we did get in the war he believed the American people would insist on their armies coming to grips with German soldiers; and he wanted me to tell the President that he would welcome the American troops on any part of the Russian front under the complete command of the American Army.

I told Stalin that my mission related entirely to matters of supply and that the matter of our joining in the war would be decided largely by Hitler himself and his encroachment upon our fundamental interests.

He repeatedly said that the President of the United States had more influence with the common people of the world today than any other force. Finally, he asked me to tell the President that, while he was confident that the Russian army could withstand the German army, the problem of supply by next spring would be a serious one and he needed our help.

New Attitude of Big Three

This was Hopkins' last meeting with Stalin on that brief trip. Stalin had certainly taken Roosevelt's request to heart and had reposed complete confidence in Hopkins. This was indeed the turning point in the wartime relations of Britain and the United States with the Soviet Union. No longer would all Anglo-American calculations be based on the probability of early Russian collapse—after this, the whole approach to the problem was changed.

Hopkins was elated by his meetings with Stalin, but he was also depressed—for he had been given a glimpse of something that he had never seen before, the true nature of the totalitarian

state. He wrote later, "Before my three days in Moscow ended, the difference between democracy and dictatorship were clearer to me than any words a philosopher, historian or journalist could make it."

Through the years that followed Hopkins had nothing but contempt for those jittery Americans who were forever looking for Communists under the bed. But, he could never reconcile himself to a system which seemingly concentrated such absolute power in one mortal man.

Later on, as the record will show, when evidences of discrepancy began to appear in the application of Soviet policy, Hopkins suspected that if he had ever been permitted to attend meetings of the Politburo, he might have learned that Stalin's power was not so absolute as he had at first imagined. But he never gained any clear idea as to how the Politburo really operated, and neither did Roosevelt. As time went on, and as the tide of battle turned, they became more and more aware of it as an unseen, incomprehensible but potent influence on Stalin and thus on all Allied long-term policy.

When Hopkins got back to Archangel for the return trip to Scotland, his pilot said they were pretty sure to encounter severe head winds after leaving Russia and it might be rather rough going. Hopkins said, "Whatever it is, it will seem easy after what I've been doing the last couple of days."

He was desperately ill on the flight which took twenty-four hours to Scapa Flow. He was so exhausted that, despite the discomfort, he slept for seven of these hours. At one time he was awakened and told that the aircraft was being fired on by an uni-

dentified destroyer off the Murman Coast.

When they finally reached Scapa Flow and landed in a narrow and turbulent lane between ships, the tail of the PBV was slapped up and down and Hopkins was being slapped with it. The plane and a launch maneuvered about until the launch got her bow close enough to the blister for Hopkins to jump. A sailor with a boat hook literally hauled him, sprawling, across the slippery deck to safety. His luggage was then tossed after him, including the priceless papers which set forth the Soviet position in detail.

This was August 2, 1941, just a week after Hopkins had asked for permission to go to Moscow.

Voyage Almost Proved Fatal

Hopkins was taken in charge by Admiral Sir John Tovey, commander in chief of the home fleet, but for a while it was feared that he might not live long enough to report on his visit with Stalin.

Hopkins seemed to be not only at the end of his rope but at the end of the last filament of the spider's web by which he was hanging on to life. Admiral Tovey ordered him to bed, having summoned all the medical skill that was available to drug him to sleep.

Winston Churchill arrived the next day aboard the Prince of Wales, bringing with him his chiefs of staff, en route to the Atlantic Conference with Roosevelt. Hopkins went with him.

During the trip across the North Atlantic through the U-boats' happy hunting ground Hopkins told Churchill all the points from his talks with Stalin which touched on Russia's military situation and her needs, and the Prime Minister, as he listened, understood all the better why Hopkins was of such value to the President, for he had never before heard harshly objective and salty reporting quite like this. They also discussed the phraseology of the Atlantic Charter which the Prime Minister was to present to the President, and Churchill again emphasized the necessity of a firm warning to Japan.

In his meeting with Roosevelt, Churchill hoped that some momentous agreement might be reached. The agreement that Churchill hoped for was not the Atlantic Charter; it was the establishment of a common policy of resistance to further Japanese aggression.

Churchill before leaving London had informed the Prime Ministers of the Dominions of the conference and said that through the war years he had had intimate correspondence with Roosevelt and had talked to him on the telephone but had never met him. This, by the way, was a somewhat sore point with Roosevelt; when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the first World War, he had gone to London and had met the already celebrated Churchill at a banquet. Churchill had barely noticed the young American official and had promptly forgotten this encounter, but Roosevelt remembered it clearly.

There was no question about Churchill's attitude toward Roosevelt now. Hopkins later told friends, "You'd have thought Winston was being carried up into the heavens to meet God!"

In the many meetings that were to follow, from Argentia to Yalta, (Continued on page 41)

DEATH HAD A VOICE

BY
CHARLES B. CHILD

The rabble rouser used a woman to bait his trap. Inspector Chafik set another trap—and used himself for bait



Chafik fumbled for some coins. "The plea of a mother is not to be refused," he said

RUMOR, born as a breath in the maze of alleyways surrounding the holy mosque of Kadimain, gathered mischief as the desert wind gathers dust. It choked reason, blinded tolerance and whipped up fury in the mob that cried havoc through the shabby, dun-colored streets of the city of Baghdad.

The components of the mob were ragged, underfed men bred on the dirty body of a hate-racked world. Individually they were pitiful. Collectively they were terrible. They were armed with knives, sticks, fragments of stone; but the worst weapons of all were their brown, clawed hands. Cloaked by the darkness of an oppressively hot night, the men ran; and like all mobs, this one did not know where it was going, or why.

On the outskirts of the Bab-al-Sheik district were the police. The white tunics of the metropolitan

officers were smudged chalk lines drawn across the main roads, and in the side streets lurked khaki-clad troopers of the suburban patrols, mounted on well-trained horses. Behind, were motorized squadrons of mobile police, heavily armed with rifles and machine guns, prepared to drive forward into the heart of the mob if the clubs and reversed carbines of the forward lines failed to force it back.

A dapper little man drove up in an open touring car, surveyed the preparations and nodded approval. He was dressed in a lightweight civilian suit of good cut, and wore on his sleek head the black *sidarrah* of the modern Iraqi. He had a sharp chin and rather full lips; his eyes were large, mottled olive in color, and strangely flat. He was representative of a people whose beginning was veiled by the mists of history, and he looked at the mob cynically, seeing it as the rot in the timbers of a neglected civilization.

He said in Arabic to his companion, a gaunt man in the uniform of a sergeant of police, "One smells their hate. Have you not noticed, my dear Abdullah, that each human passion has a distinctive odor?"

Sergeant Abdullah replied, "Sir, I have sometimes smelled fear—"

"Fear and hatred are twins." Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department lighted a cigarette and blew gently on the smoldering end to make it burn evenly. Looking at the mob, he went on, "I pity these foolish people whose heads we are about to crack. They are not our enemies."

The swarthy face of the sergeant darkened and he made a gesture of protest. "Permit me, sir, to observe that these men break the law, and therefore—"

"A doctor," said Chafik smoothly, "does not consider his patient an enemy. He wages his war against the cause of the complaint. And mob madness is equally a sickness." He drew on his cigarette and then went on in a voice of iron, "There is direction behind this riot. It is a cancer, and I intend to cut it out."

The little man stood up in the open car as the space between the mob and the police barrier closed. The senseless howling had died away, and it seemed for a moment that the orderly lines of uniformed men might act as a sedative, that tactful handling would disperse the crowd.

Then, somewhere in the background, a voice raised the ancient battle cry of the Jihad, "*Thibhamu besm er-rassoul!*"

The voice had the high pitch and wailing note of the fanatic, but it also carried authority. It probed to the nerves, and with that one cry destroyed the salutary effect of the massed police. When it came again, "Kill in the Prophet's name!" the mob echoed the words and launched a volley of stones.

The police came into action, but above the thud of their sticks, the cries of pain, the shouts of anger, the voice could still be heard. Sometimes it came from the front of the crowd, then again from the flanks; the darkness and confusion made it impossible to trace the source. The mob attacked with such fury that the police barrier was pushed back, and now it was the turn of the troopers. They drove wedges through the packed ranks of fanatics, and struck hammer blows with the brass heelplates of their carbines while their skillful horses backed and sidled.

But still there was the voice, "*Thibhamu besm er-rassoul! Thibhamu—thibhamu!*"

Inspector Chafik said bitterly, "Hashish would have a less maddening effect. We have now heard our enemy." He turned to a squad of mobile police. "Bring me that man who blasphemes the Prophet!" he ordered, and then beat his hands together in sharp despair as he heard the voice again, but this time from a distance.

Whoever the man was, he realized the mob was fighting a losing battle. He fled now for safety, a vampire satiated for this night, leaving behind the dead, the injured—and what was worse, the cancerous hate.

CHIEF INSPECTOR ELLSWORTH, appointed head of the Baghdad C.I.D. by the Iraqi government, sat at his desk on the second floor of the headquarters building on Al-Rashid Street, reports of the night's events spread before him. He was a burly, red-faced Englishman, whose thick brows joined in a bar across his forehead and accentuated the sharpness of his eyes.

He said brusquely, "Fifteen dead, eighty-three injured. A lot of looting. Only thirty arrests, and those unimportant. This is a hell of a poor show, Chafik."

The little man, who was perched on the edge of a chair, moved uncomfortably. He told himself he had no reason to fear the chief inspector, but his hands were clammy. He was aware he had spoken ingratiatingly upon entering the office, and self-anger surged to his normally cool head. He began adjusting his neat polka-dot tie to hide it.

Ellsworth said irritably, "Leave that damn' tie alone! . . . What d'you think was behind this riot, Chafik?"

"Sir, I would say that its sole purpose was to foment hatred." His English was precise.

"For political reasons?" The chief inspector's eyebrows worked vigorously.

Chafik twisted the folded *sidarrah* between his slender hands, and answered in the peculiar hollow voice of a man who spoke thoughts, "Hatred breeds hatred. Arabs rise against Jews, and Jews against Arabs. In India the Moslems and Hindus destroy one another. It is also this way in Europe and elsewhere. There is a plague of fear and suspicion in the world that makes each religious and political group see the other as a mad dog—"

Ellsworth interrupted, "Dammit, I don't want to hear a lecture."

THE little man gave a nervous smile. "Please excuse me." Then he said with unexpected firmness, "I am a policeman and a servant of the public. In politics I must practice celibacy. Therefore I do not wish to consider the reason for the riot. But it is my duty to arrest the man who directly instigated it."

"You mean this man with the voice?" asked the chief inspector, looking at Chafik's report.

"Yes, sir. I am convinced he was paid to do what he did, in the same way an assassin is paid. The dead are his victims as surely as if he had struck them down with a knife. Perhaps we cannot touch the people who paid him—they may be outside this country—but he should hang."

The iron was back in his voice, and the Englishman looked at him curiously, thinking: He's a fanatic, too. He'd give his life for the cause of law and order. Aloud, Ellsworth said, "Is there any clue to this man's identity?"

Chafik spread his hands, and the light which had briefly given color to his eyes began to fade. "The prisoners have been interrogated. Some describe the agitator as a tall man, others as a short man. He is also definitely identified as being both fat and lean—"

"In other words an average man. We might just as well try to pick one pea out of a bushel." Ellsworth rammed tobacco into his pipe with a vigorous thumb. "What about probabilities?"

"Investigations proceed, but I have already eliminated the majority of professional agitators on our records." Chafik paused and then added, "But a clever man would not be on our records, and this one may be a stranger."

"So you look for a man of average appearance who may or may not be Iraqi! What a hope!"

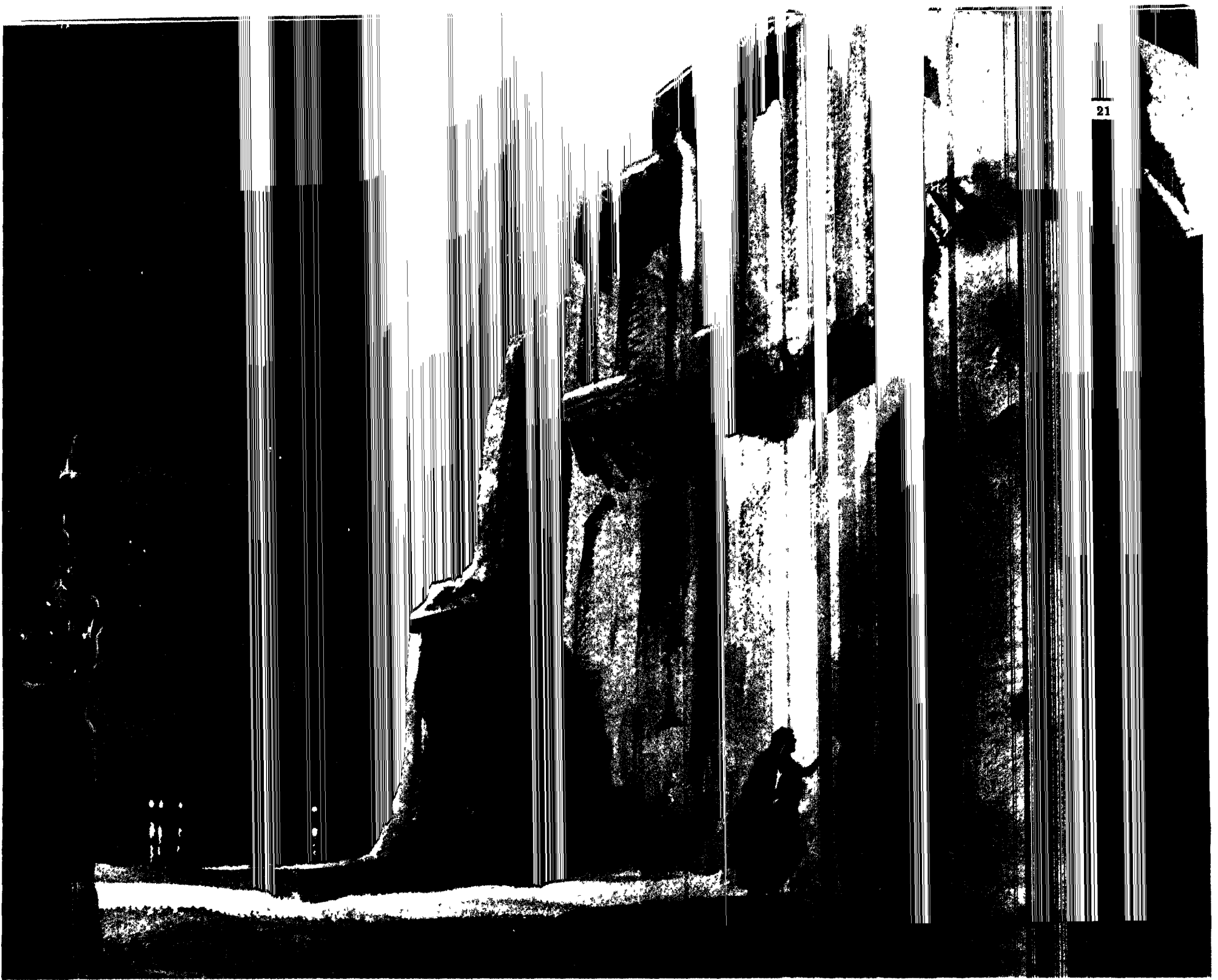
"Sir, I am not without hope. I have closed the gates of Baghdad, and am confident the man now lurks like a rat in some dark hole. I shall drive him out." Ellsworth looked skeptical, and Chafik added, "It is true I did not see his face, but I heard his voice—"

The chief inspector put his hands on the desk and looked at the little man through the smoke of his pipe. He saw him as a terrier, quivering with the excitement of the hunt, and wisely refrained from asking how Chafik expected to recognize a voice briefly heard in the confusion of a riot. Instead, he said gruffly, "Better not tell me your plans. You're so damn' unorthodox . . . All right."

It was dismissal, and the Iraqi salaamed with the tips of curved fingers hovering near his forehead. When he had closed the door behind him he stopped and carefully adjusted his tie with a gesture of self-assertion. "Unorthodox! Unorthodox!" he repeated harshly. "What this Englishman means is that he does not wish to offend his official conscience by hearing what I may do." Chafik gratefully inhaled the acrid smoke of his Kurdish cigarette as he walked to his own office in the building.

The room was furnished with a desk and a few chairs; a row of filing cabinets stood against one

Collier's for June 26, 1948



Something moved near the wall, and a man stepped in front of the Inspector. He held a knife gripped so tightly that his arm vibrated. His eyes had a jungle look

wall, and on the other was a map of Baghdad. It was an excessively tidy room, but Chafik frowned and moved the telephone to an angle that squared with his "in" tray before he sat down. When he touched the bell, Sergeant Abdullah appeared with the readiness of a jinni. He said, "I have the honor to give you the final list of agents who specialize in riots—"

Chafik said, "That is not an honor. They are all sons of Judas." He read the list carefully, then threw it down and wiped his hands as though they had been contaminated. "This does not help us," he told his assistant. "There is only one way to find the man who cried, 'Kill in the Prophet's name.' Are the rioters who were arrested still in the building?"

"We have just finished interrogating, sir. But I regret to report—"

"A negative report is of no value." The little man got up and paced the room, but presently he stopped and remarked conversationally, "Of course there is a certain risk . . ." He flushed with anger at the sound of his voice speaking the thought, and said sharply, "Each man is to be brought to me. He will shout, 'Thibhahum besm er rassoul' as it was shouted last night."

Sergeant Abdullah put the palms of his hands together in a gesture of protest. "Sir, may I be permitted to express doubt that it will be possible to recognize—"

"You may not express anything."

Chafik stood at the window overlooking the yellow-brown city. The increasing heat of the day poured rivulets of sweat down his thin face, but he was unaware of discomfort.

He was absorbed by threads of thought that wove a strange and intricate pattern. But when the door opened and Sergeant Abdullah announced disapprovingly, "The first prisoner," he turned briskly.

THEY thrust into the room a man dressed in a dirty gown. His bare feet were caked with dust, and his oily hair straggled from under a wisp of turban. The man said in a frightened voice, "Kill in the Prophet's name—"

The Inspector lighted a cigarette. "You do not shout with enthusiasm," he said softly. "The voice that called for death to walk the streets of Baghdad did not whisper." He spoke to the escort consisting of two police officers: "Take him away and beat him so that he may learn to shout."

When the man was brought back ten minutes later, he screamed, "Thibhahum besm er rassoul!" in a voice that reverberated.

Chafik said, "That is an improvement, and now I know yours was not the voice I heard last night." He nodded to Sergeant Abdullah, who waited attentively. "Let this blasphemer go. He may consider the beating just punishment— And bring the next."

They followed one another at brief intervals. Some shouted defiantly, and all loudly because they feared the instructive sticks of the police. After each shout the little inspector said, "It is not the voice I heard. Let him go—"

At the end of two hours the door closed on the last man. The dreadful cry still seemed to echo in the room, and Chafik gently rubbed his ears as he left the window and went to his desk.

Sergeant Abdullah said sympathetically, "Your head aches, sir. It is a pity you were not rewarded. But it would indeed have been a coincidence."

"It would be even more remarkable if I could recognize the voice—"

"Sir?"

"You will now comb the brothels, the cafés, and the bazaars, and bring in every man who might have taken part in the riot to shout the same cry."

The sergeant put a brown hand to the collar of his tunic to ease its pressure around his choleric neck. He said hoarsely, "There are four hundred thousand people in Baghdad. To find the voice you may have to hear all of them. And you yourself have just said—"

Inspector Chafik opened a fresh packet of Ghazi cigarettes and bowed his sleek head as he offered one to his assistant. He said, "I do not intend to ask so many people to cry blasphemy in my already offended ear. That indeed would give me the madness you think afflicts me at (Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

DANCING-SCHOOL BONANZA

BY SYLVIA BROOKS



In these pictures, Fred Astaire and his pretty partner, Marion Murray, are doing one of his creations called the Swing Trot. The basic step is simple. The man steps in place on the left foot and points the right foot directly to his right, the ball of the foot on the floor, then he brings it back, places it beside the left foot, extends



the left foot directly to the left in the same way, puts the left foot back in place and repeats. The girl follows by first stepping in place with her right foot, exactly the opposite to the man. In the first picture Astaire is stepping back in a variation of the basic step. In the second he is executing the Open Square in which you kick

through, crossing one foot in front of the other alternately. No. 3 is called the Reverse Point. Partners dance side by side doing a cross-behind touch in unison. No. 4, the Swing Trot Break, is much the same as No. 2 except the partners break away, make a full turn in opposite directions and join hands again. No. 5 is the Run-



Institutions of ballroom learning have become big business since Arthur Murray discovered the goose that would lay golden eggs to sweet music. Last year two million Americans paid \$50,000,000 to revamp their footwork



Around, the girl following the man in a tight circle, and No. 6 the same thing with a dip—the Elevator. In No. 7 the man spins the girl after the fifth and sixth steps. Miss Murray had never met Fred Astaire before the day the pictures were taken. An experienced performer, she worked out the new steps without practice



7

LAST year a couple of million Americans spent nearly \$50,000,000 proving that if you can walk you can dance, at the rate of anywhere from 25 cents an hour to 30 cents a minute. In New York alone more than 700,000 signed up to have their footwork revamped. The figure represents one person in every ten of the city's population.

This sort of schoolwork is appealing to aunts and grandfathers, congressmen and members of the clergy. One day recently a rotund, middle-aged lady leaned over the desk of an interviewer at a Seventh Avenue dance studio in New York and told her story. She had married off her last daughter just the week before and now, with that mission accomplished, she was planning to play a bit.

"It's not that I like to step out, particularly," she explained, "but I've always wanted to become a good dancer ever since they were doing the Black Bottom. You know, I'd give almost anything to be able to rumba."

So, to achieve her lifelong ambition she was willing to pay \$300, the sum the school asked for a 60-hour course. The school assured her she would have fun and exercise, too. Enthusiastically, she plunked down \$50 as a first payment, and took a quick

look around the anteroom as she passed through.

The room was done in Grand Rapids Grecian. It contained a number of people. Some of them were well-padded businessmen, being as nonchalant as the kind you see in liquor ads. There was a cluster of high-school boys, doing their homework while they waited. A red-haired glamor girl, two chatty matrons and a mother with her awkward-looking teen-aged daughter completed the assemblage.

What she had observed put her at ease even more effectively than had the suave cordiality of her interviewer. Clearly, she was not the only one. What's more, she was in perfectly respectable company.

Scenes like this are occurring every day in ballroom dancing schools throughout the nation. During the past decade Americans seem to have been swayed more and more by a passion for mobile self-improvement. Teaching the light fantastic has become big business.

The students range from six to sixty. But by far the largest number have left their youth far behind and are giving dynamic proof that life in the ballroom can begin at forty. There are those who have worked hard all their lives and who are now bursting with a pent-up desire for (Continued on page 59)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

JOAN OF ARC

BY

ELIZABETH TREADWAY

Ingrid Bergman's portrayal of the Maid of Orleans
is bolstered by exhaustive historical research

TO GET the full four and a half million dollars' worth of value from the new movie Joan of Arc, you will need to see it twice. The first time, for simple enjoyment of the story of the martyred Maid of Orleans; and a second time, to savor the picture's letter-perfect detail.

Ingrid Bergman, who plays Joan, Victor Fleming, director, and Walter Wanger, producer all put their own money into this movie, and set the budget high enough—at \$4,600,000—to purchase, among other things, absolute historical accuracy. So that the finished production is not only drama, but a handsomely Technicolored collection of the history, art, architecture, styles, manners and morals of 15th century France.

When the newly crowned King of France gave a banquet to celebrate Joan's victories, what food and drink were served? What did the guests wear? How did they eat? Was there music?

The researchers, after reading every Joan document they could find in libraries all over the country, examining pictures and tapestries of the period and consulting authorities in France, came up with an answer 100 pages long which included these items:

When the king arrived with his suite he first washed his hands. One servant held the towel, while another poured rose water over his hands.

There were five courses, each comprising 10 or 12 separate dishes. The table, lighted by torches held by footmen, was set with silver knives, forks and spoons, but these implements were never brought to the mouth. They were used simply for carving, after which the fingers did the rest. This did not detract from the elegance of the table manners.

A huge pastry swan contained spiced fruits. Red and white jellies were decorated with the arms of the king. Spiced wines poured from silver fountains into silver goblets. When the king drank, a servant held a saucer under his chin. An orchestra played. (The musical instruments were copied from museum pieces.) Joan wore a cloth-of-gold cape. (Researchers found the original dressmaker bills

for her courtly costumes, complete with descriptions.)

The *pièce de résistance* was a mammoth pie carried by two waiters preceded by a trumpeter. The king cut the crust with his sword. A dozen small birds flew out of the pie and about the room. (The four-and-twenty-blackbirds nursery rhyme was not, it seems, a fantasy.) Dogs chased the birds.

At the end of the meal the king washed his hands in rose water.

Play Follows Tragic Career

The researchers put this and much more information into the hands of playwright Maxwell Anderson and his collaborator, Andrew Solt, before they started work on the script. And the authors treated the facts with respect, producing a true-to-history account of Joan, from the moment when she listens to her voices in a little ruined church, to the moment of her burning at the stake.

Miss Bergman speaks the very words spoken by Joan herself at her trial for heresy—the words were translated directly from the stenographic record of the trial.

To produce Joan's aluminum battle dress, Artist Noel Howard worked with Leonard Heinrich, armorer of New York's Metropolitan Museum. It weighs 20 pounds, compared to the 60-pound armor that Joan actually wore.

Armor for the rest of the cast was stamped out on a mass-production basis by a Los Angeles builder of speedboats, while a novelty-jewelry plant in Plainville, Massachusetts, manufactured featherweight chain mail in the multiple-ring pattern of the early 15th century.

Miss Bergman and her warriors had to be trained to move freely in their metal casings. Miss Bergman fell during the shooting of one scene, and couldn't get up—the knee articulators had jammed like a collapsible drinking cup.

The battle horses are oversized animals, Belgian and Percheron draft horses brought from Iowa. They had to be trained by cowboys in armor to accustom them to the noise in front of the camera. ★★★



After relieving the British siege on Orleans, Joan (Ingrid Bergman) leads a torchlight victory parade



THE MAN WHO PAINTED HIMSELF BLUE

About Grisha,
who dyed for love

YOU say, tovarisch, that love has used you badly. I say that you are too young to be sitting in a dim café with the arrows of despair sticking into your head. You should be walking in the Square with some young creature instead, touching hands in the dark places behind the sycamore trees and reciting to each other the charming nonsense of love.

Ho, ho! I have upset you. You are saying to yourself, "What does this talky old man with the peculiar complexion know of love?"

You are not of this neighborhood. I see that in the elegance of your clothes and in your quiet manner. You do not belong in this dark corner of Manhattan, with your eyes staring into your glass and your mouth describing a dismal crescent. That occupation is better left to old figs like myself.

I know how it is with you young ones. When love walks in the door, the brain flies up the chimney. Do not be offended. I merely quote from one of our cynical Russian poets. Love! When I was your age, I, also, destroyed many precious hours sitting with a glass in one hand, and with the other sorting out the small ingredients of my despair. Many precious hours—until, one day, a thought came to live in my empty head. It saved me the trouble of destroying myself.

What was that thought? Let me dress it in the coat of a proverb and give it to you to keep: *Fortune puts burrs in the bed of a timid lover.*

Be firm. Be angry! Run from this place at once and be bold with your beloved. Here, you will gather only small lines under the eyes and an unsettled condition in the stomach.

You say, "What if I should offend by being too bold?" Believe me, it is not possible to be too bold. You would do well to remember, tovarisch, that in a man's lifetime there is but a single, great passion.

Look about this room. It is the house of a great love story. If I told it to you I think it might give you courage for your own affair.

Regard, tovarisch, the old woman who stands in the shadows behind the bar. You do not understand how such a one could cause a man's heart to beat any faster? Be generous. Take



away years and pounds each in the amount of forty. Now what do you see?

For myself, I see a young woman of twenty-five with hair like sunlight shining through a glass of tokay and with eyes the color of blue ice. Also, I see a figure of the proper proportions in one so fair. This is the girl of our story. Her name is Irina.

WHEN these events took place, in the year 1908, Irina worked as a barmaid in a little café here on Tompkins Square, which was called, from sentiment, The Carpathian Tap. In those days the wearing of the *babushka* was not fad but custom in this section of Manhattan.

The Carpathian Tap was owned by Irina's Uncle Fyodor, who left her in

charge of it when he retired to a small farm on Long Island to raise cabbages. Uncle Fyodor had some peculiar theory that the fumes from the vodka he served were causing his hair to drop out. Uncle Fyodor was a very vain man about his appearance. Irina was to remain in charge until a buyer was found for the place. The price asked was \$2,000.

Now, what kind of girl was our Irina? First of all, she was beautiful. Second, she was ambitious. It was not her plan that she should be only the ladybird of Uncle Fyodor's little *kava*. Indeed, no.

I will speak frankly: Not having any money of her own, Irina planned to marry a man rich enough to buy the Carpathian for her. It is true! She shopped for a husband with \$2,000

the way she shopped for roosters in the public market.

Third, Irina was a coquette. She led on every man of the neighborhood with hints of charming intimacies. At the same time she remained so remote that after a few weeks they struck their foreheads with the heel of the hand in their awful frustration and ordered double vodkas with lemon peel to help them forget.

Now, among the customers of the Carpathian was a big, lusty fellow of middle age, who looked and drank like a soldier of the late czar of blessed memory and who wore shirts of white silk with his name, Vasily, stitched in scarlet thread over his heart. He was considered to be a very romantic fellow by the women. Men thought of him as something of a bully, but nev-



ertheless it was conceded that he was a very important man in Tompkins Square—because he didn't have to work with his hands to make a living, as nearly everyone else did. As a mark of respect he was called *Gaspodin* Vasily, that is to say, "Mister" Vasily.

VASILY'S business was selling life insurance to the poor, ignorant *rabotniki*, the workingmen of the neighborhood, who were forever falling off the construction jobs on the big office buildings downtown. Each time that occurred, people rushed to *Gaspodin* Vasily to buy insurance policies with double indemnities. Vasily could afford to drink a very good vodka. Irina regarded Vasily with a special interest, since he was the only

man she knew in Tompkins Square who might someday have \$2,000, if one could get hold of it before he drank it up.

Because Vasily was a candidate of such formidable romantic equipment, after a few months only one man remained to duel with him for the possession of the desirable Irina. This man was the house painter, Grisha, who was known by everybody as "Grisha the Bear."

Grisha the Bear was Irina's age, a small, apologetic man with a wide mouth turned down by loneliness. His youthful eyes were the blue of the bachelor's-button which grows during the summertime in the window boxes of Tompkins Square. Also, they were a little slanted down on the outer corners, in sympathy for the

mouth. It was said that only two people had ever loved Grisha: his father and his mother. But then one usually loves one's own, even though it be a small dog with bad eyes and one ear too long.

Grisha did not bet on horses, as Vasily did. Nor did he ever take one vodka too many with the rough *rabotniki* at the Carpathian. Nor did he raise his voice boldly to young females, as Vasily did, but was always respectful and raised his hat when speaking to one. He did the same when he spoke of his parents, though they had both been gone for a year at the time of our story.

EVERY evening, after finishing his day's work painting other people's houses, Grisha came to the Carpathian and perched himself on one of the high stools at the bar. If you saw him sitting there you would say he looked no more unusual than the other *rabotniki* who came to regard the curves of Irina. But this was a fiction. It existed only so long as Grisha remained sitting.

For when he dismounted from his perch there was revealed to one the physical characteristic which gave him his unhappy nickname. With some people it is the color of the nose which makes for a distinction. With others it is the size of the bosom, or a squint in one eye. With Grisha it was the legs. In the legs he experienced a formidable shortness. Also, they were a little hooped.

Those who saw Grisha hopping about to the music of the player-piano *kazatzka* at the Carpathian were reminded of the Russian dancing bear which formerly was exhibited on Saturday nights in Tompkins Square. This heartless comparison might not have occurred to the somewhat dull-witted *rabotniki* had it not been for *Gaspodin* Vasily, who thought it up with his brain to make himself important before Irina. Nearly every night, after he had first made sure Irina was listening, he shouted at Grisha, "Here is a nickel, Little Bear; dance!"

When this was said everyone laughed very loudly and drank a great deal of vodka and was happy because he had found something to share and that is a joyous thing. Everyone but poor Grisha.

It was after Grisha's parents died—his father, first, in a very dramatic manner; his mother quietly, shortly afterward—that the little house painter was led by loneliness to the Carpathian Tap. There he discovered Irina. Within a week he had presented her with his foolish heart.

Poor Grisha! He was but halfway through his stumbling declaration of love when Irina tossed back her lovely head and laughed in a very cruel manner. And as if that were not enough heartbreak for a man to support, she called across the room to big Vasily, "The Little Bear wants to take me to his den!"

Vasily laughed, too, as did all the others in the Carpathian, even though many of them were drinking double vodkas with lemon peel themselves.

"Tell the Little Bear I will cut his claws if he doesn't watch out!" roared Vasily with mock ferocity. Who could be disturbed by anything Grisha said?

His ears burning with humiliation, Grisha hugged his glass and said nothing. It was not until three months had gone by that he had assembled enough courage to approach Irina again on the subject of love.

Since the passing of his father and

mother, Grisha had lived alone in the family flat overlooking the trees of Tompkins Square. With only an old dog for company, he often sat in the rocking chair by the front window on such evenings when Vasily's mockery and Irina's laughter made it too painful for him to visit the Carpathian, smoking his father's pipe with the village dancers painted on it and wondering if too much yearning could destroy a man. Sometimes, to turn his mind away from thoughts of his love, he reflected upon the manner of his father's dying—an event well remembered in Tompkins Square.

A house painter until his final illness, the old man had succumbed, after a good life, to painter's colic—a strange but not uncommon occupational malady which had gradually changed the pigment of his skin from a vigorous ruddy color to a dismal blue.

Even though death sat on his doorstep, the old man refused to go to bed. Instead, he dressed himself in his Sunday suit and the fur hat he had brought with him from Russia and, seating himself before the samovar in the living room, demanded that the neighbors be invited into his house.

For two weeks he laughed and joked and poured Crimean wine for the many friends who came to the house in sorrow early each morning and departed, late each night, filled with comfort. On the fourteenth day he took his leave in the middle of a little folk song.

"In a man's life is granted to him only one great passion," Grisha's father said to him in Russian on the morning of the last day. "So he dies only once. Both events should be conducted with a flair. Now, fetch the priest for me, and pick up another bottle at the Carpathian."

While the old man made his brave party in the front room (his skin turning more blue as one looked on), Grisha's mother, with sad eyes, hurried back and forth into the kitchen for the *zakuskas*—the little things to eat—oblivious to the whisperings of the envious that to die in such a light-hearted manner was a blasphemy.

THE romantic departure of Grisha's father was the talk of the neighborhood. It was told and retold as one retells the story of the brave man in Russia who flung himself to the wolves so his sweetheart could escape in the *droshky*.

As was the custom in Tompkins Square after tragedy has visited one's house, Grisha went to *Gaspodin* Vasily and bought a \$2,500 life insurance policy for himself in the event that he, too, should one day smell too much house paint and depart, leaving his mother as unprovided for as his father had. The old man had believed that to make odds on the length of one's life was to tempt the Lady Fortune. He had never taken out a policy. As a result, Grisha inherited from his father only a pipe, a profession and a passing fame.

In the genes Grisha was inhabited by the spirit of his mother, a gentle woman who gave a great tenderness to her husband while he lived and, until her own quiet death a short time later (from loneliness, the old women of the neighborhood said) gave a great affection to her son and to her geraniums. This capacity for love she handed down to Grisha, along with the geraniums.

But, as you know, *tovarisch*, one needs more in life than a great love for
(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIANS EXHIBIT B29-TYPE BOMBERS

Jet Fighters and Many Other
New Weapons Are Displayed
in May Day Demonstration

By The United Press.

MOSCOW, May 1—Superfor-

treas-type long-range bombers, five

times as many as ever before

shown here, swept majestically

over Red Square today as part of

the May-Day parade of Soviet

army and tank forces that passed

the numbers of infantry, artill-

ery the tomb of Lenin and the war-

planes that flew over it were near-

ly those of 1948 and 1947.

Double-engine fighters buzzed

around the big str-

ucts. Twin-engine bombers

overhead. Two different

types of jet fighters streaked

across the sky.

Foreign diplomats agreed the pa-

rade was one of the most impres-

sive military displays ever seen in

Moscow.

Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin

Soviet Minister of Armed Forces

said in a speech opening the par-

ade the power was intended to

keep the peace and would be

multiplied.

Stalin Reviews Parade

Premier Stalin, Foreign Min-

ister Molotov and nearly all mem-

bers of the Politburo were in the

stand built on top of the

mausoleum to watch the hour-

long parade and the first

received a "tremendous

when he appeared in the

The Moscow radio said

the broadcast said the

play was commanded

by Stalin's son, Major G.

the Guards, Vasily I. G.

Top-hatted foreign

and bemedaled milita-

ries watched the show

flanking the mausoleum

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MEMO

What would
you do?

Russell V. Ritchey

TOM MUIR

THE President of the United States was preparing to rise from his desk for lunch when he was informed that Ambassador Miturski had arrived at the White House and wished to see him on a matter of great importance. Mystified, but willing to ignore protocol in the possible interests of international amity, the President ordered him shown in.

"Mr. President," said the ambassador, "I have a message from my government which must be held in the strictest confidence. I respectfully request that I be permitted to speak to Your Excellency in private."

"Certainly," said the President. "We will go into my study."

Fifteen minutes later the ambassador departed. The President, still in his study, summoned two of his secretaries. To one he said, "Make these telephone calls and ask these questions. Make them at once, and bring me the answers as quickly as possible. Get someone to help you."

To the other secretary the President said, "Call every member of the Cabinet, and the Chief of Staff, and tell them to come to the White House immediately for an emergency meeting."

The Cabinet convened less than an hour after Ambassador Miturski had left the White House. Before the President, at the head of the long table, lay two papers—the message left by the ambassador and the answers to the telephone calls. Picking up the former, the President said, "Gentlemen, I have called you here be-

cause our country is confronted by the gravest emergency in our history. Ambassador Miturski called at the White House an hour ago with a message from his government. I will read it to you.

"To His Excellency the President of the United States:

"For many months our two countries have endeavored, through diplomatic means, to adjust their differences and live at peace in the world. We have accomplished nothing. Our two ideologies cannot live peacefully on the same earth. The inevitable arms race, if we attempt it, can lead only to the destruction of both nations and their allies. We feel that it would be foolhardy to continue our diplomatic bickering when all our problems could be easily solved. Therefore, we have taken the following action:

"1. Twelve B-29 airplanes, bearing American Army markings but manned by our crews, and each loaded with three atomic bombs, have landed at the following cities: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Kansas City, Washington, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Chicago.

"2. Immediately upon landing, each airplane was joined by two United States Army trucks. Each truck was loaded with one atomic bomb. These trucks, operated by American citizens sympathetic to our government, were then driven to strategic points within each city."

The Secretary of Defense inter-

rupted. "That's impossible!" he said. "Our security forces—"

"I told Ambassador Miturski it was impossible," said the President. "He said we would be surprised if we knew how many of our security people belonged to them."

"But the Army trucks!" said the Chief of Staff. "The Army—"

"We have sold thousands of Army trucks to individuals all over the country," the President said. "American Army uniforms have been scattered throughout the world. Impossible or not, it *did* happen. I have verified the ambassador's statements. The pilots of these B-29s complained of engine trouble and were given permission to land. No one at the airports questioned them."

THERE were no more interruptions. The President continued to read: "These bombs are now all in place. Therefore, we demand that you, as President of the United States:

"1. Order the immediate disarmament of all American troops and all naval and military installations.

"2. Ground all aircraft.

"3. Order all naval vessels to put into the nearest port and await our commands.

"4. Order all armed forces in occupied territories to lay down their arms and prepare to receive our commanders, who will accept their surrender.

"5. Inform your people, by radio, that any resistance will result in catastrophe, and that any exodus from

the cities we have named will be cause for action. The populations of these cities will be treated as hostages.

"6. Inform your people that our representatives will take over the government of the United States at noon tomorrow. American citizens sympathetic to our government will take over all state and city governments at the same time.

"7. Order your people to surrender all privately owned arms to our representatives.

"8. Inform your people that our troops and administrators will begin to arrive at noon tomorrow. They will land at Boston, New York and cities on the West Coast. Their landings will not be resisted.

"Mr. President, this ultimatum must be accepted or rejected within two hours of the time it is handed to you by our ambassador. If rejected, or if no reply is received from you within the specified time, this action will be taken:

"Three bombs will be exploded in New York within 30 minutes.

"The bombs in the 11 other cities will be exploded 15 minutes later.

"Within a period to be measured only by seconds, the United States will have lost its 12 most important cities, its communication system, its major ports, and its government. Ten million Americans will be dead."

The President carefully placed the paper on the table before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that is the situation. We have less than one hour. What shall we do?" ★★★

Collier's for June 26, 1948



What to ask the man for

THE next time you step up to your favorite bar, you may be undecided as to what *drink* you want. A Manhattan? A Sour? A highball? Or an Old Fashioned?

Whatever your choice, be sure that you say: "*Make it with Four Roses, please.*"

Four Roses—as you very well know if you serve it at home—lifts *any* drink out of the ordinary . . . gives it a glorious perfection that can come only from Four

Roses' distinctive flavor and mellow smoothness.

So at your favorite bar, as in the store, let your judgment prompt you, *always*, to specify this truly great whiskey—Four Roses.

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



GUINEA PIG FOR CANCER

BY AMY PORTER

A Hiroshima cocktail proves a potent weapon against thyroid cancer, and helps to penetrate the mystery of America's second greatest killer



THE sign on the door of the hospital room read, "Caution—Radioactivity."

A doctor opened the door and went in. He checked the condition of his patient and jokingly said, "You are almost as radioactive as if you had spent the night in a cyclotron."

The doctor wasn't speaking with scientific precision—but he meant it all the same. The patient was more "radioactive," with a specialized type of radioactivity, than some of the Bikini experimental goats.

That morning the patient had swallowed the biggest dose of exploding atoms ever administered therapeutically to any human being—the biggest, so far as his doctors know—200 millicuries of radioactive iodine. Now the atoms were working inside of him. There was nothing to see, nothing to hear, but the doctor knew, and the patient knew, that the atoms now were throwing off powerful atomic rays not unlike those produced by an X ray.

The doctor was himself absorbing some of the rays emanating from the patient. As a precautionary measure, he wore on his lapel a small metal badge containing film—a device for measuring the amount of radioactivity to which a person has been exposed. The patient was not alarmed. He had consumed radioactive iodine before and it had done him good, not harm.

In July, 1946, Henry Noble Hall, then age seventy-three, was a very sick man. That was when he first put himself into the hands of the doctors at Memorial Hospital, the New York institution dedicated to cancer research and to the prevention and treatment of cancer. Mr. Hall had cancer of the thyroid, and it had traveled to his hip, disabling his right leg.

The husky six-foot-two body which had carried him uncomplainingly through 50 vigorous years as an international correspondent, author and lecturer had shrunk to 112 pounds.

He could scarcely walk, even with the aid of crutches. He was in intense pain. On the very day he first was examined at Memorial, an accident added to his troubles. That evening in the living room of his apartment, he stumbled, fell, and broke his hip. His chances for recovery were slim.

Now, almost two years later, Mr. Hall is pink-cheeked, cheerful, energetic—to all outward appearances a healthy man. He still must use crutches, but his damaged leg is regaining much of its usefulness. He can move it, put his weight upon it.

The doctors say that Mr. Hall is not cured of cancer. They do say that they have retarded the growth of the cancer, that they have ameliorated some of its effects.

Although Mr. Hall's case is a significant episode in the story of the battle against cancer, the Memorial doctors emphasize the limits of its implications. They do not want to arouse false hope in other cancer victims. The atomic-energy treatment used with Mr. Hall is applicable, they say, only to cases of cancer of the thyroid, and only to about 15 per cent of these. Atomic energy is no cure-all for all cancers.

The case of Mr. Hall does, however, point the way to further research on all types of cancer. For Mr. Hall has been—and still is—a "research patient," one of those who agreed to submit to experimental treatment.

In the beginning, the doctors explained to him that, although atomic energy had brought relief to a few other cases similar to his, they still did not know enough about the effect of radioactive substances on the human body to foresee results with any certainty. Was Mr. Hall sure he understood, and was he willing to undergo experimental treatment?

"You mean, gentlemen," said Mr. Hall, "that I am to be a human guinea pig, is that it?"

That, they said, was about it.

"By all means, go ahead and do what you like," said Mr. Hall.

His first dose was a small one, a test dose to determine whether or not his thyroid cancer would pick up the substance. The thyroid normally has an enormous appetite for iodine, but when the normal tissue changes to cancerous tissue, it usually—in about 85 per cent of the cases—loses this appetite. Mr. Hall was in the lucky minority—his thyroid cancer still was hungry for iodine, both in his neck and in his hip.

The strange and fortunate thing is that the thyroid cannot distinguish between ordinary iodine and radioactive iodine. Strange because the thyroid, normal or abnormal, commits suicide when it accepts radioactive iodine.

The doctor who has charge of the research aspects of Mr. Hall's case in collaboration with his personal physician uses an analogy to explain the way radioactive iodine works. Suppose a person comes to your door and you think you recognize him. You say, "Hello, John," and admit him. Then, when you turn your back, he starts setting fire to your house. Now, too late, you realize that this isn't John at all, but a stranger perfectly disguised as your friend.

Radioactive iodine, the minute it is plucked from the blood stream by the trusting thyroid, sets to work destroying healthy and diseased thyroid tissue alike.

This destructive activity is the reason radioactive iodine is not now used for forms of cancer other than those arising from thyroid. Fortunately, the thyroid is an expendable organ; but obviously the body could not tolerate destruction of such organs as the brain, the liver or kidneys.

It is possible to produce radioactive isotopes which might be selectively collected by these vital organs, but the total destruction of these organs would be too high a price to pay

Just like a drink of water—but radioactive iodine, new atomic weapon against thyroid cancer, is handled with extreme care. The treatment has helped patient Henry Noble Hall

for the elimination of their cancerous offspring. Theoretically, radioactive silver might cure cancer of the brain, but it would also destroy the brain; and likewise, radioactive chromium phosphate might cure cancer of the liver, but it would destroy the liver.

Before Mr. Hall got his first big dose of radioactive iodine, his broken hip had mended, in spite of the presence of the secondary thyroid cancer—or metastasis—in the hip socket.

This first business-size dose was a momentous event... "Imagine drinking a Hiroshima cocktail," Mr. Hall says. At ten minutes of one on Saturday, September 14, 1946, the hospital's head physicist appeared carrying what looked like a flask of water, clasped in a pair of tongs.

He slowly poured the contents of the flask into a tall glass and told Mr. Hall to drink it. He said, "That contains 55 millicuries of radioactive iodine. Be careful not to spill any."

From that moment on Mr. Hall was put through a never-ending round of tests—blood, urine, lungs, heart—some 30 categories of tests. The doctors were watching closely for any danger signals.

Mr. Hall waited and watched, too, for some reaction, but not until the third day did he feel anything. "On Monday evening, my neck seemed swollen and I had difficulty in swallowing. Tuesday my neck was frightfully sore. That day I had nothing but liquid nourishment and all night long I fought for air." Within 48 hours the swelling and soreness subsided.

The amount of radioactivity Mr. Hall's thyroid cancer had absorbed was determined by means of a Geiger counter. "As soon as they brought the Geiger tube to my neck," says Mr. Hall, "it sounded as though a flock of poultry were clck-clck-clacking their heads off."

The clacks were good news. Mr. Hall's neck showed a "pickup" of 35 per cent of the first dose—a highly satisfactory result. After subsequent doses, the Geiger counter showed that after the thyroid gland had been destroyed, the tumor in the hip began to get a larger share of the radioactive iodine, so that it too began to succumb to its enemy, atomic energy.

This fact bears out a theory upon which Memorial scientists are working—that sometimes a thyroid cancer which at first rejects iodine can be made to accept it, after removal by surgery or by radioactivity of the parent gland in the neck. It seems possible that removal of the parent gland creates a need for thyroid hormone to which the cancer, wherever it may be located, responds by trying to assume the function of the parent gland. If this theory proves correct, it will mean the extension of radio-isotopic therapy to cases of thyroid cancer now considered unsuitable to such treatment.

There may be ill effects which have not yet shown up—possible damage to liver and kidneys, which also take up some iodine. But, in Mr. Hall, the only apparent side effect is that he is growing a new crop of body hair.

Mr. Hall is interested in all these fine points, but he says, "All that really matters to me is, I was sick and now I feel well and enjoy life once more." ★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPP

*The only door that isn't waste -
Look how handily food is placed
That's first of many features more
YOU HAVE IN ...*



CROSLEY

Shelvador*

NEW 5WAY REFRIGERATOR

FREEZIN-COLD COMPARTMENT

For Frozen Storage

Near zero-cold keeps more than 50 pounds of frozen foods safely up to 3 months. Quick-freezes ice cream, pounds of ice. Transparent door.



NORM-COLD COMPARTMENT

With Meat-Holder

Perfect temperature for all perishables requiring normal refrigeration; ideal for fruit, beverages, packaged dairy products.



MOIST-COLD COMPARTMENT

Food Conditioner Section

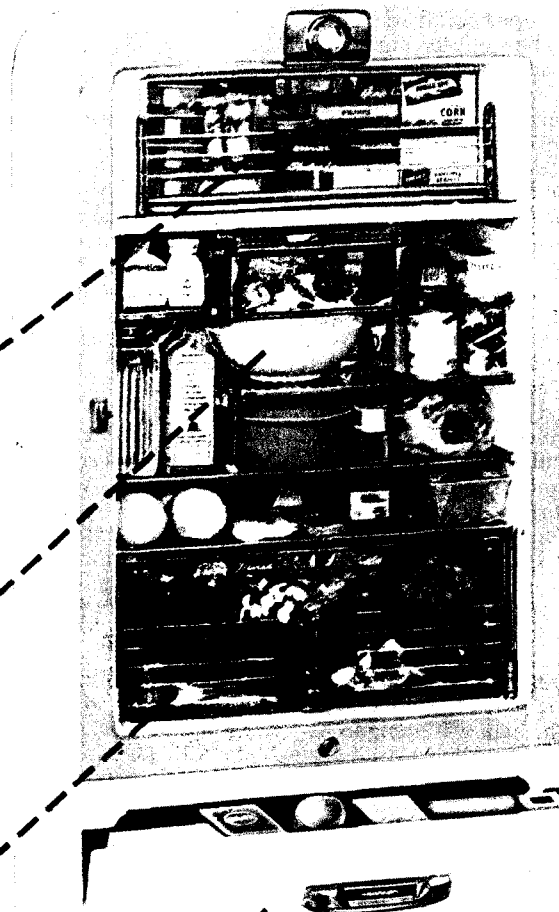
Keeps vegetables, pastries and other delicate foods fresh... prevents drying-out of left-overs. Convenient crisper for leafy greens. Transparent doors.



EVER-DRY STORABIN

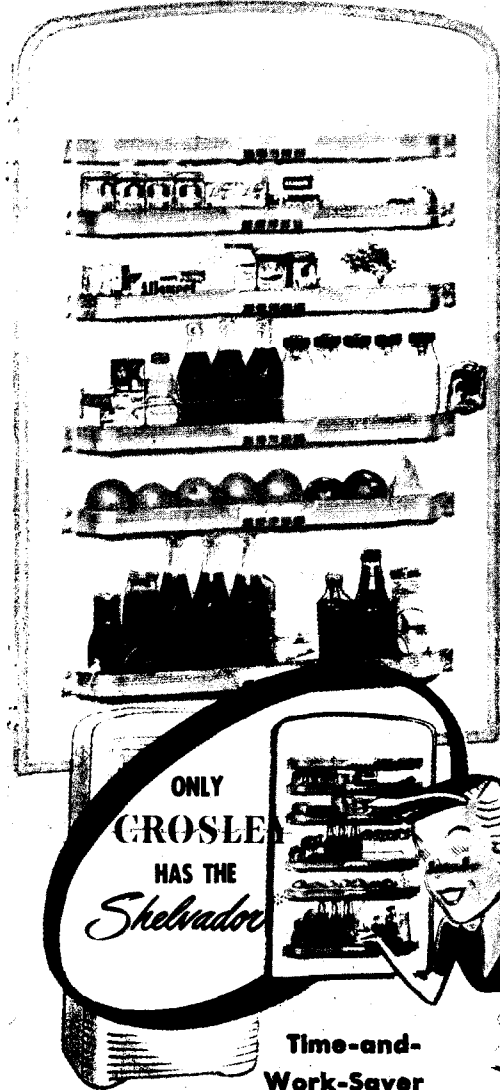
Extra Dry-Storage

Keeps cereals, crackers and other moisture-absorbing foods dry... sugar and salt free-flowing. Provides 1 1/2 cu. ft. handy storage.



You have twice as much front-row food at your fingertips every time you open the Crosley Shelvador*. And in addition to that extra convenience, which women everywhere prefer, this classically beautiful Shelvador* gives you the *complete*, 5-Way refrigerator!

It's impossible here to tell you of all the other improvements that make the new Crosley



ONLY
CROSLEY
HAS THE
Shelvador

Time-and-
Work-Saver

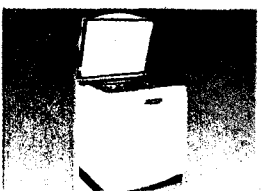
Shelvador* the choice of smart women everywhere. You must actually *see* features like large, full-visibility food compartments and easy-to-release ice tray equipment to appreciate how much they mean.

See Classified Telephone Directory for address of your nearby Crosley Dealer.

CROSLEY

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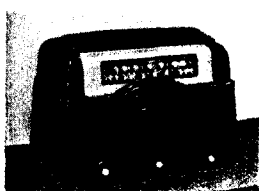
DIVISION—*AVCO* MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • CINCINNATI 25, OHIO • ©1948



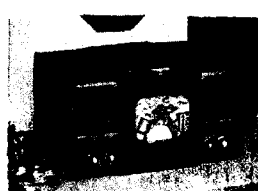
CROSLEY FROSTMASTER—Compact frozen food cabinet; over 100-pound capacity. Thrifty to own, to operate.



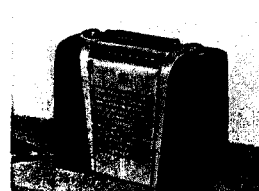
CROSLEY HI-BROILER RANGES—Gas and electric models... with the BASIC 4 features for better, easier cooking.



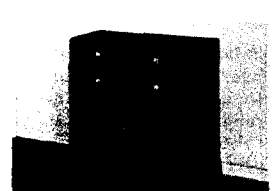
CROSLEY AM-PM TABLE RADIOS—Smart styling, advanced engineering; for fine reception anywhere in your home.



CROSLEY TABLE MODEL TELEVISION—You're really there with a smart new Crosley table model television set.



CROSLEY PORTABLE—Take a tune wherever you go. Handsome alligator - brown leatherette case; AC, DC, or battery.



CROSLEY FM-AM RADIO-PHONO—New beauties in radio and records. Rich mahogany Cabinet by Carrollton.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGER-NAIL TEST?



TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.



TUNE IN . . . "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

"That's ancient history, Holly," Paula interrupted irritably. She handed him his glass. "We don't want to hear it."

Blair watched her. The quick hostility was more revealing than the plausible career talk with which she had evaded him before. He made a mental note to steer in this direction again. He sampled his drink and noticed that the setter was standing beside his chair. He dropped his hand and combed the silky white hair with his fingers.

"Likes you," Gibson admitted reluctantly. "She doesn't like many people."

"She hunt?" Blair asked. It was a casual question, but he noticed that Paula, who was lighting a cigarette, looked quickly over the top of the flame at her father. Gibson unwrapped a cigar, pared the end of it with a penknife, lighted it and puffed deliberately. He dropped his right arm beside his chair, and India walked over, nuzzled his hand and lay down with her head across his foot.

Then, just when it seemed that he did not intend to answer, Gibson said quietly, very softly, "Best damn' dog I ever had."

Blair understood the slight overtone of defiance. The pitting of an old gunshot wound had arrested his fingers under the dog's hair. He set his glass carefully on the table and studied the old man's eyes. "Gun-shy," he said.

Paula got up and went to the kitchen. "Yes. Gun-shy," Gibson replied. Then, with a sudden quickening of interest, "How'd you know?"

"I can see it in her eyes. And in yours. She has gunshot wounds. How did it happen?"

GIBSON regarded him with a look of appraisal, and when the story came, Blair knew that the man was going to become a friend.

He told Blair he had fallen in the bush the season before. His gun had gone off and some of the shot had caught India's rump. The fall broke Gibson's leg. He commanded the dog to go home and the injured setter had dragged herself two miles into camp and had come all the way back with help.

"The vet dug the shot out of her, but she still trembles at the sight of a gun. I've tried to break her but it's no use." He cupped the dog's jaw in his fingers and looked into the intelligent face.

"That's strange," Blair said. "I've never seen a setter yet that couldn't be cured."

"You've done it yourself?"

Blair nodded.

"Maybe you could do something with India. You taken a holiday yet this year?" Gibson asked unexpectedly.

Blair was surprised. "No. Not yet."

"Do any hunting?"

"Yes, when I can get away."

Paula stuck her head in the door. "Come on, you two. Dinner's ready."

They sat down, Gibson at the head of the table, Paula and Blair facing each other at the sides. There was something different about Paula, Blair decided. Her loveliness had new appeal in the subdued setting of a home. There was about her a new freshness which she never revealed in her role as a commentator.

Gibson chewed thoughtfully on a pig's knuckle and ignored Paula's warning about eating too much. Suddenly he blurted, "Well, you going hunting?"

"Hunting?" Blair asked.

"Yes. With me. Next week. During your holiday. We've got a big extra bedroom here and I have two more hunters in the kennel. Not as good as India used to be, but dogs. We can get away at 4:30 every morning, walk up to Lancer Lake, and get our limit of quail by noon."

"What have you two been cooking up?" Paula asked quickly.

RING-SHY

Continued from page 16

"We're going hunting," said Gibson. "I been hunting alone too long; here's a man knows something about it, so he's coming up for the opening of the season."

"He won't want to spend his holiday up here, Holly," Paula said, "away from his friends—"

"Man who likes to hunt likes to spend his holiday hunting," Gibson insisted.

"But, Dad—"

"Look, you two, don't I get a say in this?" Blair asked. "I'm accepting the invitation."

"No," Paula said.

"Yes," Blair said.

"That's fine," Gibson said. "It's all set." . . .

On Monday when Blair arrived, Paula was fastidiously polite—she hoped he would enjoy his stay.

Blair and Gibson spent the mornings hunting, trudging through the early dawn to the lake in the hills and coming back at noon. Paula had usually left for the studio by that time; Blair saw very little of her.

Usually at lunch Gibson would say, with transparent bravado, "I could go for another hike this afternoon," and Blair would protest obligingly, "Not for me, thanks. I'd like to work a while with India." He noticed with amusement that Gibson invariably spent the afternoons in a deck chair on the veranda. Nothing wakened him until Paula dragged him, protesting, to dinner.

Their evenings were short; both Blair and Gibson were in bed by nine o'clock. After dinner Blair always offered to help with the dishes and each time Paula refused—she could manage. But Blair took a dish towel and helped anyway, half enjoying her elaborate civility—"Oh, that's all right; it was cracked anyway. Thank you very much, Blair. You've been a great help."

And once, when she was holding her best platter in soapy fingers, he kissed her noisily on the back of the neck. She froze in an attitude of indignation and spoiled his game by saying nothing.

"Paula, if you weren't in love with me,

you wouldn't have to be so damned defensive. You're pretending."

She set the platter down, dried her hands and left the kitchen without looking at him. Blair heard her footsteps, deliberate at first, then running as she neared her room. He finished the dishes alone.

Later he sat in his room reading until midnight. But the activities of the Russians seemed a long way from the case of Paula versus Blair. He went to the window and noticed that the light in her room was still on. He stood there until the night coldness had him shivering. Was she awake and thinking of him? He considered going down the hall and knocking on her door, but decided against it and went to bed.

FOR two days Blair gave his attention to winning India's confidence. On the third day he kept the dog in a kennel without food. That evening he placed a bowl of food some distance from the kennel and asked Paula to release her after he had stationed himself a hundred yards away with a shotgun. Gibson watched anxiously from the veranda.

When India was comfortably eating, Blair discharged the shotgun into the air. She howled, terrified, and went streaking back into her kennel. Blair locked her in and joined the others at the house.

"When she's hungry enough she'll stay and eat."

"It seems awfully cruel," Paula said.

Blair looked at her quickly. "She's afraid, Paula. It's justified if it frees her of that."

She turned from him and put her hand affectionately on her father's shoulder. "I'm going to my room to read, Dad. Good night."

That night before he went to sleep Blair heard India whimpering softly in her kennel.

He repeated the performance the following evening; again she left her food and fled. The hungry dog howled until long after midnight. It seemed that Blair would never get to sleep.

Suddenly she stopped. At first Blair

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"We've finished with your ladder. Thanks very much, mister"

COLLIER'S

The Importance of "Stepping Down"

Here is the story of a new principle of design that has rocked the industry and given Hudson unique beauty not possible in any other type of car.



THE recessed floor in the new Hudson—now widely known as the "step-down" feature—is the talk of the automobile world. And rightly so! This interesting development is the *key* to a new kind of motor-car beauty—

to riding and performance advantages—never before obtainable.

Everyone agrees that Hudson's new, low streamlined silhouette bespeaks road-hugging stability. People everywhere are attracted by Hudson's clean, free-flowing lines and generous width; for here, plainly, is a new measure of grace and security.

But what's causing the most talk is the fact that *only* Hudson, because of its exclusive recessed floor that you step *down* onto, is able to offer streamlined, *low-built* beauty without asking you to give up interior head room.

Let's take a frank look at the motor-car designer's problem. Since streamlining an automobile reduces available head room for rear-seat passengers, to achieve a low silhouette *and* maintain adequate head room, both floor and seats *must* be lowered to compensate for the lowered roof. *The recessed floor is a necessity.*

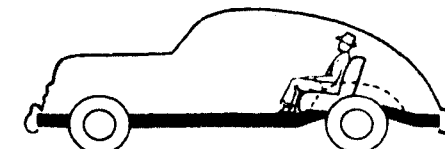
But it is difficult to lower floors and seats, because in all cars, except Hudson, they are built on *top* of a frame. Only Hudson has a new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame*, part of which is a rugged base structure that permits lowering floors and seats *down* within the frame. The sketches to the right illustrate this design problem and show how Hudson's recessed floor provides a low, streamlined silhouette, yet preserves head room.

The "step-down" principle requires years of engineering work, the development of new production techniques and equipment, and millions of dollars of highly specialized *new* plant investment. Perhaps this explains why Hudson alone offers this vital new design principle today.



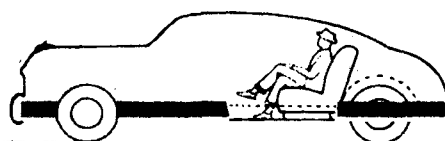
OTHER CARS

The car above cannot be streamlined because the need for head room above the rear seat (which is built on top of a frame) makes it impossible to lower the roof.



OTHER CARS

Of course, it is possible to adopt free-flowing lines without recessing the floor, as sketched in the car above, but over-all height must be raised, and this destroys the possibility of a low silhouette, which is the mark of the modern motor car.

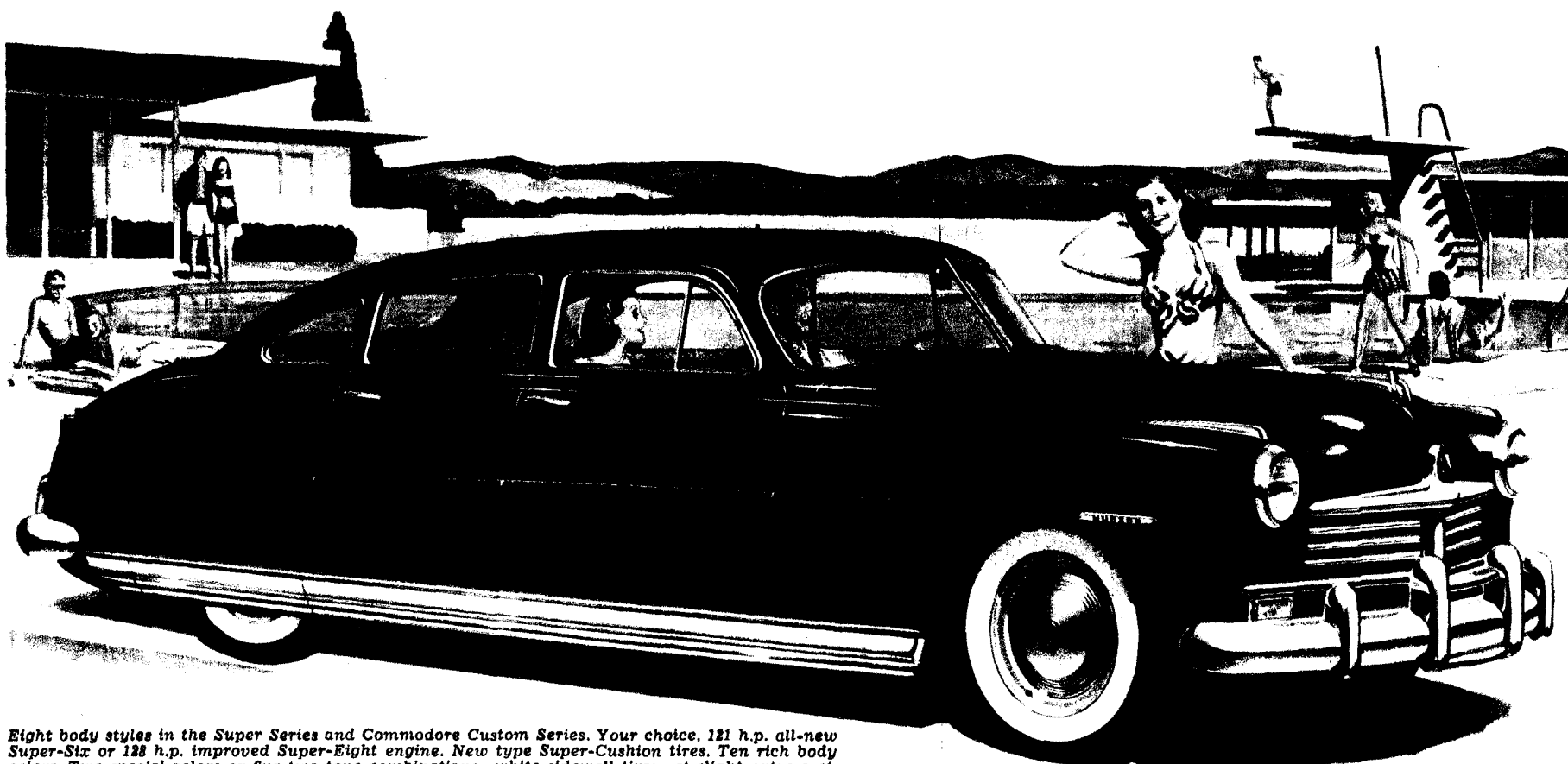


NEW HUDSON

Here is the long, low gracefully streamlined Hudson—only five feet from ground to top. You can see how the streamlined roof comes down sharply over the rear-seat portion of the car, as compared to the other types of roof lines shown in sketches above. But Hudson floors are recessed down within the frame, seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room.

You'll probably expect the motor car that is the talk of the nation to offer you even more than beauty and comfort. And it does! Your nearby Hudson dealer will show you The Importance of "Stepping Down"—its results not only in beauty and comfort, but also in riding and driving ease, performance and safety. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

* Trade-mark and patents pending



Eight body styles in the Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. improved Super-Eight engine. New type Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at slight extra cost.

This time it's Hudson

New Type Hearing Aid

Needs No "Fitting"

New Radionic Zenith "75"

This is all you wear. \$75 complete.

SAVES YOU OVER \$100!
Coupon below brings it to you—no salesman, no visits to salesrooms. Hear better or you pay nothing!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL!

Wear the Zenith "75" at home, at work, anywhere. Compare its **QUALITY, PERFORMANCE, OPERATING ECONOMY** (less than 1c per hour battery cost) with that of **ANY** other hearing aid. If the Zenith "75" isn't better than you ever dreamed **ANY** hearing aid could be, return it within 10 days of receipt and Zenith will refund your money.

Thousands who formerly hesitated to wear a hearing aid are ordering this superb new single-unit Zenith "75." Because it needs no "fitting," it comes to you by mail—no salesman to high-pressure you, no embarrassing visits to salesrooms. Hear better or pay nothing—you are the sole judge!

WHY IT ENDS NEED FOR "FITTING"

This advanced type of hearing aid needs no "fitting" because it employs Zenith's "Full-Range Audio" principle, designed to amplify the *full range* of sounds covered by the instrument. Thus, you *yourself* can instantly adjust it for best hearing in different surroundings—with Zenith's Fingertip Control! The correctness of this principle was recently confirmed by U. S. Government-sponsored research at Harvard University.

SAVES YOU OVER \$100, TOO!

Because the Zenith "75" comes to you by mail, it also saves you over \$100 cash money. If its price had to include "fitting," middlemen's profits and high sales commissions, it would have to sell for \$195 instead of \$75! So—do as tens of thousands have already done. Order your Zenith "75" and find new friends, new success, new zest for living. Mail coupon now!

By the Makers of the World-Famous Zenith Radios

ORDER NOW—USE THIS COUPON

Look only to your doctor for advice on your ears and hearing



Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. C648
5801 Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

☐ I enclose check or money order for \$75* for one Zenith "75" Hearing Aid. Unless I am completely satisfied and find the Zenith "75" superior to any other hearing aid, I may return it within 10 days of receipt and get my money back in full.
*Plus tax of \$1.50 in Illinois or New York City; \$1.88 in California, except Los Angeles, \$2.85.

☐ Please send me free descriptive literature.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

thought only how welcome the silence was; then he began to discern other sounds, soft snuffling and the scream of wood on wood. Alert, he threw back the covers and went to the window. The kennels were directly below. And Hollister Gibson was standing outside the kennel door in a wrinkled white nightgown, bare feet spread wide in the moonlight. Blair hurried softly downstairs and stepped outside. He was waiting when the old man came toward him, an empty tin basin in his hand.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume," Blair said.

Gibson stiffened defensively, his mouth shaping a reply; then he looked at the pan in his hand and there was a long silence.

"You aren't so tough, are you?" Blair said.

"She was howling."

"So this is why you couldn't do anything with her," Blair crooked his finger. "Come with me. We've got to go over some of the facts of life."

Gibson followed him inside, his bare feet padding softly up the stairs to Blair's room. He sat meekly on the edge of the bed, still shamefaced.

"You don't have to hold that pan any longer," Blair said. He took a bottle from the closet, pulled the cork and handed it to Gibson. "Help yourself."

Gibson tipped the bottle and choked. "Canadian sailor gave me that," Blair observed cheerfully. "Issue rum. Hundred and fifty proof. I've been saving it. How does it go?"

Gibson opened his mouth experimentally but no sound came.

"We'll cut it with soda pop," Blair suggested.

When he came back from the kitchen he poured them each a drink. "Look, Holly," he said, "I've taken on a job, and I'm going to finish it. Either India sleeps in my room or I sleep in the kennel. Or—you promise not to feed her any more."

The old man looked at his feet and wriggled his toes. "I promise."

"Good. We won't be hunting this morning. Do you play poker, Holly?"

"Sure."

"Sure you can hold your own? I don't want to take your money—"

"Hag!" Gibson snorted. "Take my money! Nobody's ever taken my money in a poker game. I'll get my wallet."

Blair was dealing for draw. "Don't bother. I'll stake you ten."

THEY played in silence for a time, then Blair said abruptly, "I'd like to marry your daughter, Mr. Gibson."

Gibson frowned at his cards. "Does she know that?"

"Yes."

"You getting anywhere?"

"I'm afraid not. I've got to know more about her."

"Not much to know," said Gibson. "I'll open for fifty cents."

"She's been engaged."

"Yep. Twice."

"Twice?"

"Yes, there was this newspaper columnist fella hanging around for a while, then he stopped coming around; and there was this other fella from New York used to buy paintings out here. She couldn't see marrying him, she said, so she sent him packing. That's all."

"I don't think that is all. She acts afraid, as if she'd been hurt."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, maybe herself. Maybe of men. Maybe of falling in love and getting hurt again. Did she break both engagements for the same reason?"

"No. Once she broke it up. The other time the fella just stopped coming."

"There must be more to it, Holly. Were they the same kind of men?"

Gibson drew two cards. "Well, you know these young men today—they both had money, good prospects, but weak-livered. Let a woman push them around.

A girl will push a man around if she can, but she doesn't want that."

"That's interesting, Holly. Useful, too. I think you've got the situation clocked. What's your bet?"

Three hours later Blair noticed light outside. "We'll make this the last hand," he said. "We seem to be about even."

Gibson opened for a dollar and they drew their cards.

"Bet," Blair said.

The old man smiled with smug satisfaction. "Let's weed out the ribbon clerks. The bet's five dollars."

Blair leafed five ones into the pot. "You can't buy it that way, Holly."

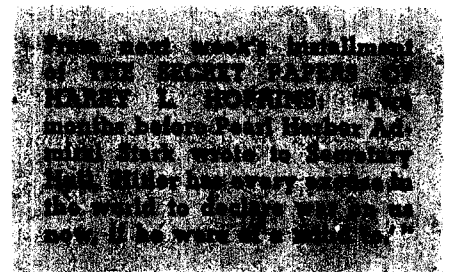
Gibson fanned four queens and grinned. "Mine?"

"Yours," Blair said.

Gibson repaid the ten he had borrowed. Blair watched him soft-footing down the hall to his own room, slapping his winnings against his thigh and chuckling gleefully, "Lettuce." . . .

The training continued. Four days later Blair knew he was winning. When he fired the gun, India flinched as usual, her hind quarters dropped piteously toward the ground, her whole body shook. But she stayed and ate. Each day after that he fired the gun a little closer.

Blair asked Paula and Gibson to go



with him when he took India on her first trial hunt. Paula was in high spirits. She walked beside Blair through the underbrush, talking easily, while Gibson pushed on ahead with the dog.

"Johnny was asking about you yesterday after my broadcast," she said. "I told him you were coming back tomorrow."

"Did you tell him I was having the time of my life?"

"Are you, Blair? I'm awfully glad you came out; you've done a world of good for Dad. Most of his friends are gone. I haven't seen him enjoy anybody so much for years."

"He's done a lot for me, too."

They stepped into a clearing and Blair stopped her with a touch on the arm. "Look!" India stood rigid in point, and Gibson was waving them to hurry. When they reached him he held his gun out to Paula. "You take it," he whispered.

"No, Holly. First shot is yours."

Gibson turned worried eyes on Blair. "She'll stay with the game," Blair said.

"Go ahead."

They moved forward. India took a step, hesitated, ran on a few feet and came to a point again. A whir broke the stillness. Gibson fired twice. India was leaping ahead, intent on her work, without fear. She sought out the bird and came trotting back to lay it proudly at Gibson's feet. Gibson gave his gun to Paula and knelt beside his dog; he took the loose skin of her flank in his fingers and kneaded her taut muscles. After a time he stood, picked up the bird, took his gun from Paula and turned to go home with India beside him.

"You've done a good job, Blair. That makes your visit complete."

"It isn't really complete. There's some fairly important business unfinished. I'm going to marry you, Paula."

"Oh? What makes you think so?"

"A lot of things. You're afraid to let yourself go. You're afraid of my touch."

"Afraid?" She turned to him, level-eyed.

He kissed her.

"You see, Blair, that didn't prove anything," she said, "except that you're

making a terrific sap of yourself. When are you going to give up?"

"That's just it. I didn't with India. You can't discourage me either."

She looked at him sharply. "I think it can be arranged. And while I'm arranging it—please, no more post office."

Blair grinned. "Okay, let's go home."

BLAIR found her letter on his desk the next afternoon: "A circumstance beyond my control forces me to tender my resignation."

So now I'm a circumstance, Blair thought.

He went into the control room at six. Paula had just begun her last broadcast.

Johnny came in. "Murder!" he said, staring unhappily at a stack of records on the desk where Paula sat. "Romeo and Juliet I gotta play tonight."

"Don't tell me your troubles," Blair said. "I've got one of my own."

Blair entered studio A as Paula was signing off.

She smiled at him sweetly. "I was just leaving."

"Sit down, Paula."

"Sorry, Blair, I'm in a hurry."

"Sit down!"

Surprised, she sat back against the table.

"You're running away, Paula, and I'm not going to let you. You're running away because you're afraid, and I think I know why. There are a few things you won't admit, even to yourself."

She looked uncomfortably at his feet. "Your father is strong-willed, Paula. Because you're his daughter you're strong-willed, too. And since you've been taking care of him you've had to be." He was rubbing a tender spot. She raised her head and he watched the anger growing in her eyes.

"You were engaged twice. You broke one of your engagements; your fiancé broke the other. But both for the same reason: Neither man was strong enough to make decisions for you. Marriage would have been a mistake. You're not giving yourself a fair chance. Two broken engagements shouldn't convince you you're not cut out for marriage."

She looked up at him, her lips white. "Is that all?"

"No. It isn't all." He stepped closer and cupped her head firmly in his big hands. Then he brought his mouth down on her stubborn lips and kissed till they softened.

He held her away from him and studied her eyes. "You liked that, Paula. You've needed that. You're going to marry me."

"I am not!" she said.

He drew her in again, but she turned fiercely and broke away. He saw her hand reach for the pile of records and ducked as one of them sailed over his shoulder. It shattered against the wall. Another followed it.

"This proves I'm right. If I weren't you wouldn't be so mad." He ducked again. "Go on. Get it off your chest."

She raised the last record for the throw then lowered her arm slowly and put it back on the table. She began to cry.

"Paula." He came closer. "I love you very much."

She brushed a tear from her cheek with the heel of her hand. "All you've done is bully me," she managed to say between sobs. "It's about time you said you loved me."

Blair was drying her cheeks with his handkerchief when Johnny came in.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Matthews. I've only got two minutes—" He stopped and surveyed the bits of broken record on the floor. "Romeo and Juliet?"

"Romeo and Juliet," Blair said.

"Then can I scrub 'em with an eight-beat boogie, Mr. Matthews?"

"What do you think, Paula?" Blair asked.

"Scrub 'em, Johnny," she said.

THE END

Collier's for June 26, 1948

Which is really Ann Sheridan?

STARRING IN
"Silver River"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
(See answer below)

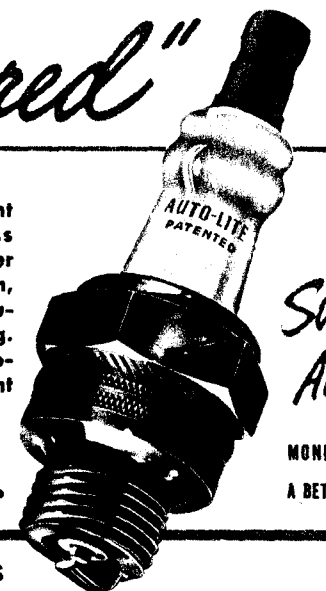


Spark Plugs also look alike, but **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS** are *"Ignition Engineered"*

YOU'LL agree it's difficult to pick the real Ann Sheridan from these two photographs. It's difficult, too, to pick the best spark plug from outside appearance. Spark plugs may "look alike," but there's a simple way to be sure you get the best. Ask for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, the spark plugs that are ignition engineered—designed by the same engineers who design the entire electrical life-line from battery to coil to distributor to spark plug for many of America's finest cars.

Score yourself 100% if you picked the girl at the right as the real Ann Sheridan, beautiful and talented actress soon to be seen in Warner Bros.' thrilling new hit "Silver River." At left is Miss Peggy O'Connor of Washington, D. C., who looks so much like Miss Sheridan that a restaurant recently spot-lighted the table where she was sitting.

You will be 100% right, too, when you switch to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, specified as original factory equipment on many leading makes of cars and trucks.



*Switch to
AUTO-LITE*

MONEY CANNOT BUY
A BETTER SPARK PLUG



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THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

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Listen to Auto-Lite's radio program, YOUR THURSDAY NIGHT MEETING starring Dick Haymes, Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra. Thursday 9:00 P. M., E. T. CBS

BADMINTON'S MR. BIG

Continued from page 6

water and sweep to victory in the Olympics. Seven members of Buck's '47 winner are back, plus Johnny (Captain Bligh) Gartland, All-America coxswain.

Navy is the East's best hope against resurgent Washington and California. Washington's Huskies—winners at Poughkeepsie and Berlin in 1936—regard themselves as Olympic champions until proved otherwise. Coach Al Ulbrickson moved seven freshmen into the varsity shell last June after the Huskies finished third at Poughkeepsie. The youngsters give Al a boatload of muscle and he always has had a lot of confidence in sophomores.

Al was a sophomore himself when he stroked Washington to first place on the Hudson. Navy nipped Al in 1925 and the Middies were a favorite to do it again in 1926. The Huskies challenged at three miles—moved up alongside Navy—then Al pulled an arm muscle. He rowed the last mile with his heart. In the final quarter, he pushed the stroke to 40—and held it. The Huskies won in 19:28 3/5. Navy posted 19:29 3/5.

It could be that close again. Al admits Navy rates the edge, but adds: "My kids look like they might get up to 40 in the last quarter—and hold it."

► VITAMINS, T-BONES AND TENNIS

Tom Brown packed a suitcase with vitamin pills and canned goods before flying to Wimbledon last June. Jack Kramer carried 75 pounds of steak in dry ice.

"Jack's steak-rationing plan was simple," Brown recalls. "All the Americans ate steak for breakfast until they lost in the singles."

On the morning of the final round, there were four survivors—two T-bones, Kramer and Brown. Kramer gave Brown the thicker T-bone, then whipped him in straight sets.

Brown, a skinny six-foot student of law at the University of California, has his rackets and canned goods packed for another flight to Wimbledon. He'll get there Sunday afternoon—weather permitting—in time for a few hours' practice before his first match Monday.

"Any other player wouldn't have a chance without a week's practice," Kramer commented recently. "Won't bother The Flailer, though. He never hits the ball more than once or twice a point—slugs everything. When they're going in, he beats anybody."

With Kramer and his T-bones gone to the pros, Flailer Brown rates a fifty-fifty chance at Wimbledon—traditionally the world's top tournament—against four tough challengers: Frankie Parker, Gardnar Mulloy; Bernard Destreumeau, France's current No. 1, and Jaroslav Drobny of Czechoslovakia. Drobny may not play, however. There has been talk of his having passport trouble with the new president of the Czechoslovakian Lawn Tennis Association, Joe Stalin.

Brown picks Parker as the man to beat. "Of course we'll miss Kramer," Tom adds, "but only at breakfast."

► RIS AND THE SLOW LOOK

Wally Ris of the University of Iowa fell asleep before his 220-yard free-style race against Ohio State's Bill Smith. When Wally woke up, Erling Odegaard was rubbing his legs with alcohol.

"Why aren't you at the hospital?" Ris asked.

"Wilma says we aren't going to break any records," Erl grunted. "But you are—roll over." The Iowa trainer had taken his wife to the maternity ward en route to the field house.

Ris dozed off again—then splashed

220 yards in 2:13.7 for an intercollegiate record. Then Wally autographed a program for Odegaard's imminent heir. "This one was for you," Wally scribbled. "I hope that 20 years from today you'll be the one to break my record."

"What makes you so sure it's going to be a boy?" Odegaard asked.

"What made you so sure I was going to break a record?" Ris countered.

Odegaard's six-pound eleven-ounce son, Randall Lee, was born next morning.

Young Randall Lee may have more than one Ris record to splash after, 20 years hence. Two nights before Ris upset the world's most famous swimming Smith, Wally bettered Tarzan Weissmuller's 22-year-old American mark for 100 yards. Alex Jany of France is the only sprinter likely to give Wally a real argument.

Wally took up swimming to strengthen his right knee, which was injured in a Chicago high-school football game. "Funny thing about Wally's speed," Coach Dave Armbruster points out, "he takes fewer strokes per 100 yards than his opponents. Most sprinters synchronize six leg beats with one arm revolution. Wally uses the six-to-one ratio, all right, but he has an extra-long reach and a slow, blinding arm motion. Consequently, he takes fewer strokes but uses a slower, deeper leg kick that gives him more traction. You'll never find another sprinter who looks so slow and moves so fast."

► SCHOOL FOR OUTFIELDERS

Sam Mele of the Boston Red Sox is the finest young outfielder in the American League because he rooms with Dom DiMaggio and takes automobile rides with Ted Williams.

"Ted likes to drive," Sam explains. "Down at Sarasota last spring he'd take me riding every night and he talked nothing but hitting—went over every pitcher in the league—told me stuff it would take a rookie a couple of years to learn."

When Mele returned to the hotel, roommate DiMaggio delivered the nightly fielding lesson. "Dom would tell me where to play the hitters," Sam recalls. "How can you miss with the best hitter and best fielder in the league giving you private lessons?"

Too bad catcher Jake Early wasn't with the Red Sox last summer. The scholarly Mele could have learned a few of Jake's routines. If Mele has a weakness, it's his lack of color. Nobody knows Sam's in the ball park.

Not so Jake Early, the only man who ever laughed Williams out on strikes. Jake did it with a song, simply straining You Are My Sunshine through a quarter pound of eatin' tobacco.

Jake's from Kings Mountain, North Carolina, and his chant of the tobacco auctioneer is guaranteed to destroy any rookie's batting concentration. Jake was catching for the Browns when Gil Coan came up to the Senators from the Southern Association. Jake shifted his chaw and auctioned off Coan with three pitches. Gil, profoundly distressed by Early's blub-blub-blubbing, was even more upset when Jake added the third strike tagline—"SOLD TO CHATTA-NOOGAI!"

► Push-button radio tuners will have to be careful around 10 P.M. of the twenty-third when the Louis-Walcott fight and the Republican convention will be in simultaneous session. An untimely punch might produce something like this: "... Alabama casts eight votes for (CLICK) Jersey Joe Walcott. ..."

THE END

The Originator of the

The NEW FIRESTONE SUPER

The Tire That Gives You Super-Safety, Super-Comfort,

BACK in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST balloon tire, which set completely new and different standards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, Firestone gives the car owners of America a new sensation in riding and driving luxury with the new Firestone Super-Balloon.

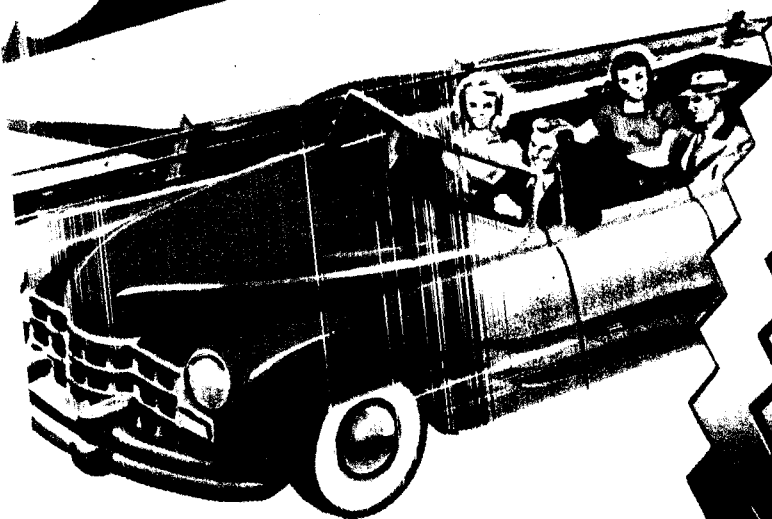
Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more miles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can stop more safely on any road in any weather because of the scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the tread and more tread area in contact with the road. This remarkable new tire, which holds more air at lower pressure and which incorporates completely new principles of tread design and body construction, absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It keeps your



SUPER-SAFETY

Exclusive Firestone Skid-Resistors in the tread and larger area of contact with the road provide the greatest protection against skidding ever built into a tire. Revolutionary new construction principles assure cooler running and greater protection against blowouts.

Now Brings You BALLOON

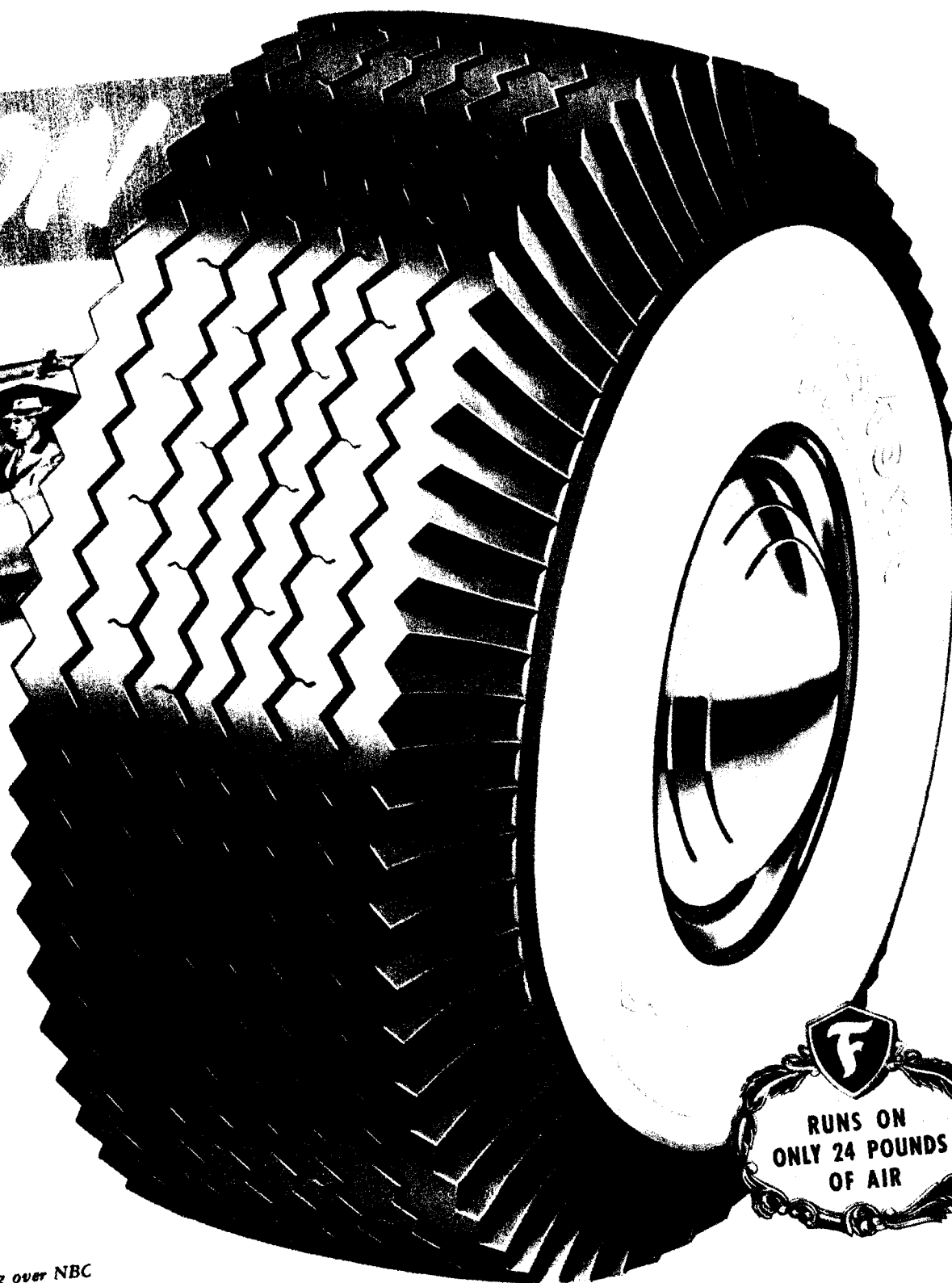


Super-Economy and Super-Style

car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles.

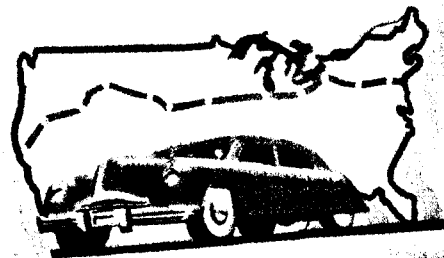
The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers are featuring it on their new models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC
Copyright, 1948, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



SUPER-COMFORT

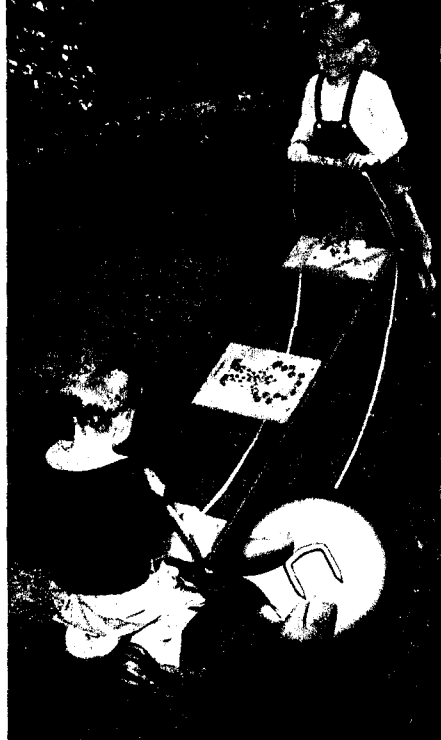
Cross-sections show how greater air volume and lower pressure permit greater flexing action when Firestone Super-Balloons go over bumps and rough roads. The tire takes the punishment instead of you or your car. You can drive farther, faster and longer with less fatigue.



SUPER-ECONOMY

In addition to giving you long mileage, this tire saves you money on maintenance. Fewer jolts and jars reach your car, so there are fewer trips to the shop for repairs to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles. This tire keeps your car young; reduces wear and tear on parts.

ANOTHER BOSTITCH SAVING



EVEN THE MAKER HAS A "GOOD TIME" packing it twice as fast

The maker of this Teeter-Toddle cuts packing time in half and eliminates damage in transit by using Bostitch staples instead of rope and tape. He wraps and staples the parts in corrugated board . . . anchors these parts to the shipping container . . . and seals the container . . . all with Bostitch staplers.

OTHERS SAVE WITH BOSTITCH

A jobber attaches watch bands to display cards at *one-fourth his former cost* . . . with inexpensive, office-type Bostitch B8 Staplers. A builder staples metal lath to studding in *half his former time* . . . with Bostitch self-feeding hammers and tackers. A clothing manufacturer, fastening cloth together, *saves half his former labor cost*.

YOU CAN SAVE, TOO!

Whatever your combination of wood, metal, cloth, paper, plastics or other materials, you may find that one of the 800 Bostitch machines can fasten it better and faster with wire. 250 field men in 91 key cities backed by 50 years of skilled Bostitch research and fastening experience offer you a tested way to solve your fastening problems.

Write Bostitch for facts about better, faster fastening on your jobs. Send coupon today.

BOSTITCH

AND FASTER
fastens it better, with wire

ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES

Bostitch, 350 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.

Please send descriptive material on Bostitch time- and money-saving machines . . .

Name . . .

Company . . .

Address . . .

OUR JOB IN ITALY

Continued from page 15

April! Before going to vote think of your mother, your religion and your beloved fatherland, which we, too, although we are far from it, always love. We have done much for you since the war, and we shall continue to do so, if you vote like Christians. . . ."

Says Maria Cattaneo with visible pride, "I had already made up my mind before I got this letter. This town is Christian Democrat."

"Democrat like in America," said Guido Scarpearo, a shoemaker with a limp. "I was ten years in America, working steam shovel, hurt my leg. Best lawyer in Detroit, Anthony Marullo, got me some money for my leg. Now I live good here."

Packages as a Political Factor

Mario Olgiati came into the café, wearing a fine American overcoat. Olgiati is an American citizen and was visiting his father in Cuggiono. "You gotta vote Christian Democrat here," he explained. "They all get packages from America, they get these letters. If they vote Communist the packages will stop coming." How many people in Cuggiono had received letters? About two hundred families. Nevertheless, those who did vote Communist were not coerced by their fellow citizens.

To vote against the Communists, the U.S. offered the Italians wheat, coal, gasoline, the Marshall Plan and Trieste. Russia offered them nothing. The U.S. told them pointedly that no Communist would ever be admitted to the country where millions of Italians would like to go. The U.S.S.R. did not even offer to return the Italian prisoners of war still held in Russia.

The "Piano Marshall," as the Italians call it, was a burning issue in the election, and the Popular Front undoubtedly lost thousands of votes by opposing it. As one Popular Front leader remarked, doing a quick flip-flap after the election, it made no sense to turn down something for nothing.

But whether he is a Communist steelworker, who says, "The Marshall Plan is American imperialism; it will turn Italy into a colony," or whether he is that Communist worker's employer, shrewdly estimating long-range profits, many an Italian is honestly skeptical of the permanent benefits of the Marshall Plan. He grants that it will bring relief—and for this he is grateful—but he doubts if it will bring real recovery to Italy.

His skepticism is based on three considerations: First, it is not enough; secondly, it may not last; thirdly, it ties Italy's economy to Western Europe, instead of to Eastern Europe, where it belongs. Said a Milan businessman philosophically, after a large meal imported from the U.S.: "Either we'll have a war within a year, or all this scare will blow over and we'll go back to trading with the East."

America did not swing the election alone, of course. A Milan industrialist said after the election that he and his colleagues had contributed \$3,000,000 to beat the Communists, most of which went to help the Christian Democrats. The archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Schuster, issued a pastoral letter refusing absolution to any believer who voted Communist.

The Catholic Action, a well-organized political society which works for the church first and parties second, sent its workers into towns and villages throughout Italy to tell the priests to get out the vote—for De Gasperi, if possible; if not, for anybody but the Communists. Thousands of left-wing but non-Communist voters must have been frightened away

from the Popular Front by the Communist coups in Eastern Europe. Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Socialists, who bolted Pietro Nenni's pro-Communist leadership, said two days before the election, "This election was decided in Czechoslovakia."

Deserted by Russia and attacked by the U.S. and the church, the Communists and their allies tried to win on national issues. They promised better working and living conditions to the workers, work to the unemployed, peace to everybody. Some 8,000,000 Italians, nearly a third of the electorate, voted for their promises against the church and America. Many of them did so more in sorrow than in anger, but they remain a force to be reckoned with, both by Italy's government and by the U.S.

What worries Italians is whether the U.S. realizes the responsibilities it undertook. A great many Italians have heard about the American habit of getting all het up over an election and then going off to the ball game. They believe that, having told them how to vote, the U.S. shares an obligation with their government to give them work and peace. The election solved none of Italy's problems except the immediate problem of whether it would vote itself Communist. The basic political and economic problems remain.

From their elected government, the Italians have the right to expect, at least: money stabilization; an upward adjustment of salaries, especially in the lower-middle-class brackets; land reform; a

program of public works to take up both concealed and unconcealed unemployment; continuation of the liberties they enjoyed during the election. They expect the government to institute such a policy, since it could hardly do less and keep the support of the various elements that elected it. They hope that the government will interest itself more in their happiness than in its own authority.

One of the most influential Christian Democrats in Italy is Giovanni Battista Migliori, a benign, pipe-smoking Milan lawyer, who helped to organize the party underground in Fascist days, was its regional leader for a while and now sits in Italy's new Senate. Signor Migliori wants to make it clear that "the party is in the service of the church, but it is not responsible to the church. I think," he says, "that there is hope of our becoming the real labor party of Italy."

"But first we must rehabilitate the country. Reforms come later. We are in a pathological economic period and profound reforms are impossible. We must modify, not jump. This is realism."

What reforms would the party like to institute? "We would like to give more land to the peasants, but realistically, slowly. We believe in the resurrection of the little shopkeepers and small businessmen. We want to give the workers their houses and other benefits, but we must be practical."

"For Italian industry it is indispensable to have order, tranquillity and strong government. We need order with liberty. We will establish authority and respect for government so that we can move gradually toward social changes. We will gradually dispose of the Communist party."

Inept Democracy Breeds Communism

Not all of the 8,000,000 Italians who voted for the Popular Front are enemies of democracy. Italians are natural democrats; most of them made bad Fascists, and only the failure of democracy to better their lives could make any appreciable number of them good Communists. The fact that 30 per cent of them voted for Communism argues a fair amount of impatience with democracy. But millions of those voters are capable of voting the other way.

The 70 per cent vote cast against the Communist ticket was, to a large extent, a vote of confidence in the U.S. If the U.S. does not justify that confidence, millions of those voters too are perfectly capable of voting the other way.

Here, then, is what the Italians think they have a right to expect from us: They believe the U.S. is committed to continue the Marshall Plan, no matter who wins the American election, and even if later on it begins to hurt. They believe the U.S. should, if necessary, exert as much pressure to keep their government in their service as was done to persuade them to elect it. They believe we have an obligation somehow to keep the peace. They are not sure we will do any of these things.

Even if we do them all, we will not solve all Italy's problems for her. But there is not a great deal more that we could do, unless we went to the heroic length suggested by a non-Communist Italian friend of mine. After brooding all evening over his country's political and economic difficulties, he came up with an engaging solution. "All America needs to do for us," he said, "is to take in 5,000,000 Italian Communists."

Since the Italian immigrant has made as good a democrat as America ever had, it might be a conversion worth thinking about.

THE END

Collier's for June 26, 1948

FEET FIRST



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YOU CAN'T BEAT CHEVROLET TRUCKS!

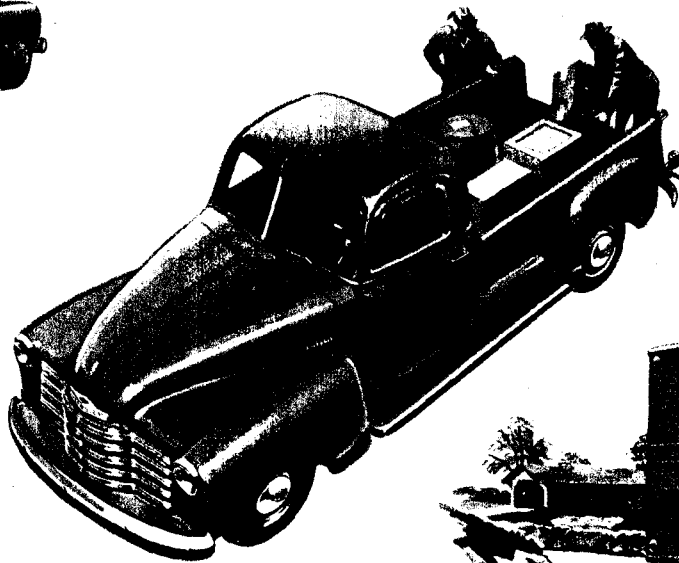
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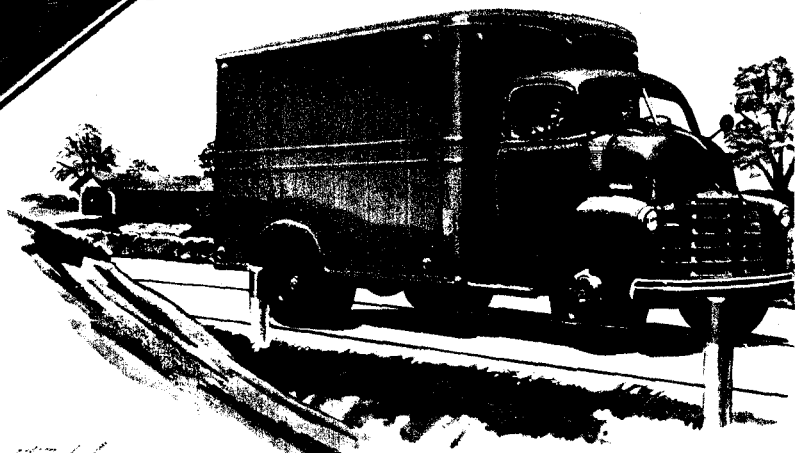


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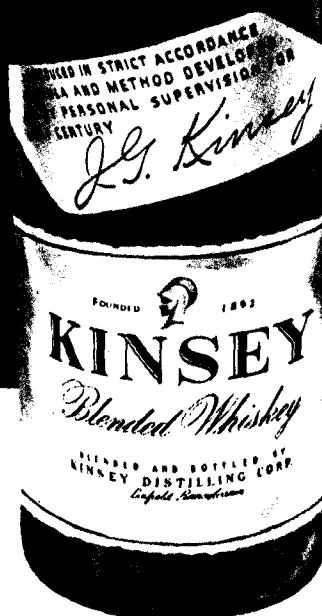
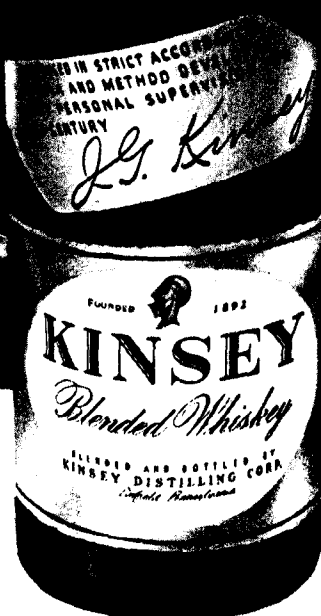
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it's
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Choice Blended Whiskies. Gold Label: 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label: 86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

Churchill's respect for Roosevelt may have wavered at times but it never ceased.

On Saturday, August 9th, the great British battleship (which was to perish in Malayan waters four months later) arrived at the Newfoundland rendezvous. The cruiser Augusta, with Roosevelt aboard, was there waiting, and the Atlantic Conference started.

Sumner Welles and Sir Alexander Cadogan worked over documents which the British government had drafted of "Parallel Communications to the Japanese Government." One message to Tokyo was to come from the United States government, saying that:

Any further encroachment by Japan in the southwestern Pacific would produce a situation in which the United States government would be compelled to take countermeasures even though these might lead to war between the United States and Japan.

Britain and the Netherlands were to send similar messages.

British Agree with Russian View

The British point of view was essentially the same as the Russian in favor of a tough policy toward Japan as a means of avoiding war in the Pacific.

It was this Asiatic phase of the discussions at the Atlantic Conference which occupied a vast amount of attention during the exhaustive Pearl Harbor investigation, because of the repeated isolationist charges that there had been "secret commitments." (As one of the British officials present at this meeting said to me, "We wished to God there had been!") I have been given access to the British records of the conference. I have found that all of the records (American and British) put together not only fail to provide evidence of skulduggery but, in so far as discussion of military matters is concerned, fail even to provide much of interest. The agreements for which the British had hoped did not come near to realization.

At the conference Churchill took up the question of the "Parallel Communications" to Tokyo. Roosevelt said that he felt "very strongly that every effort should be made to prevent the outbreak of war with Japan." But, the question eternally was: Would a tough line, a medium line, or a soft line best suit that purpose? Roosevelt was well aware of

the importance of "face" to the Japanese. Therefore, the adoption of a line which would not give them some kind of "face-saving out" would be practically a guarantee of war.

On the other hand, the only kind of appeasement which the Japanese would consider satisfactory would seal the doom of China and would be humiliating and mortifying to the American people and calculated to depress the morale of all who were opposed to the Axis powers everywhere in the world. Roosevelt believed that any warnings to Japan should not be limited to the southwestern Pacific area, but should be broad enough to encompass the possibility of new Japanese aggression against any friendly power in Asia—specifically, the Soviet Union, this being the result of Hopkins' talk with Molotov.

In the end, Roosevelt compromised on what seemed to be a safe middle course between the tough line and the soft one. The proposed Anglo-American-Dutch parallel warnings to Japan were never made and from then on, Churchill took the position that Britain would follow America's lead when and if Japan took further violent action and Roosevelt made known his policy.

The Atlantic Conference gave Hopkins an opportunity to observe more clearly than ever the differences between the American and British systems of democracy. This was the first time he had seen both the President and Prime Minister in operation away from their own home bases.

He remarked on the fact that whereas Roosevelt was completely on his own, subject only to the advice of his immediate and self-selected entourage, which advice he could accept or reject, Churchill was constantly reporting to and consulting the War Cabinet in London, addressing his communications to the Lord Privy Seal, who was then Clement Attlee.

The Atlantic Charter turned out to be incalculably more powerful an instrument than the officers of the British government intended it to be when they first proposed it. They never regarded it as a formal state paper; it was, to them, not much more than a publicity handout. Roosevelt took it more seriously. The British learned that when you state a moral principle, you are stuck with it, no matter how many fingers you may have

kept crossed at the moment. It was not long before the people of India, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia were beginning to ask if the Atlantic Charter extended also to the Pacific and to Asia in general.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Roosevelt and Churchill became chums at this conference or at any subsequent time. They established an easy intimacy, a joking informality and a moratorium on pomposity and cant—and also a degree of frankness in intercourse which, if not quite complete, was remarkably close to it. But neither of them ever forgot for one instant what he was and represented or what the other was and represented. Actually, their relationship was maintained to the end on the highest professional level.

They were two men in the same line of business—politico-military leadership on a global scale—and theirs was a very limited field, and the few who achieve it seldom have opportunities for getting together with fellow craftsmen in the same trade to compare notes and talk shop. They appraised each other through the practiced eyes of professionals and from this appraisal resulted a degree of admiration and sympathetic understanding of each other's professional problems that lesser craftsmen could not have achieved.

Thus, when Churchill was being particularly difficult over some point during the Yalta Conference, Roosevelt could say to Hopkins, "We've got to remember that Winston has an election coming up." And, as the record proves, there were many occasions when the Prime Minister yielded on major points in deference to the domestic political problems which were forever besetting the President.

Reversing a Tradition

It is a matter of sacred tradition that when an American statesman and a British statesman meet, the former will be plain, blunt, down-to-earth, ingenuous to a fault, while the latter will be sly, subtle, devious and eventually triumphant. In the cases of Roosevelt and Churchill, this formula became somewhat confused. If either of them could be called a student of Machiavelli, it was Roosevelt; if either was a bull in a china shop, it was Churchill.

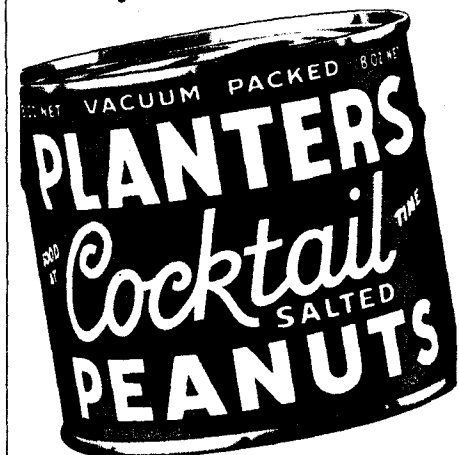
The Prime Minister quickly learned that he confronted in the President a man of infinite subtlety and obscurity—an artful dodger who could not readily be pinned down on specific points, nor hustled or wheedled into definite commitments against his judgment or his will or his instinct. And Roosevelt soon learned how pertinacious the Prime Minister could be in pursuance of a purpose. It was this quality which, at times, made him extremely tiresome to deal with and, at other times—and especially times of most awful adversity—made him great.

Roosevelt and Churchill certainly had the capacity to annoy each other, but the record of their tremendous association with each other contains a minimum of evidences of waspishness or indeed of anything less than the most amiable and most courteous consideration. For they had a large and wonderful capacity to stimulate and refresh each other. In one of the darkest hours of the war, Roosevelt concluded a long, serious cable to Churchill with the words, "it is fun to be in the same decade with you."

Back in England, Churchill seemed so bursting with confidence—he gave the new "V for Victory" sign with such exuberant assurance—the British people delightedly assumed, like the American isolationists, that perhaps there had been some secret agreements at the confer-



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For instance, you'll love crisp, delicious, flavor-fresh PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS to nibble on while you're going—while you're there—and on your way home.

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TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

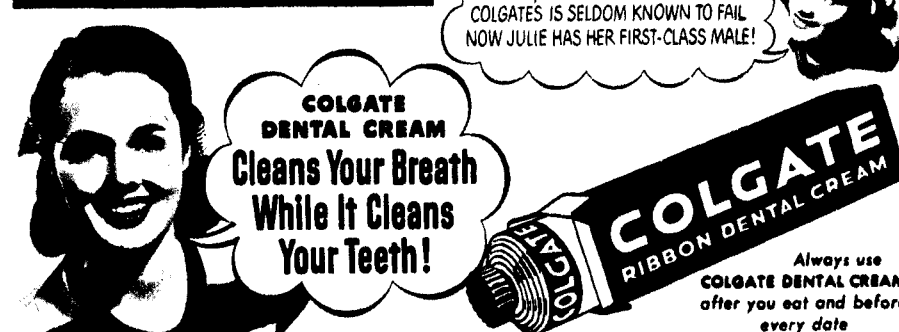
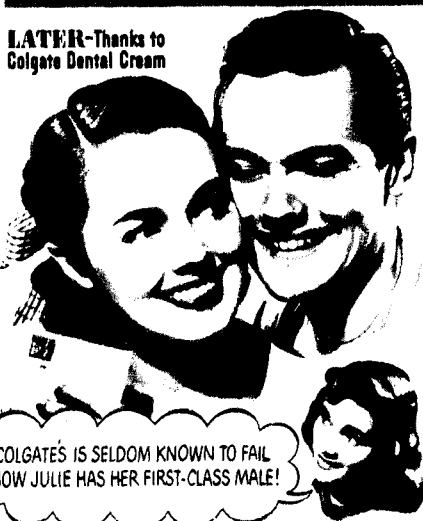
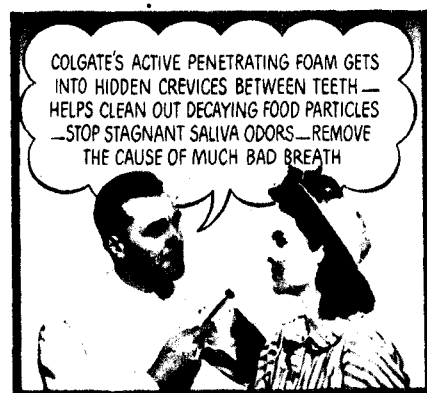
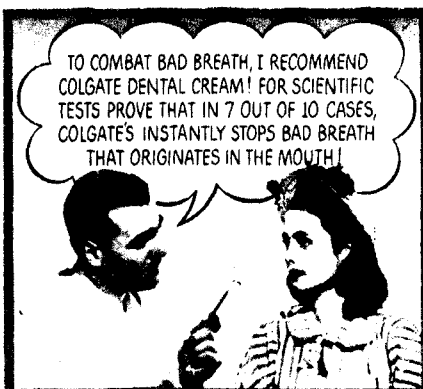
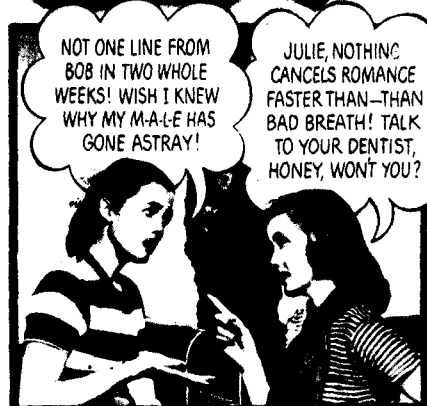
"We can't let them suspect the truth," Captain Garrott said. He knew that the very lives of the men in his garrison depended on giving the impression they had unlimited supplies. This is the transposagram he sent:

DUET IS MAN OR MEN IN MOON

N O N R M N

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 71)



ence, the results of which would become apparent in due course. It is improbable that Churchill did much to discourage this hopeful assumption.

The battle in Congress over extension of Selective Service was disagreeably synchronized with the Atlantic Conference. It proved to be one of the narrowest escapes of Roosevelt's wartime career. He had almost let it go by default. The situation in this summer of 1941 was so ugly that Roosevelt concluded it would be better not to bring the issue up in Congress. He was again afraid of fear itself. But Secretary Stimson and General Marshall felt otherwise.

It is no exaggeration to say that the fight was one of the decisive battles of the war. It was won in the House of Representatives, by the perilous margin of one vote, on August 12th, the day when the Atlantic Conference ended. The news of it dropped like enemy bombs on the decks of the Augusta and the Prince of Wales.

When Lord Beaverbrook left Argentina, he traveled with Averell Harriman to Washington to arrange for the Moscow Conference and Churchill instructed him to make some soundings of American public opinion on the side. Beaverbrook did so and his reports were discouraging to his colleagues in London. He stated, and truthfully, that there wasn't the slightest chance of the U.S. entering the war until compelled to do so by an attack on its own territory, and it seemed that Hitler would never make such an attack until Britain and Russia had been defeated.

Prelude to a Shooting War

On Labor Day, September 1st, Roosevelt made a short but vigorous speech, of which the New York Times said, editorially: "We have not yet declared or taken a direct part in a shooting war. But we have taken a position which must force us ultimately to take such a direct part if our present policy does not prove sufficient to defeat Hitler."

Three days after this speech, a German submarine attacked with two torpedoes, but did not hit, the U.S. Destroyer Greer, southeast of Greenland, and a week later Roosevelt made another broadcast, announcing the orders to the Navy to "shoot on sight." Hopkins wrote a description of the preparation of this speech as follows:

The genesis of this speech began as far back as the first of July after the President had initiated his first patrol of the North Atlantic, which was merely a patrol of notification in event a submarine or raider were discovered in the waters between North America and Iceland.

The President determined upon a far more important patrol before I went to England late in July, namely one in which all ships flying all flags would be protected. . . .

He had Cordell Hull and me to lunch on September 5th and outlined his proposal and planned the speech for the following Monday night.

Hull then elaborated at some length on our general position and in very aggressive and stern language laid out the policy of the United States government and the reason for this patrol. The President liked the statement Hull was making verbally and asked him to dictate what he had just said and send it to the White House late that afternoon.

The draft from Hull arrived, and instead of being the vigorous, determined memorandum that had been represented in his verbal talk with the President, it was a pretty weak document, although it built up a fairly strong case for the necessity for some action. But there was no recommendation of any action.

The President, of course, said at once that Hull's draft was totally inadequate and left the speech entirely in thin air.

We made another draft and that night the President called in Hull, Stimson and Knox and myself and read us a draft of the speech. Each of them made some very minor corrections but it was clear that all of them approved of it heartily.

I had an appointment Thursday morning with the President, with Hull and the Soviet ambassador on another matter and after that conference was over Hull remained behind, he having just before the conference with the ambassador told me that the speech was too strong and that all reference to shooting first, or shooting of any kind, should be taken out of the speech.

This was a great surprise to me because Hull had fully agreed before.

On many previous occasions, however, in the last six months Hull has talked pretty strong in private conversation but when it comes down to putting it in writing he has tended to want to dilute everything. He has in recent months given me the impression that he isn't prepared for the implications of a tough row with Hitler.

I later learned from the President that Hull made a very strong argument urging the President to take out of the speech the real guts of it. The speech itself indicates that this was not done.

Here is presented the fifth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

Early in September, Hopkins wrote to Brendan Bracken, who had been appointed Minister of Information in the British Cabinet, complaining about "the concerted attack in the British press on two fronts: one, that we won't fight, and the other that our supplies are very slow." He went on to say:

We are having some difficulty with our public opinion with regard to Russia. The American people don't take aid to Russia easily. The whole Catholic population is opposed to it, all the Nazis, all the Italians and a lot of people who sincerely believe that Stalin is a great menace to the world. Still I think it will come out all right in the end . . . The exhibition of the Russian army has certainly made all of our military people look a little ill. Anglo-Saxons have a hard time believing that anyone can fight except themselves.

Only a few days after Churchill made a broadcast saying that only Hitler knew the date of U.S. entry into the war, Hopkins received one of the gloomiest messages that ever came to the White House from the normally confident, ebullient Prime Minister. He mentioned the concern of the British Cabinet over Roosevelt's repeated assurances (in answer to isolationist charges) that the Atlantic Conference had brought the U.S. "no closer to war."

The propaganda effect of the Atlantic Conference was beginning to fizzle out. Churchill said that the Cabinet's concern would inevitably extend itself to Parliament and then to the people as a whole, and he added, "I don't know what will

Collier's for June 26, 1948

happen if England is fighting alone when 1942 comes." He asked Hopkins if he wanted to express any hope for the future. If Hopkins replied directly to this, I can find no copy of it in his papers. But he made the following note which he attached to the Churchill message:

I talked to the President about this cablegram and the only thing we can make out of it is that Churchill is pretty depressed and takes it out on us in this fashion.

I told the President, however, that not only Churchill but all the members of the Cabinet and all the British people I talked to believed that ultimately we will get into the war on some basis or other and if they ever reached the conclusion that this was not to be the case, that would be a very critical moment in the war, and the British appeasers might have some influence on Churchill.

How "Short" Was Interpreted

However, there was nothing that Roosevelt or Hopkins could do about it except to attempt to increase the rendering of aid "by all means short of war" (and, when one looks back on those days, one cannot escape the conclusion that never was the word "short" given a more liberal interpretation).

Churchill's depression, as it turned out, was short-lived, for within two days of the foregoing cable to Hopkins came one from the Former Naval Person to the President giving glowing reports of favorable developments in Persia, and thus increased contacts with Russia in that part of the world, and asking for help in transporting two more British divisions aggregating 40,000 men to the Middle East.

This involved the loan of the largest transports then in the U.S. service including such converted liners as the Manhattan, Washington and America (renamed, in wartime, U.S.S. Wakefield, Mount Vernon and West Point). Churchill said in his cable, "It is quite true that the loan of these liners would hamper any large dispatch of United States forces to Europe or Africa, but as you know I have never asked for this in any period we can reasonably foresee in the near future."

On September 6, 1941, Hopkins noted: The President had a conference yesterday between Admiral Stark; Admiral King, commander of the Atlantic Fleet; Admiral Ingersoll; Admiral Land and me.

It was agreed at this conference that we should provide troop transports for 20,000 men. The admirals seemed quite willing to acquiesce in this program.

One of the important decisions made was that these troopships were to fly

the American flag and be manned by the Navy crews which are now on them. It was decided it was unwise however, for American destroyers to accompany these ships which would be filled with British troops.

The arrangements went forward but in early October, Roosevelt was again involved with Congress for legislation which would further amend the Neutrality Act to permit the arming of American merchant ships. Roosevelt thereupon cabled Churchill:

I deeply regret necessity of reopening with you the question of American-flag Navy-operated transports going to England for proposed troop movement to Near East which we had agreed upon.

You will sympathetically consider the problem and my frank statement of it, I am certain. My message to Congress in the immediate future will recommend sweeping amendments to our Neutrality Act.

This act is seriously crippling our means of helping you, in my opinion. I want not only to arm all of our ships but I want to get the authority from Congress to send American flagships directly to British ports. I have reached the conclusion after conferring with Congress leaders that it would be disastrous to this legislation if one of our transports proceeding to or from Britain and in British waters or British port, were to be sunk, when manned by U.S. Navy officers and men. Such an event might jeopardize our Lend-Lease and other aid. . . .

As a first alternative, my suggestion is that you send here, or transfer from your ships under repair here, enough officers and men to man our six transports. . . . The ships would then sail from Canadian ports under British flag and with British crews under Lend-Lease arrangements.

The second alternative would be for U.S. to continue manning these six transports in Halifax. We would then transport the expedition through Western Hemisphere water and thence to Near East destination. We believe, if considered advisable by Navy Department and Admiralty, we could escort this fast convoy all the way.

Of the two alternatives offered, I prefer the first, namely your using your crews to man transports.

Churchill replied that he fully understood the President's position but that he definitely preferred the second alternative, whereby the British troops would be delivered to Halifax and then transhipped to the American transports—and this was done.

(Next week: Roosevelt's Greatest Dilemma.)



"You pose for picture, huh, Injun feller?"



see? Him mean "fabric shrinkage less than 1%." Mean shirt no gettum smaller in wash, huh? Arrow Shirt offer best of everything. Remember him!

CHIEF: I remember "him" very well indeed, my dear fellow. When I was at college I wore nothing but Arrow Shirts. I am of the opinion that their impeccable appearance attracted the attention of my former wife, for which I am

CHIEF: Sure-Sure.

MR. G.: Fine! Fine! Now, stand still, huh? No move, huh? Me flickum shutter. See?

CHIEF: Ummm. Me see.

MR. G.: Good! All done. No hurt, huh? By way, that's a nice-looking sports shirt, Chief! Too bad him no got wonderful Arrow Collar like my shirt, huh? Best collar in world, him.

CHIEF: Ummm. Best collar.

MR. G.: No shirt made got this tailored-to-fit-body-better like Arrow! Call him MITOGA, Chief. Him trade-mark. You know "trade-mark," huh?

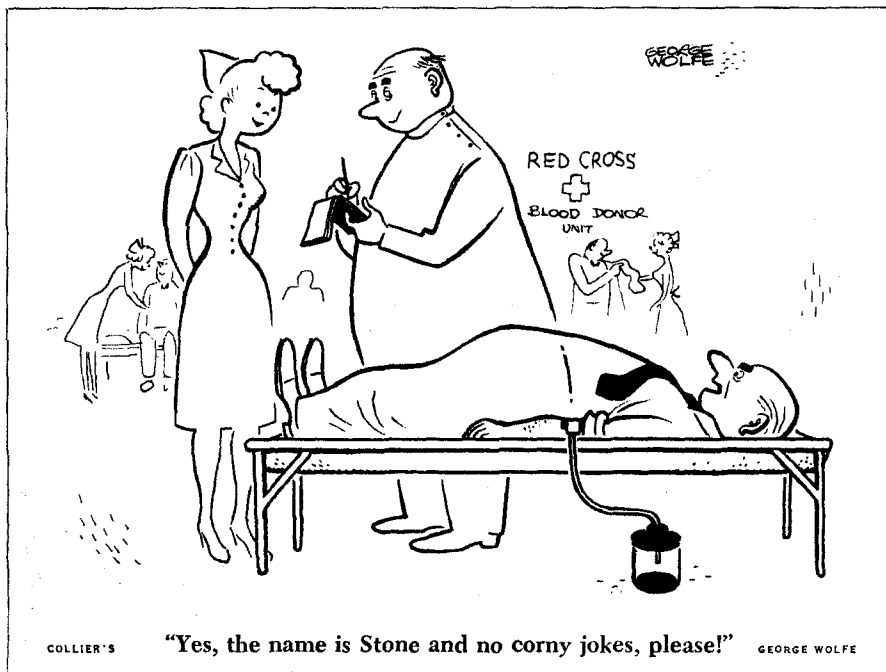
CHIEF: Ummm. Good.

MR. G.: Him also got Sanforized label,



forever grateful. Today, however, I am a widower. My sole diversion is to hold a few red beads and get a few quiet snickers out of the tourists—PORTER, THIS FELLOW'S FAINTED!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



COLLIER'S

"Yes, the name is Stone and no corny jokes, please!"

GEORGE WOLFE

Collier's for June 26, 1948

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IT'S THE CAR
OF THE YEAR

THE ONE AND ONLY
NEW CAR IN ITS FIELD



There never was an automobile like this before. It is new and revolutionary in its field!

The Ford "Forty-Niner" is a complete break with the past. It was designed by you — all the way through. Yes, in surveys, letters and personal interviews, you told us what you wanted. Then we built your car.

You said you wanted ROOM. So we gave you a BIG car. Its front and rear seats, for instance, are actually 57 and 60 inches wide! It has 57% more luggage space. You never saw a car like this before.

You said you wanted SAFETY. So we gave you a 59% more rigid "Lifeguard" Body . . . "Magic-Action" King-Size Brakes that are 35% easier to operate by actual test . . . and "Picture Window" Visibility all around — more than 20 square feet of window area.

You said you wanted COMFORT. So we gave you a new "Mid Ship" ride . . . new "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs . . . and new "Para-Flex" parallel Rear Springs.

You said you wanted ECONOMY. So we gave you two new economy engines . . . V-8 and Six . . . with new lubrication system, new "Equa-Flo" Cooling and "Deep Breath" Manifolding to save you up to 10% on gasoline. And new Overdrive, optional at extra cost.

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Yes, the '49 Ford is "The car of the year." See it today at your Ford Dealer's.

White Side Wall tires available at extra cost.

NEW
There's a *Ford* in your future



THE MAN WHO PAINTED HIMSELF BLUE

Continued from page 27

*Let the
tall corn
grow!*

Sunshine, moisture and soil nutrients send the corn skyward—and encourage weeds to “grow like weeds!” Often it is a race between the weeds and the corn. With every bushel tremendously significant to a hungry world, science has developed a chemical spray that selectively kills weeds and leaves corn unharmed to flourish and yield a bountiful crop. Dow research, out to kill weeds everywhere, provides chemical weed killers for many purposes.

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
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ANOTHER

PRODUCT

geraniums, the orchids of the poor. One needs more than a friendly dog with a warm muzzle pressed against the knee. If one is a young man—even such a man as Grisha—one needs to look with eyes of love upon a beautiful girl. One needs the touch of cool hands upon the face and the warm and gentle contest beneath the quilt from Odessa.

Sundays and the holidays were the most difficult for Grisha to endure since, there being no work to keep him diverted, he had so many extra hours to stick pins in himself thinking about the tantalizing Irina. Picture him, tovarisch, sitting in the rocking chair on these long, lonesome days, conducting little make-believe conversations with his beloved—as many lonely people do.

“What did you ask, most beloved? Would I like a little of the caraway brandy with my pipe? Thank you, most treasured one. But you must drink also. We shall touch our glasses—and our fingers—and celebrate our love.”

Then Irina would stand before him in his room, her low, peasant blouse partly covered by a little red and blue apron, her blue eyes full of adoration for him.

Grisha would then reach over to the table by his side and pour a few drops of caraway brandy into a small glass and raise the glass to the invisible Irina, and the old dog, asleep at his feet, would awaken and thump his tail because he thought his master was speaking to him.

The poets say, tovarisch, that if a man yearns too much, love becomes a stone in the heart. I mention it only to make a point of the fact that these charming scenes of love had begun to make a pressure in Grisha's head.

One Sunday, after three months of such torture, Grisha came to realize that he must have an understanding with Irina, even if it be the final understanding, lest the stone of the poets reach his heart and destroy him forever. If he were again rejected—well, there was always the quiet rest on the bottom of the East River with a cobble tied to the feet. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, set his best hat squarely on his head and went to the Carpathian.

BECAUSE it was early Sunday afternoon, most of the regulars of the Carpathian were still in bed sleeping off the effects of Saturday night. A few, at the unfeeling insistence of their wives, walked with their children in the bright sunshine of Tompkins Square. Grisha's short legs carried him purposefully through the swinging doors of the Carpathian. But once in the presence of Irina, his bold resolution dissolved.

“Good day,” he said meekly, tipping his hat. “It is an hour of such beauty to make the crows sing.”

Irina, wearing a new white silk blouse with red embroidery, stood behind the bar waiting for a customer. “You have smelled too much house paint,” she snapped at him. “I have never seen crows in New York City.”

“Perhaps the smell of paint has made me drunk, or maybe it was a bluebird I saw,” Grisha said timidly.

“Did you come here to speak only of birds?” Irina asked sharply. “The pet shop is in the next block. This place deals in drinks.” She turned her back to show her displeasure, and began aligning the bottles on the back bar.

“A little caraway brandy, thank you,” Grisha spoke quickly, anxious that he should not offend her now. “But you must drink, too,” he added, feeling very daring.

Irina, who always drank with the customers, took her time pouring brandy into two small glasses. No one ever hurried for Grisha. While Irina swallowed

her drink, Grisha raised his glass ceremoniously and, although she was standing several feet away, fancied he felt the touch of her fingers against his own.

Taking a small sip, he set down his glass. His fingers trembled as he anticipated what he must say. He looked about the room. He was alone with Irina, who had returned to the business of straightening the bottles.

“Ah,” he said with a croak in his voice.

He pretended it was a cough and began again.

“Irina . . .” His voice was scarcely more than a hollow whisper.

“What do you ask, Little Bear?” Irina's lovely back remained turned to him.

“Irina . . .”

Irina turned to look at him.

In his most apologetic tone, Grisha said, “Would you . . . honor my name . . . and be my wife?”

After the first moment of shock, Irina again laughed at him. She put her lovely head back and laughed and laughed while the red-faced Grisha tried to hide himself under his hat. When he finally peered out again he noticed for the first

From next week's installment of **THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS**: “Harri-
man mentioned Roosevelt's concern about American public opinion on the religious issue. Stalin said he did not know much about American opinion toward Russia and did not seem to attach much importance to it.”

time the new blouse Irina wore and the sight of it dried up his heart like an apricot. For, on one low shoulder, just above the heart, he spelled out in scarlet embroidery the name *Vasily*.

It is the nature of men hopelessly in love that they must continue their insanity until it destroys them, like a man piling rocks on his head to see how much weight his skull will bear. So, when need for breath had reduced Irina's laughter to a charming giggle, Grisha spoke again.

“Why not?” he demanded miserably. Not really demanded, of course, for this was Grisha speaking. “I have steady work. I have more than \$200 in the bank on Second Avenue. Even though I am healthy and strong I have insurance on my life in the amount of \$2,500 so my family will be provided for. I am not an attractive man, it is true, but perhaps one might overlook that if one had a secure home and a quiet happiness.”

If Irina had not decided to reject Grisha three months ago, the revelation that he had but \$200 in the bank would have been enough in itself to decide her now. She, who was looking for a man with \$2,000! But Irina was not completely without heart. She laughed no more at poor Grisha. Instead, she smiled her most heartbreaking. A smile costs nothing.

“Why not?” Grisha persisted, piling another rock on his head.

Irina spoke the first handy excuse which came to her mind: “Ooo, maybe it is that you are not a romantic fellow, Little Bear.”

“Like Vasily?” he asked, feeling his skull give.

“Yes. Like Vasily.” Irina stroked the embroidered name on the low blouse. “Who gives me expensive things?”

Romantic! So that was the reason. This was something Grisha could comprehend. It was because he was not a romantic fellow! Immediately his brain woke up.

Collier's for June 26, 1948

In a grave tone he thanked Irina for her honest answer, paid for the drinks, straightened his hat and walked to the door in a dignified manner. For the first time since he had known Irina he felt something like a real hope.

Back in his flat again, Grisha filled his father's pipe for the second time that day. Sitting in the rocking chair by the front window, his hat still on his head, he puffed slowly on the fragrant Latakia and tried to imagine himself as the romantic man Irina wanted.

In his lifetime Grisha had known only two men he thought were romantic. One was *Gaspodin* Vasily. Could he be like Vasily? He thought not. It was true he could wear silk shirts, but more than one drink filled his stomach with quarrelsome hummingbirds, and Vasily drank like a man with a grievance against his liver. Then, too, Grisha's physical construction was against him.

The only other romantic man he knew—a man even more romantic than Vasily—was his father, if only in the manner of his dying. Was not the story of his father told as often in Tompkins Square as the famous tale of the man who attended the dinner of the wolves? His father had expired like a nobleman, surrounded by admiring friends, turning blue as one looked on.

Grisha got up suddenly from his chair and went to the mirror which hung over the samovar. Hopefully he examined the unromantic pink color of his skin.

If I did not look so healthy, he thought, perhaps I would be considered a more romantic fellow. If, for example, I had a romantic yellow color like the hungry poets. Or a light blue like a man who is dying romantically from smelling too much house paint.

Grisha tipped his hat respectfully as he thought about his father.

Then he pictured himself sitting before the front window, slowly turning blue. He held a glass of caraway brandy in his hand and he was singing a little love ballad in a brave voice while the fair Irina hurried in from the kitchen with a roast goose for his guests and a soft kiss for his gaudy cheek.

Smiling happily, Grisha thought about the days of sunlight he could share with his Irina—before the priest lighted a candle at his head—and about the cool, star-hung nights beneath the embroidered quilt his mother had brought in a brassbound trunk from Odessa.

Suddenly, in the way a divine inspiration comes to a hungry poet, Grisha knew what he must do. He knew what he must do to become a romantic man!

Five minutes later he was sitting in his underwear before the kitchen table,

peering at his face in the mirror propped against the wall. It was a face on which one could read a composure born of a quietly assembled determination. In one hand he held a large can of oil paint of the pale blue variety. In the other he held a clean cloth, twisted to a point to form a makeshift brush.

In an hour the job was done: The face, the arms, the legs, the body—all were tinted a delicate blue. Grisha stepped back to regard himself full-length in the mirror. Without question he had the appearance of a romantic man!

For several minutes he stood there, marveling at his new boldness and considering what his next bold action must be. It was then that a little proverb of his father's came to him. Tipping his hat respectfully, he said aloud in Russian, "When a man's hat is on the fire, one does not notice the quality of his pants."

GRISHA sat in his house all that week, planning his debut. This, he decided, would occur at the Carpathian on the following Saturday night. It was during this week that something happened to Grisha—inside his skin. No, not the painter's colic. It was a transformation in the genes, a change in personality, as might be expected in a man who has been driven to paint himself blue.

On Saturday morning he pulled out from under his bed the brass-bound trunk from Odessa. From it he produced a pair of black Russian boots and a *rubashka*—the high-collared silk shirt—which had belonged to his father. These clothes he put on. Also a karakul hat. At sunset he locked his door and went to see Irina.

Picture for yourself, *tovarisch*, the appearance of the Carpathian forty years ago. Here, where we stand at the bar, stood a dozen or more *rabotniki*, many still dressed in their rough work clothes, all of them drinking vodka from thick glasses and shouting to one another and laughing because there would be no work the next day.

Behind the bar, pouring the drinks, tossing her blond head, winking at the lovesick ones, flashing her blue eyes at the bold, sending a special smile now and then to *Gaspodin* Vasily who was there, too, stood Irina—as the old woman stands behind this bar. In the back of the room, where you now see a juke box in this café, stood the player piano which made a continuous excitement since, this being payday, it did not want for nickels.

Into this scene walked little Grisha, wearing the Russian costume and the blue color. He shoved his way boldly up to the bar and slapped a silver dollar down on the polished top.

"Caraway brandy," he said, making



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MISCHA RICHTER

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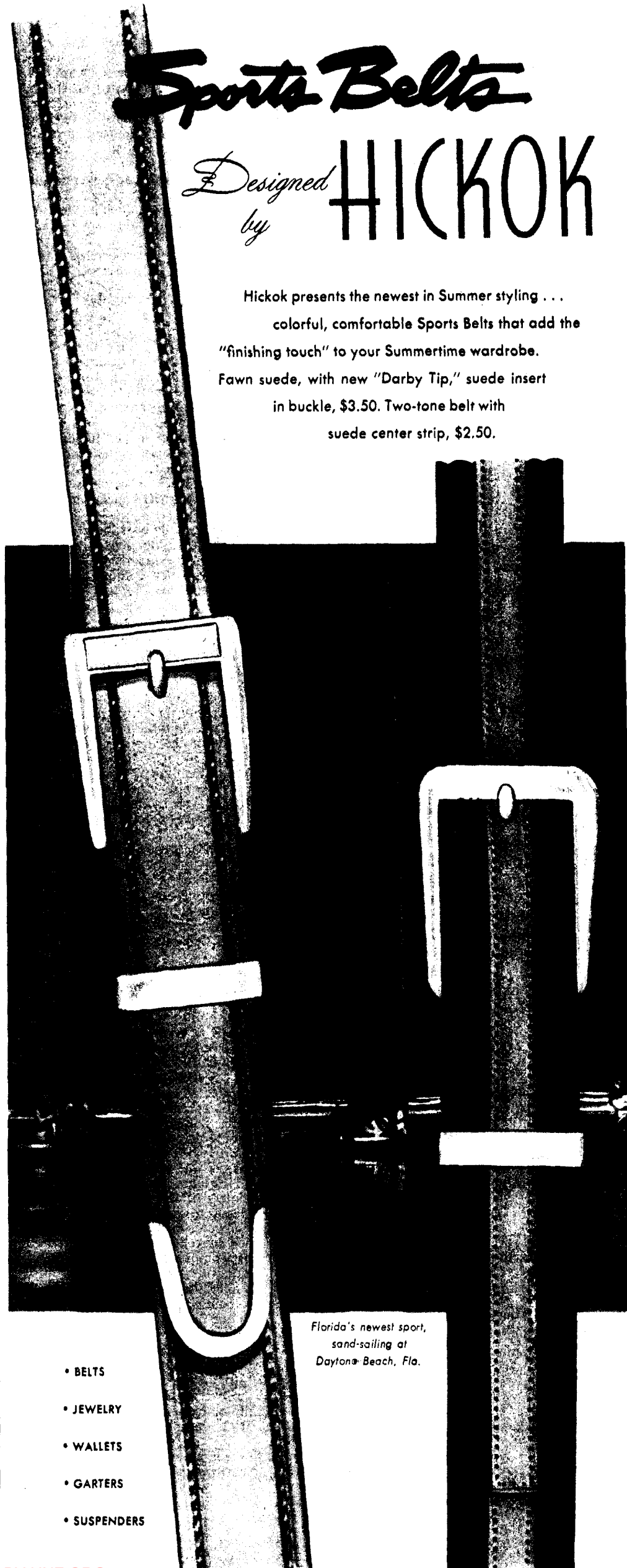
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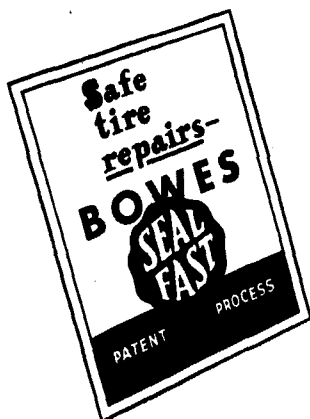
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his voice rise above the confusion; and added, "Double!"

Everything stopped. Everyone turned to look at Grisha. The mechanical piano coasted into silence for want of a nickel. "Quick!" demanded Grisha.

The startled Irina reached for a bottle on the back bar and splashed brandy into a large glass. Silently she placed it before Grisha. Disbelief was scribbled on her face.

Grisha, who had never in his life received such service, picked up the glass with a great nonchalance and gazed about the room. He saw *Gaspodin* Vasily standing near the player piano. On Vasily's face was registered an expression of shock. Grisha reached into his pocket and took out a nickel, which he rolled along the bar to Vasily.

"Horse player!" he called. "Make a *kazatzka* on the music machine."

Is it possible for a silence to deepen? If so, that is what occurred when Grisha spoke in this bold manner to *Gaspodin* Vasily. No one, in the memory of *Tompkins* Square, had ever given him anything but complete deference before. Grisha calmly sipped his drink.

The eyes which had been watching Grisha turned now to Vasily, as Vasily, wearing the look of a stunned ox, dropped Grisha's nickel into the piano.

IRINA could bear the silence no longer. "What has happened, Little Bear?" she asked in the quietly cautious voice one employs when coming upon a man lying in the street.

Grisha gave her a careless glance. Taking another sip of brandy he answered mysteriously, "A man dies but once, my child."

Until this moment it had been Grisha's romantic appearance and his unaccustomed boldness which had popped out the eyes of the Carpathian. But now one of the *rabotniki* standing near him noticed for the first time the color of his skin. This may have been because the room was dimly lighted with only a pair of flickering gas jets—as this room is lighted—or it may have been that one just doesn't expect to find oneself rubbing elbows with a blue man.

A little rustle of excitement spread through the room, and all eyes returned to Grisha as the customers began to nudge one another and whisper the information that Grisha had turned blue. Grisha, completely casual, drummed his finger tips on the bar in time to the lively *kazatzka*.

"It is nothing," he quietly assured those standing near him. "The same thing happened to my father."

"And in two weeks the priest lighted a candle at his head," someone added.

Grisha shrugged his shoulders and ordered Irina to set up a round of drinks for everybody. "In a man's life is granted to him only one great passion," he observed with a significant glance at Irina. "So he dies only once. Both events should be conducted with a flair. *Vashe* *zdaravye!* To your health!" He emptied his glass at a gulp.

"*Vashe* *zdaravye!*" sang out the customers of the Carpathian, raising their glasses to salute him.

What a night that was, *tovarisch!* A new hero had marched into the quiet life of *Tompkins* Square to take his place alongside the man who had provided a dinner for the hungry wolves—a bold, romantic man who met death with a glass in one hand, tapping out a little tune on the top of the bar with his fingers.

Only *Gaspodin* Vasily remained unmoved by the romantic heroism of the Little Bear. He stayed at his own end of the bar, drinking quietly and wearing a thoughtful expression as he looked now at Grisha, now at Irina.

And Irina? She twittered around Grisha all evening, refilling his glass and sharing his glory. And Grisha? His heart was so full of love for her that he

wondered whether it would explode. When a pair of kindly neighbors carried him home at midnight there was a smile of peace on his blue face.

Poor Grisha! How could he know that after his departure Irina and Vasily bent their heads together for a long talk?

The next day was Sunday. Grisha arose early, if a little uncertainly, examined himself carefully in the mirror, and dressed again in the Russian costume. Then he made his way through the depressingly bright sunlight to the Carpathian Tap. His head hurt.

THE Carpathian was deserted at this early hour, except for Irina. When she saw Grisha enter she called out cheerfully, "Good morning, Little Bear. Come and sit down while I prepare a glass of hot tea for you."

A moment later Grisha was sipping gratefully at the tea and making a speech. "I have \$200 in the bank on Second Avenue. I have insurance on my life in the amount of \$2,500—which is a good thing since I am not feeling at all well this morning. It is true that I have a shortness in my legs, but perhaps . . ."

Irina knew what was coming. She had heard this record before. In her head a clock began to tick. It said, "Tick, the Little Bear has insurance in the amount of \$2,500. Vasily said last night that this is true. Tock, the Little Bear's father lasted but fourteen days after his skin turned this dismal color. Tick, Uncle Fyodor will sell the Carpathian for \$2,000. Tock, what is two weeks out of a young girl's life?" . . .

That Sunday a wedding was arranged. The opinion of *Tompkins* Square was divided. There were those who said that Irina was making a beautiful, unselfish gesture in bringing happiness, if only for his last two weeks, to the man who had loved her so long.

The others, the jealous ones, said Irina was doing just what might be expected of her: marrying a poor, dying man to get his insurance. What kind of a fool was the Little Bear that he did not notice that Irina and Vasily still sat with their heads together like lovers?

But the wedding was held as planned, within the week because of Grisha's precarious tenure on life. It was true he was not feeling too well, but this might be attributed to caraway rather than to colic, for not a night passed but what the Carpathian shook with *vashe* *zdaravyes* for the hero of the Square.

Ah, that wedding, *tovarisch!* In the forty years which have passed, nothing like it has been seen here.

After the priest had given his blessing at the church, a great party was held at the Carpathian, which was suitably decorated with spring blossoms of the apple tree and the peach. An orchestra played all night, and old Uncle Fyodor, wearing a tight stocking cap to protect his scalp, came in from his cabbage farm to mix the drinks.

Irina and Grisha danced together and drank cordials with their arms interlocked in the manner of true lovers. Grisha was in love with the whole world that night. When he saw *Gaspodin* Vasily standing alone he even urged Irina to dance with him.

At sunset, just as the party was gathering itself for a leap into the night, Irina and her Little Bear left the Carpathian, to be transported in a hired carriage to Long Island where they were to spend their honeymoon at Uncle Fyodor's little house.

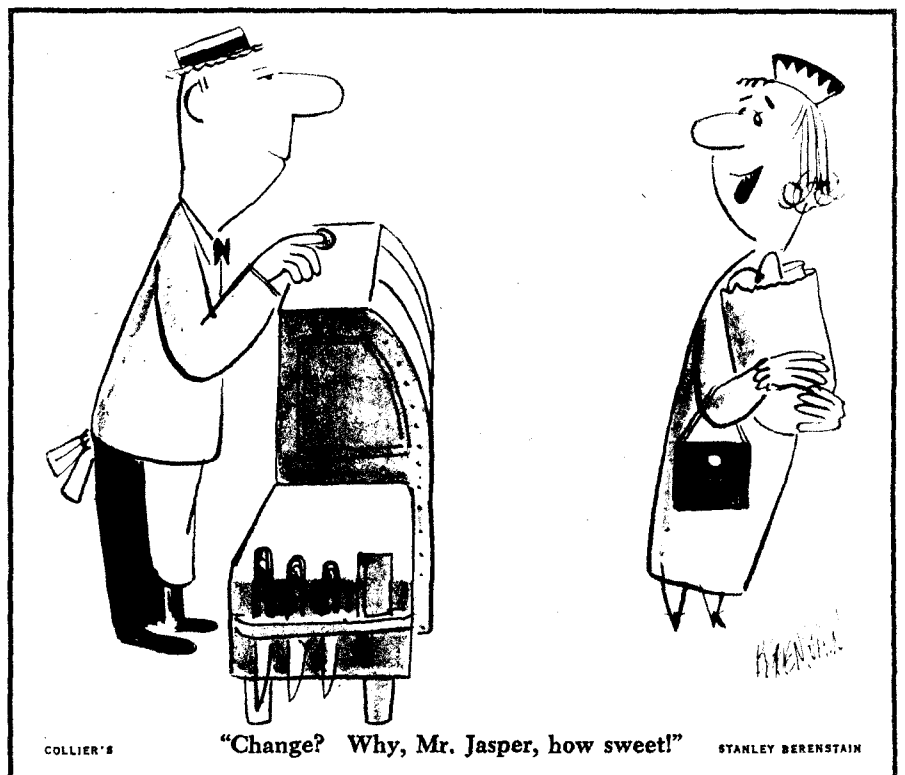
Irina told everyone they would be back in three days. When the three days had stretched to four, the neighbors winked at one another and sighed romantically. At the Carpathian, old Uncle Fyodor wore the tight stocking cap and a worried expression. *Gaspodin* Vasily, who had spent the first three days sitting in the Carpathian with his boots propped up on a table as though he owned the place, began to look a little worried too.

A week passed. Then ten days, and people told one another that the honeymooners must be planting Uncle Fyodor's cabbages for him. Vasily took to ordering double vodkas with lemon peel.

When fourteen days had gone by it was declared that Grisha had probably succumbed to the blue condition and Irina would return alone, a widow. The jealous ones began to say, "I told you so." Uncle Fyodor took to fingering his hairline desperately. *Gaspodin* Vasily took to triple vodkas.

ON THE fifteenth day the honeymooners returned to *Tompkins* Square, Grisha still blue in the face, but no more blue, surely, than he had ever been. It was in Irina that a remarkable change was to be seen. For this was a completely new Irina, lovelier than the old one—a subdued Irina, a ladybird no more. The change was something on which to comment, especially when one saw her greet the aghast Vasily with a cool handshake and a polite remark about the weather.

Ho, ho! I wish you could have seen her, *tovarisch!* How she fussed over little Grisha! How she fetched the tobacco for his pipe, how she hunted up his

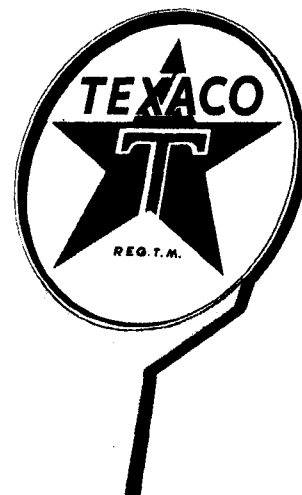


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slippers, how she ran her fingers through his thin, brown hair.

What made this change in Irina? you ask. What happened out there in Uncle Fyodor's little cabbage patch?

Who knows, my young friend? Who knows? However, they say that love sometimes makes of a man a lion; of a woman a dove.

Uncle Fyodor fled back to his farm the day Grisha returned with his glowing bride. They moved into Grisha's flat to take up the life of newlyweds.

A month later, with Grisha still in the best of health, Uncle Fyodor died, insisting with his last breath that the fumes from the vodka had penetrated his scalp and dissolved his brain. However, the doctor said he had been taken away by old age and worry. When the will was read, Irina and Grisha found themselves joint owners of the Carpathian Tap, and of the little farm as well.

And what of the cunning Vasily? Poor Vasily! When he saw the new Irina his future turned to ashes in his mouth. Soon after, an inspector from the insurance company, on a routine investigation, learned that he had sold a policy to a man with a fatal illness, and *Gaspodin* Vasily, unemployed, found his shirts growing too large for him.

One day he drove away in a wagon containing several cases of vodka, to be seen thereafter only once a month when he came into the Carpathian in his muddy boots to pay to *Gaspodin* Grisha the rent on Uncle Fyodor's cabbage farm.

There was, of course, considerable talk when Grisha lingered on with his fatal illness, but in time everyone became accustomed to having a blue man in their midst. And Grisha and Irina, happy together running the Carpathian Tap, had no secrets from each other. Well, only one apiece.

Grisha's secret was a small closet in his house, which he always kept carefully locked.

The closet contained two items: a mirror and a can of light blue paint. Into this room Grisha disappeared every morning for a few minutes.

Irina's secret was that one day she had found the closet door open and had entered it, emerging a moment later with moist eyes and a gentle smile.

WELL, tovarisch! You look refreshed. Did you find a moral in my little story? Be well instructed by it, for it is a true story. Go now and find your beloved. Be as bold as little Grisha. Tell her the story if you like. I ask that you keep what I have told you a secret from only one person. Who? Why, the old woman behind the bar.

Wait. Before you go, let us drink together. No, let me provide. I will ask the woman to serve us.

Woman, a drink for my young friend. For me, some of the caraway brandy. But you must drink, also, most beloved. We shall touch our glasses—and our fingers—and drink to love.

THE END

CHISELERS' HOLIDAY

Continued from page 13

Actually, in 46 states, the District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii, employees do not pay a red cent for unemployment insurance. The money is kicked in by employers, through pay-roll taxation. Only in New Jersey and Alabama do employees make a contribution to the fund. The whole purpose of unemployment insurance is to pay benefits to men and women who are legitimately out of work, but who are *available for work* and are, or should be, actively looking for jobs.

Most states pay maximum benefits ranging from \$18 to \$26 a week for maximum periods of sixteen to twenty-six weeks. The plans vary, but all meet federal standards set up in the Social Security Act of 1935. This act, in effect, forced the states to adopt unemployment insurance by levying a 3 per cent federal pay-roll tax on all employers and agreeing to leave 2.7 per cent in the states if they set up their own insurance plans. All states did so. The remaining .3 per cent still goes to the federal government, and from it meager portions are budgeted to the states to pay costs of administration and enforcement.

System Hasn't Faced Real Test

As a depression baby, unemployment insurance was intended as a shock absorber against crippling periods of joblessness. But the decade since benefit payments began in 1938 has been fat. Unemployment insurance has not yet had its first real test. When and if the test comes, there will be hand-wringing all around if chiselers have so tunneled the system that it caves in under pressure.

State Director A. J. Caruso, shortly after he took over the Pennsylvania job insurance bureau last fall, dipped into 50,000 benefit claims and came up with the announcement that \$500,000 had been chiseled out of the Pennsylvania fund during 1947.

In Philadelphia alone, Caruso found 5,134 phony or fraudulent claims. Some claimants were working and drawing benefits at the same time. Some had gone back to work after a period of un-

employment, but kept right on drawing insurance. Some were self-employed, or worked for relatives, or in noncovered employment (such as housework or agriculture), sure that their wages would not be reported and there wasn't a chance in a hundred of being caught.

Chief Investigator A. Victor Hansen, in New York, has had virtually every kind of chiseling case—but admits that with his pitifully small staff and puny appropriation all attempts at enforcement are like the detonation of a pop-gun. Reliance must often be placed upon anonymous letters in which somebody squeals on a chiseler, or upon suspicious janitors who see benefit checks coming in by mail when they know So-and-So is working, or upon vengeful husbands, wives or jilted sweethearts.

In the case of a New York shoe company, Hansen discovered that \$40,000 had been looted from the benefit fund by collusion of employer and workers in what is known as the "dump work" racket. Some employers have a hard time getting help when they have only light, sporadic work to offer. As Hansen explains it, "they offer—as a special attraction—to rig the pay roll so that a worker can collect all his money in one week and thus appear to be unemployed during several other weeks." The work is "dumped" into one week on the pay-roll records, and the employee collects his unemployment insurance for the remaining weeks.

Hansen broke the shoe company case only after examining some 200,000 piece-work tickets, checking shipping dates and lot numbers, and proving that a good deal of work went on during periods when the pay-roll records were blank.

Last October a handkerchief concern tried a similar collusion racket. Production was slow and seven of the firm's employees didn't want to do drabs and drabs of work and lose their insurance benefits. The boss finally agreed to let them work under different names and Social Security numbers, so they could collect salary and unemployment insurance at the same time.

Collier's for June 26, 1948

Not infrequently an ambitious soul decides to go into business for himself but doesn't hesitate to chisel as much as he can out of the unemployment insurance fund to sweeten the transition. One man left a factory job and set up an appliance store, drawing \$600 a month salary and doing a \$75,000 gross in his first year—but he gaily collected \$21 a week as "unemployment benefits" nonetheless. Another opened up a spaghetti restaurant in Brooklyn and kept drawing his \$21 a week until the employment service people were looking for him to offer him a job.

New York State, with its thousands of small family hotels in the mountains and on the seashores, has a classic racket which, according to Director Loysen, goes like this: The X family runs a hotel. Papa X and Mama X run it themselves with help from a cook, a maid and a bellhop. But—they also put Cousin Sally on the pay-roll records as a dietitian, Uncle Godfrey as a recreation director, Aunt Flo as a purchasing agent and maybe Grandma X as a press agent.

Nice Return for Small Outlay

Perhaps these relatives visit the hotel for a week end or two, but they don't actually work for it—and they don't draw any wages. However, since they're on the pay roll, Papa and Mama X pay 2.7 per cent of the alleged salaries to the state in unemployment insurance tax. Then winter comes along, the hotel shuts down, and lo and behold, Cousin Sally, Uncle Godfrey, Aunt Flo and dear old Grandma are all "unemployed." They trot into their local insurance office, file claims, and soon are drawing \$21 a week (recently raised to \$26) in unemployment benefits.

In recent years thousands of New York State benefit checks have been going to claimants in Miami, Florida. Not by coincidence the great claim load has come during the winter months, when thousands of New Yorkers have turned up "unemployed" beneath the toasty Florida sun (while honest workers back home shivered through slush and snow). In 1946 the State of New York paid out some \$1,500,000 to these dolorous "unemployed." In 1947 the figure approached \$2,000,000.

Most of the claimants were clerical and factory workers. "I know Florida is not an industrial area," Hansen comments. "And I also know that when a big deluge of claims comes in from Miami Beach just about the time the big snows hit New York, those claimants aren't down there looking for jobs."

Last November, the Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance sent its triple-threat team, Director Loysen,

Investigator Hansen, and Chief Counsel Harry Zankel, to Florida for a look-see. What the three gentlemen saw fairly flabbergasted them, and a prompt Florida cleanup began. As a result, by last January—the height of the sun-tan season—Miami claims had dropped to less than 800 as against 3,000 the year before. Thus the New York insurance fund was saving more than \$40,000 a week, which had previously helped finance chiselers' vacations.

People who draw unemployment insurance are supposed to be looking for jobs, and the employment services of the various states are supposed to place them wherever possible. But anyone who wants to chisel can usually give two or three job offers the go-by on the grounds that the work is unsuitable. In Florida the cleanup squad found a welder, who had been working at this trade fourteen years, kept on the benefit rolls after he turned down a welding job because of "inexperience." A typist who had made \$45 a week in New York suddenly knew only the "hunt and peck" system in Florida and continued to draw benefit checks until her vacation was over.

When the heat was on, many of last winter's vacationists suddenly declared with wide-eyed innocence that they had moved to Florida as permanent residents; thus they were entitled to their unemployment insurance until they got settled into jobs. Investigator Hansen would be the last man in the world to be harsh in such cases. The only thing that rankled him was the discovery that many of these wide-eyed "permanent residents" happened to have purchased round-trip railroad tickets back to New York.

All told, 75 per cent of the Miami claimants who were investigated were disqualified and taken off the benefit rolls. But the money which had already poured down the drain was gone, snatched from the pockets of the legitimately unemployed when, and if, a serious test of job insurance comes.

Union leaders, cognizant of the weakening of the whole structure of social legislation through chiseling, are sternly arrayed against it. Far from encouraging such swindles, as some antiunionists have charged, the unions want it stamped out—so long as no legitimate claims are also stamped out in the rush.

Wilbur Daniels, of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, declares, "We oppose fraudulent claims with a special vigor. We check into every claim where a union member wants us to represent him—and we drop it like a hot potato if misrepresentation is involved. If a worker goes to Florida for no reason but to get a sun tan, and is not available for work, we wouldn't



Kerry Kut Candidates for Style and Comfort

No matter which style you vote for, Kerry Kut shorts are way ahead in appearance and all 'round value.

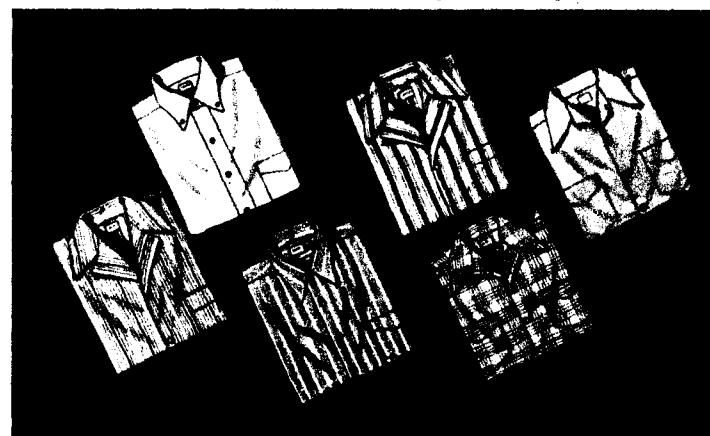
Flattering to every "party," the popular **Boxer** style features an *all elastic* waistband plus "Grippers." The **Regular** has side webbing of elastic and a broad front waistband for firm contour support. "Grippers" replace old-fashioned buttons.

Roomy in the right places, Kerry Kuts never bind or crawl. They're Sanforized*, of course.

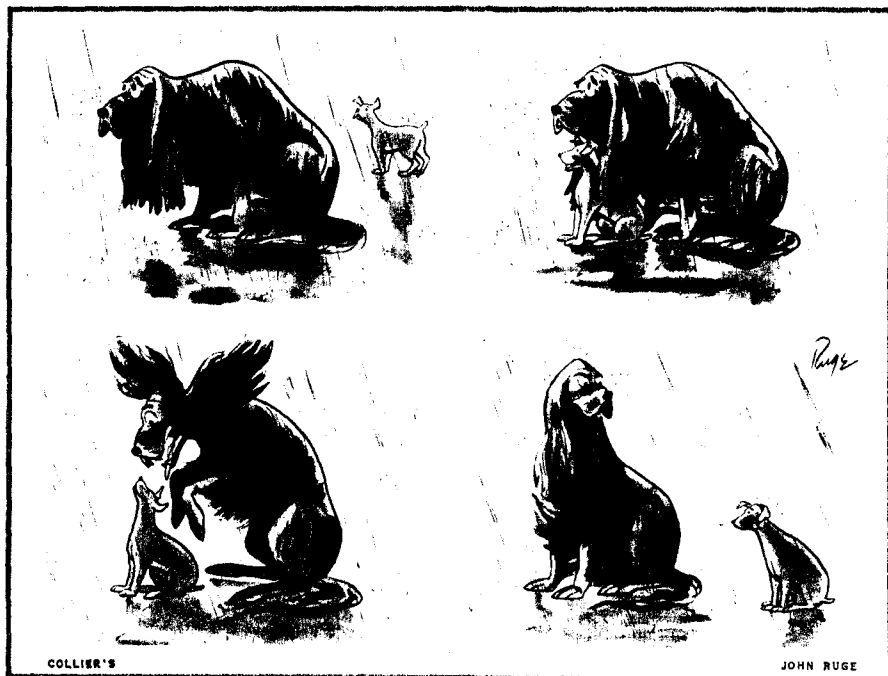
P. S. Kerry Kut shorts are swell for summer sleeping, too.

*Maximum shrinkage less than 1%.

(Other men's and boys' wear manufactured by Rice-Stix)

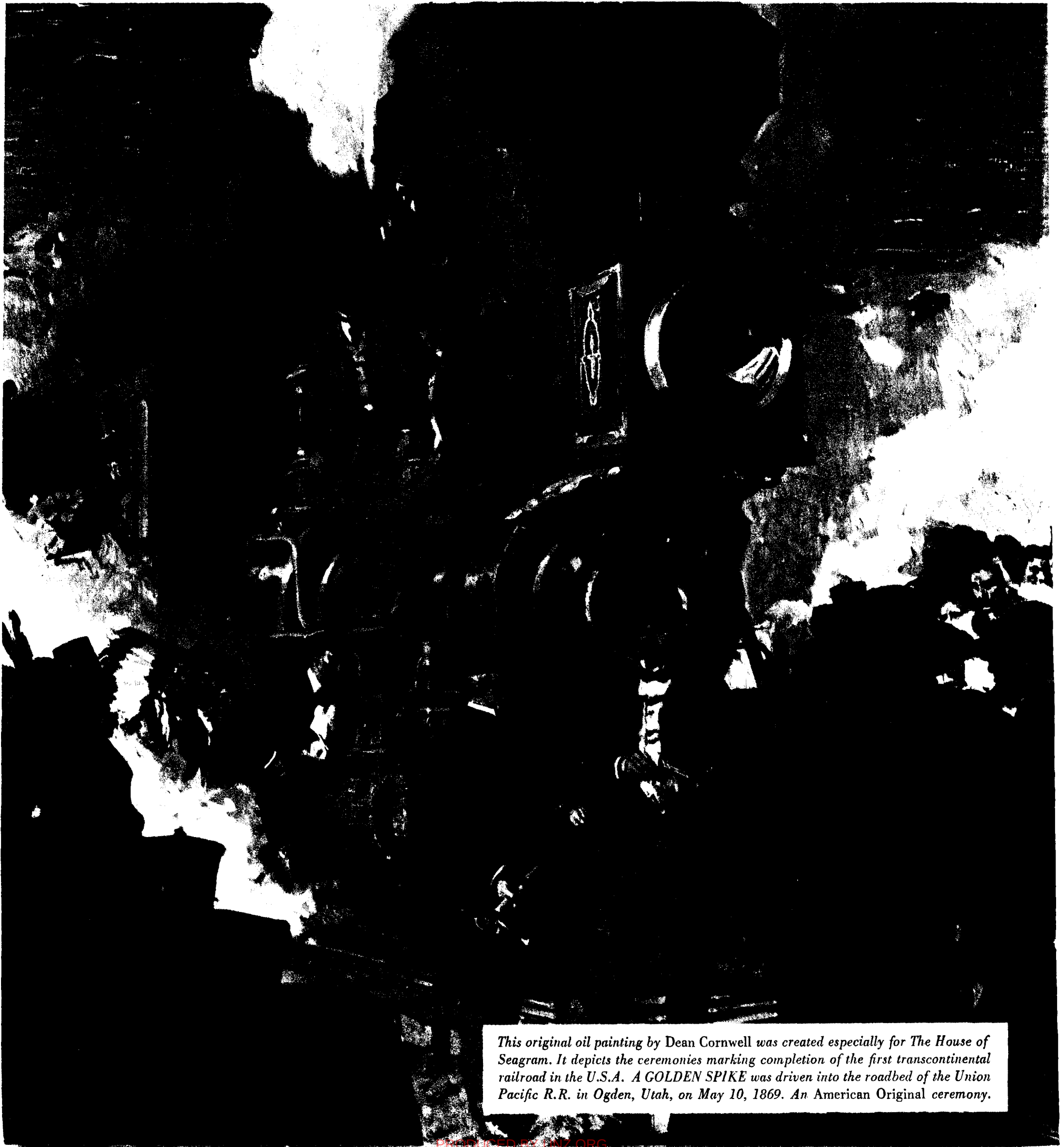


RICE-STIX
RS
RIGHT STYLE
RICE-STIX
Manufacturers
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Collier's for June 26, 1948

An American



This original oil painting by Dean Cornwell was created especially for The House of Seagram. It depicts the ceremonies marking completion of the first transcontinental railroad in the U.S.A. A GOLDEN SPIKE was driven into the roadbed of the Union Pacific R.R. in Ogden, Utah, on May 10, 1869. An American Original ceremony.

Original means Something Better



Tonight before dinner, enjoy an
American Original drink... a
"GOLDEN SPIKE"

A brand new taste sensation!

Here's How to Make It:

1½ ounces Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin
2 drops bitters • Very little granulated sugar
Splash of seltzer or water • 2 cubes ice

If sugar is desired put into an old fashioned glass, add bitters and a splash of seltzer or water. Muddle, add ice, a slice of orange, a twist of lemon peel and a cherry. Then pour in the gin, stir well and serve with a stir rod.

SEAGRAM'S exclusive process for making this *new and better kind of gin* is truly an American Original. This process **STARTS** where other gins **STOP!** It is the first basic improvement in gin making in 300 years and brings you a *mellow* gin that is



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This QUALITY Gas range built to "CP" standards is just one example of why Gas is such an overwhelming favorite... just one of dozens of super-modern Gas range "makes" now at your local Gas

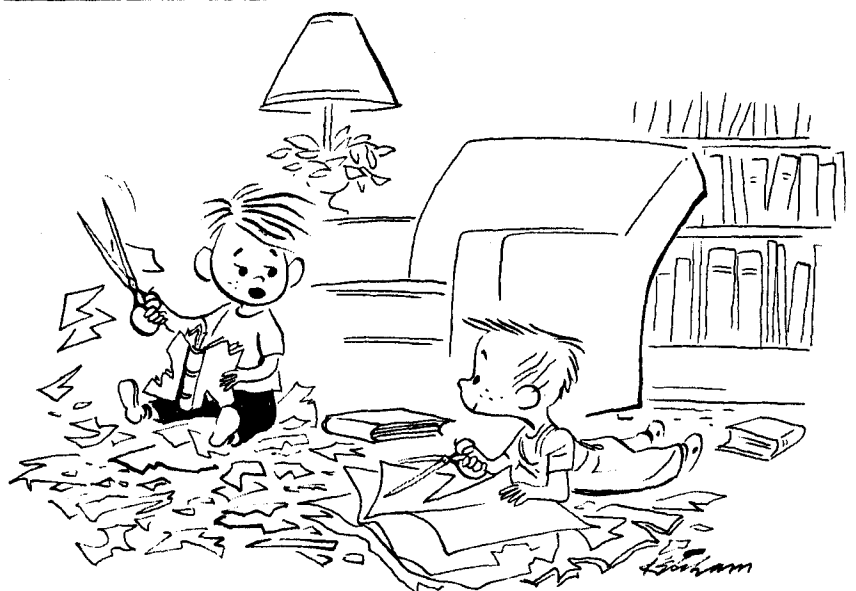
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for modern
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cooking!



"Once I start a book I can't lay it down until I finish it"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

dream that he should get unemployment insurance."

New York and Pennsylvania are not the only states with headaches, though theirs are the biggest. Chiseling varies from state to state, depending upon the industrial setup, the size of communities (there's a good deal less where everyone knows his neighbor), and the amount of enforcement.

In Minnesota, Victor Christgau, president of the Interstate Conference of Employment Security Agencies, believes in keeping down fraud by the "personal approach." Claimants don't get their benefit checks in the mail in Minnesota. They have to come into the local office and collect them personally. "People won't chisel when they have to look you in the eye," Christgau remarks.

But some chiselers have unlimited bravado. Minnesota had a bank employee who drew fraudulent benefit checks while he was working—and took them to the very bank where he was employed to have them cashed. Even that wasn't as blatant as the New York character who drew unemployment insurance while he was employed by the unemployment insurance department!

A Tale of Two Coal Miners

In West Virginia, Director of Unemployment Compensation Cabell S. Davis tells of an ingenious dodge used by a team of coal miners. As Davis explains, "A and B worked together digging coal and filling up their car. When it got to the weighmaster, A took all the credit and got all the weigh checks himself. Thus B could appear not to be working. B collected unemployment compensation and split with A. A collected all the money for the coal dug and split with B." And so the two had a merry time, until somebody—probably an honest miner who didn't like to see the unemployment fund looted—put an end to their swindle.

In Georgia, Commissioner of Labor Ben T. Huie discovered a plywood company in a small town where sixty-three employees were earning from \$40 to \$75 a week—and each was chiseling an extra \$18 a week out of unemployment insurance. "It all started," Huie explains, "when one of them got away with it, and the others thought they could too."

Only employers of eight or more workers are covered by the Georgia plan, so that working in noncovered employment while drawing benefits is a wide-open range for chiselers. "I guess a man can be working in noncovered employment and collecting benefits at the same time, and get along pretty good," Huie acknowledges. "The only way we can catch him is if we go to place him in a job and

find him working—or if somebody squeals."

Georgia investigators, under Marion Williamson, keep an eye peeled for claimants who come to the local offices during lunch hours or in working clothes to report that they're "unemployed." Says Williamson, "You follow these fellows and the chances are they go right back to work after filing their claims."

Stephen C. Cromwell, director of unemployment compensation for Maryland, ran into one case where he didn't even have to follow the fellow. "I was pulling up at a local office," he recounts, "when a taxicab drove up and parked ahead of me. The driver took off his chauffeur's cap and went into the office. Sure enough, he filed an unemployment compensation claim, then came out, put on his chauffeur's cap—and went back to work!"

Maryland has tightened its fist on chiselers in the last two years (more than 600 cases were taken to court in the Baltimore area alone last year, resulting in 99 per cent convictions). But a good deal still slips through its fingers. When Maryland recently inaugurated an "accession notice" system, under which every employer must notify the state each time a worker is hired, one of the first things it found was a cannery with twenty-nine workers who were drawing insurance benefits and working at the same time.

The chiselers are a sheepish lot when they're called on the carpet. They usually plead ignorance. They didn't know they were "doing anything wrong"—despite the fact that most states require every claimant to read the unemployment insurance rules and sign a card signifying that he understands them before drawing a single check.

In addition to chiseling and free-riding, several states have had bitter tastes of organized criminal fraud.

In California a high-school principal, working in cahoots with an official at a local unemployment insurance office, set up a series of "ghost companies" throughout the state. They existed only on paper, but each company dutifully paid its unemployment insurance tax and turned in pay-roll lists of nonexistent employees.

The school principal imported a relative from Minnesota, bought him a car, and set him up as a circuit rider to collect unemployment insurance in local offices from San Jose to Santa Barbara. Each time a ghost company laid off one of its nonexistent employees, this ubiquitous fellow would turn up to sign the appropriate phony name and collect the benefit checks. They had drained \$12,000 out of the unemployment benefit fund before the law caught up with them.

New York had a similar case in which the mastermind was an innocent-looking

Collier's for June 26, 1948

housewife, mother of four children. As a spare-time vocation, she collected \$4,434 in unemployment benefits from 1941 to 1946 without ever having been employed or unemployed.

Like the California pedagogue, she set up a ghost company and "hired" six nonexistent employees. She gave them each names and got them Social Security numbers. Whenever she ran short of cash, she simply arranged to have her nonexistent company discharge one of the nonexistent employees. Posing as that worker, she then filed her benefit claim and collected her checks. When investigators finally found the woman, she was freshly installed in a new suburban house—on which the down payment had been paid with state benefit money!

Collecting Claims for Ghosts

New York's slickest swindler was a thirty-seven-year-old doorman who set himself up as the reincarnation of deceased workers. He studied the obituary columns daily, picking out a likely name, and sending to the Social Security Administration for a duplicate Social Security card on the pretense that he had "lost" his. Thus he collected a number of identities and a number of Social Security numbers, and proceeded to file benefit claims at numerous unemployment offices.

In the opinion of Chief Investigator Hansen, fraud and chiseling are "on the increase." Another state official remarked, "In any batch of claims we picked up—if we only had the staff to sift them carefully—we'd find plenty of phonies." And the counsel to one insurance division declared, "We could cut claims 25 per cent to 30 per cent if we had the time and money to go after the chisellers."

As of March 1st, the total benefit funds for the nation stood at \$7,371,364,205. The money is held in trust by the federal government on behalf of the several states. New York's share is over a billion dollars (and is to be stabilized at \$900,000,000), California's is over seven hundred million, Pennsylvania's over six hundred million, and Ohio's over five hundred million.

Virtually the only safeguard over this money, which may one day be desperately needed to save families from want and privation, is the vigilance of state unemployment insurance departments over benefit claims—the ability to smoke out the chisellers, the investigative staff to track down the swindlers.

Yet at present—with the funds bulging their coffers—enforcement staffs are so puny that, as New York Director Loysen puts it, "we can't even exercise ordinary prudence." The federal government, which controls administrative appropriations, has—in its budget slashing—

forced the states to handle these funds in a way no private insurance company would countenance. Claims must be run in and out of the local offices with such speed that clerks can afford only a maximum of fifteen minutes per interview, sometimes handling twenty-four claims a day, sometimes forty-eight.

The New York Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance was forced to discharge 300 employees in March. In Pennsylvania 250 clerks, auditors, investigators and interviewers have been laid off since January 1st.

The story-behind-the-story of this federal throttling of state administration is ironic because the federal government has actually made money—\$580,551,000—by this process of starving the states.

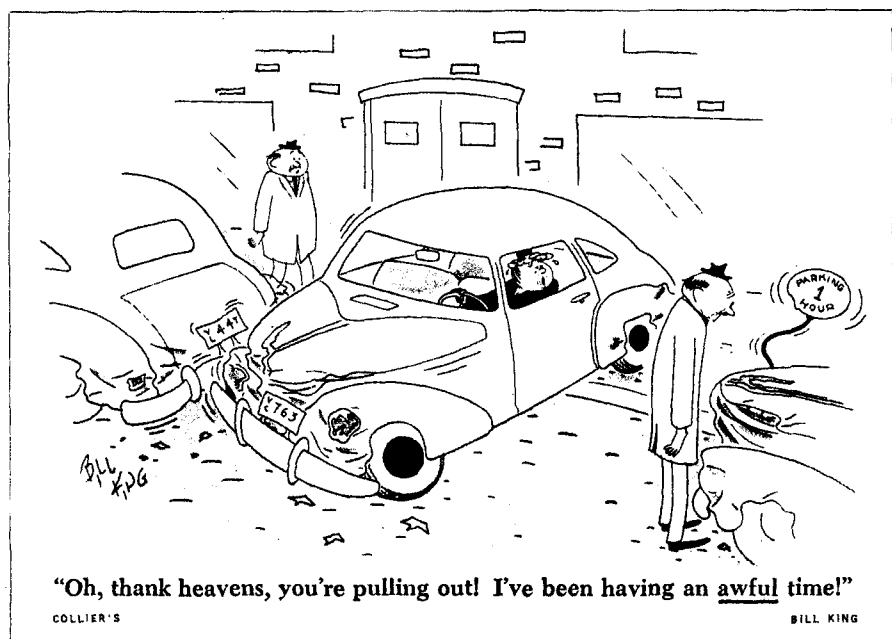
As noted earlier, the federal government still collects a .3 per cent pay-roll tax which it is supposed to apportion back to the states for "proper and efficient administration" of state insurance plans. Since 1936 it has collected \$1,461,681,000. It has apportioned back to the states only \$846,567,000. The cost of federal administration itself has been \$34,563,000. Thus the federal government's net profit has been well over half a billion dollars, and this—at the expense of stunted state administration—has gone into the general fund of the U.S. Treasury.

The Federal Bureau of Employment Security has used some of the excess payments of large industrial states to help out the thirteen states and Alaska whose .3 per cent contributions aren't enough to meet their own administrative requirements. But even after these have been helped out the federal government has still profited \$54,400,000 in 1947 and \$580,551,000 since unemployment insurance began!

Forty of the states were united this spring in a demand that such "federal profiteering" be halted and that surpluses in the administrative funds be "earmarked" back to the states. Meanwhile the federal government could continue to ride herd on all state programs to prevent any from lapsing back toward niggardliness or reaction.

State directors see in such a move a way in which enforcement can be brought up to par, chiseling and looting can be curbed, and the benefit funds may be safeguarded for the use of the working men and women for whom they were intended. They also see an end to the peculiar division of responsibility, wherein the federal government is concerned only with administrative economy and closes its eyes to the much bigger leaks in the multibillion-dollar benefit funds. As one state official put it, "We have to watch the holes in the sack, but the federal government won't give us the thread to mend them."

THE END



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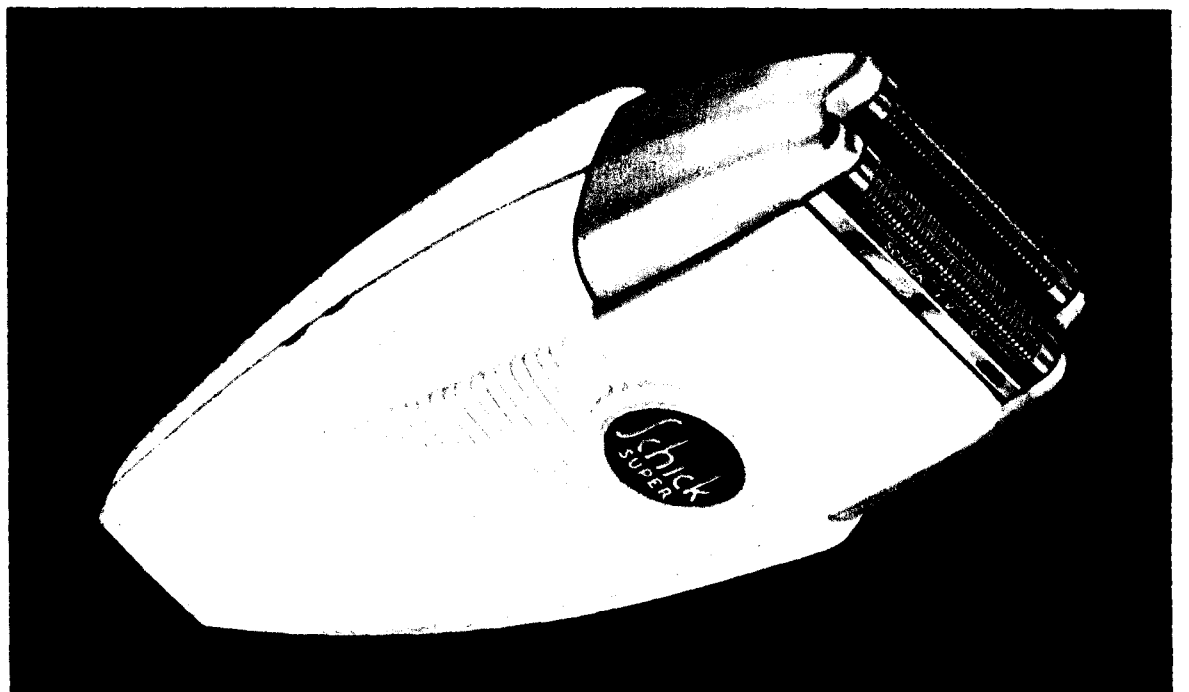
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You see, with 18 years of shaving study—with folks telling us the Schick Super is the finest shaving instrument ever—we decided to talk straight, not big.

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Try Schick for 10 days. Put it through its paces on *your face.*

If you don't get the easiest, closest, cleanest shaves you've ever had—if you don't think it's tops in every way—you get your money refunded in full.

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DEATH HAD A VOICE

Continued from page 21

this moment." His strange eyes became suddenly brilliant, and he added softly, "No, my dear Abdullah, I do not expect to find a voice I cannot recognize. I expect to find the man who owns it, to harass his nerves until they break."

"But, sir—"

"These men are even now telling the cafés of Baghdad that we seek a voice. And when perhaps for weeks, we continue today's test, what do you think will happen to the man who hides?"

Abdullah rapped knuckles against his head. "It is all wood up there," he said. "I had not perceived the plan. The man who shouted last night will fear that he may be brought in to face the test. Therefore, like a cornered beast, he will venture into the open to destroy that which makes him afraid—" The gaunt sergeant stopped and his swarthy cheeks paled.

Chafik said gently, "I see you are beginning to understand."

"You have made all Baghdad believe you alone can recognize the voice—"

Chafik made a sound of disapproval. "You are old-fashioned. Generals do not die in bed these days. Sometimes they even mount the scaffold. Make note, Abdullah. The man who shortly tries to kill me, or even succeeds, is the man wanted for last night's murders."

He took a manicure pad from his desk and began to polish his nails carefully.

FIVE days later, Inspector Chafik, seated at his favorite table in the Swiss Café on Al-Rashid Street, announced to the waiter who served him with coffee and honey cakes, "A bullet of course would be preferable to a strangler's cord—" He did not realize he had spoken until he saw the man's startled look, and then shielded his confusion behind his newspaper.

Yes, he told himself, this time silently, and it would also be an excellent thing if nerves, like false teeth, could be detached during periods of discomfort...

He lowered his newspaper and watched a stranger searching for a table. These days, Chafik acknowledged, he was suspicious of strangers, and when in a public place he always chose a chair backed by a wall. The condition of his nerves shocked him, excited him. If the hunter was affected this way, what of the hunted? The man who had cried death must be near breaking point.

The Inspector looked at his watch. The hour was seven fifteen, and this was Thursday, the day and hour when he habitually attended the early performance at the Saa'dun Picture House. Chafik was satisfied his habits were well enough known to shape the plans of an assassin; it was essential he should not change them. The feature at the Saa'dun was a detective film, his dearest form of relaxation, but he doubted he would relax this night.

When he stood up he saw one of his own men peering through the plate-glass window of the café. He had not asked for a bodyguard, and shrewdly guessed that Sergeant Abdullah had acted on his own initiative.

The plain-clothes man had disappeared by the time he reached the door, and he looked suspiciously up and down the street. All he could see was a beggar-woman crouching against one of the pillars of the arcade. She held up a baby clad in rags, shaking it for his attention until the bracelets on her arms jangled noisily. "Be merciful," she moaned. "See the belly of my child!" but the preoccupied little man let the fumbled coins fall back into his pocket and hurried to cross the road.

It was a hot and airless night. Fine sand, carried from the southern desert by recent winds, was suspended like mist above the city. It sank gradually as it

absorbed moisture, and gave people and objects an unreal appearance. The Inspector, however, did not fail to see an elongated shadow in a doorway near the theater, and he said conversationally to the surprised attendant at the box office, "The gauntness of the good Abdullah cannot be effectively disguised—" Taking his ticket, he chose a corner box and lowered himself into an armchair set against the wall.

As he anticipated, he could not find his usual enjoyment in the lush screen world of corpses and clues. Nor could he relax; not only because of his taut nerves, but because he was plagued by something not done, something overlooked.

He retraced the events of the day. Then, to the annoyance of a gentleman who occupied one of the other chairs in the box, he said, "The thing is traceable to the café. Did I forget to tip the waiter?"

His chance companion said, "I think you mistake me for somebody else—"

"It was not the waiter," Chafik stared at the other man, but did not see him. "I remember now. A woman asked for alms and I did not give them to her."

"The giving of alms is blessed," said the stranger. "But so is silence in the cinema. I must request—"

"I have always given alms. The crux of the matter is undoubtedly there." He was silent for a moment and then beat the arms of his chair and rose to his feet. "I have it!" he announced. "I was controlled by my subconscious—" This time he heard his voice and was grateful for the darkness as he stumbled out.

Leaving the theater by the fire exit at the rear, he walked up an alleyway to Al-Rashid Street, keeping an alert eye for Sergeant Abdullah. When the familiar figure emerged from the murk of dust, he pressed himself to the wall.

Chafik was touched by his assistant's devotion, but he thought: This sets a false value on my life... and as Abdullah stopped outside the Saa'dun and made a pretense of examining the posters, the Inspector slipped across the road.

It was the Inspector's habit on the nights when he went to the pictures to complete the evening with another visit to the café. He walked quickly, his footsteps muffled by the carpet of sand which now covered the road. The windows of the café threw a haze of bluish light. A shapeless bundle against the wall began to stir as he hurried by.

Opening the door, he said loudly to the proprietor who sat at the cash register, "I am early because the picture was

not good. The hero had an inexhaustible hip flask and was still drinking when I left. I will take tea." He closed the door on the whining beggarwoman and went to his usual table.

Chafik lighted a cigarette and was annoyed because he broke the first match. When the waiter brought a glass of green tea, flavored with lemon, he sipped it carefully and wondered that the taste should be bitter. He had an uncontrollable desire to talk, but steadied himself by silently repeating the one hundred and thirteenth sura of the Koran, which begins, "I take me for refuge to the Lord of the Daybreak," after which the tea tasted sweeter.

AFTER fifteen minutes, he looked at his watch. The program at the Saa'dun was almost over. He went to the desk and bought a telephone token and shut himself in the booth at the back of the room. Dialing the number of the theater, he called for the proprietor.

The little man said, "This is Chafik J. Chafik, C.I.D. Outside stands Sergeant Abdullah, who is known to you. Please call him." He stood waiting, drawing at his cigarette.

Abdullah said breathlessly when he came to the telephone, "Sir! I do not understand how— Where are you?"

"I will tell you presently. If I told you now you would rush to protect me, so first you will pay attention to instructions."

"I hear and obey," said the sergeant.

Chafik said, "A ship, at times, obeys its anchor, but it would be a useless object without independent motion. Listen carefully. I am arranging my departure from this place to coincide with your arrival. Something will doubtless happen when I step outside, but—"

"In the name of the Compassionate and All-Merciful, be cautious!"

"On the contrary, my dear Abdullah, it is you who must proceed with caution if this experiment is to succeed. Move quietly. Do not take action until the proper moment. Hastiness would indeed distress me." His strange eyes were bright in the gloom of the box. "I am at the café," he added, and cradled the telephone with his usual care.

Chafik waited two minutes. When he went out his step was firm, but the beating of his heart was painful. He stood in the doorway looking at Al-Rashid Street and noted that few people braved the choking sand. He saw the beggar-woman against the wall.

"Food for my son! Alms—alms!" The jangle of voice and bracelets was like a rasp on Chafik's strained nerves. She fumbled with the folds of her ragged *chadur* to expose the child.

Inspector Chafik took coins from his pocket and said gently, "The plea of a mother is not to be refused." He bent to offer the money, then released his held breath as he saw the small, snub-nosed gun partly hidden by her garment.

The beggarwoman said in a voice husky with anger, "Turn and walk. My man desires to meet you." She rose with the child clutched under her left arm and the *chadur* draped to cover the gun. "I follow you," she added grimly.

Chafik said, "Unfortunately for me it is customary for a man to walk in front of a woman." Then he said dryly, "It is done to protect her. In Western countries men are wiser and reverse the position." He made a little bow and walked slowly up the street.

They passed several people who were hurrying for shelter. The Inspector reflected that even if it were desirable to call for help, he could not escape a bullet. He had seen the gray in the woman's face; the down-dragged mouth, which twitched nervously; the hatred in her



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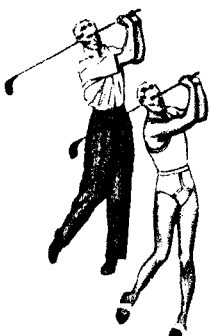
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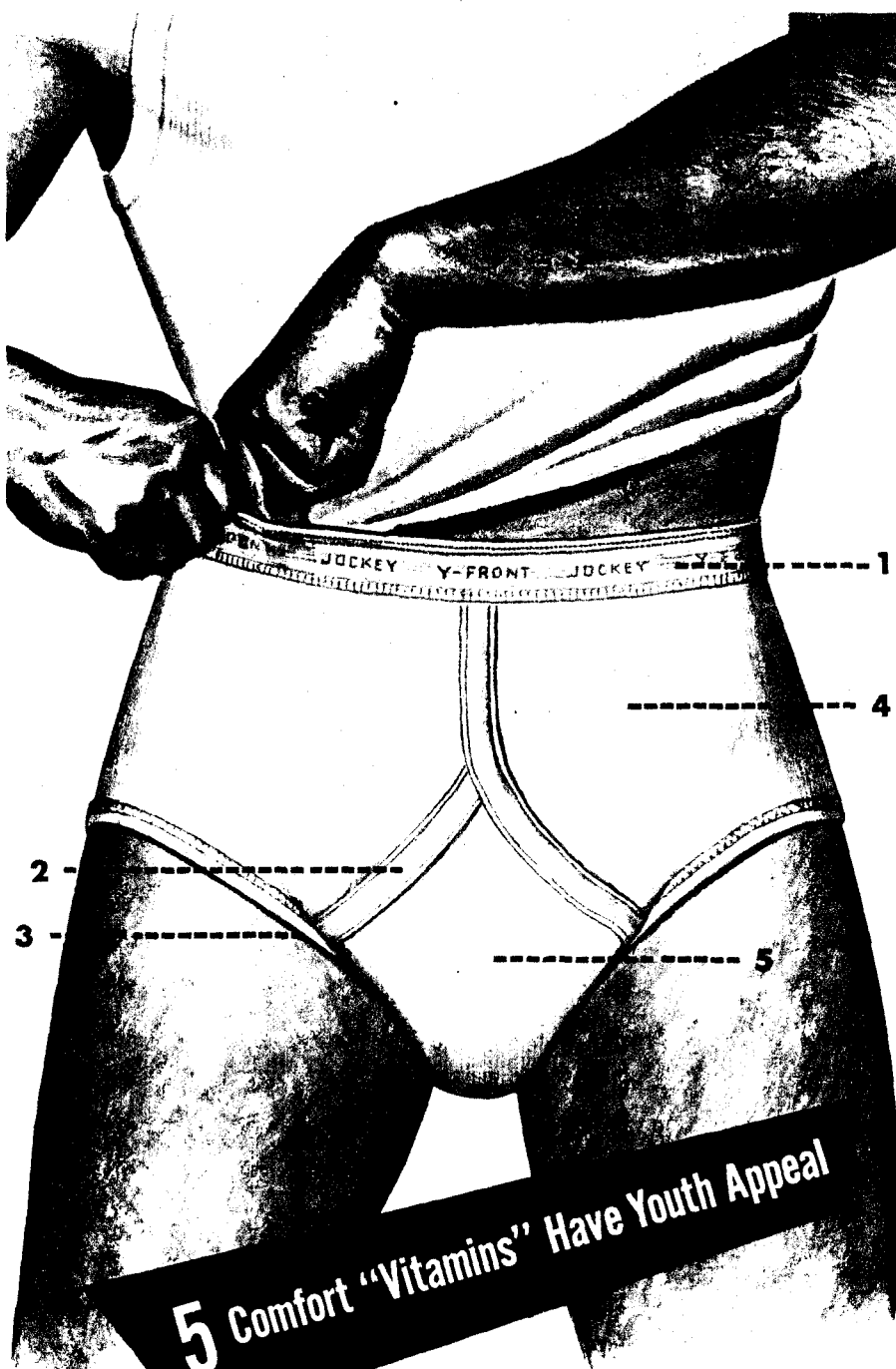
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If you are one of the millions who wear Jockey Shorts, you *know* from experience about their comfort ingredients. For wearers of less modern underwear, here are some special features that give Jockeys their youth appeal.

1. No buttons—all elastic waist-band of pre-war specifications
2. Y-front, no-gap opening
3. No bind
4. Easy to launder
5. Masculine support

Get them today—Jockey Shorts with contoured shirts to match.



"This is the greatest plea for racial tolerance I've ever read . . . but I'm afraid it'll offend too many people" JOHN RUGE

eyes. She was not unattractive, and with his usual detachment he wondered what had compelled her to become the partner of a man whose profession was death. "There is tragedy behind all this," he announced, and reached for a cigarette.

The voice behind him whispered, "Do not touch your pockets." Then the woman said, "Behind what is tragedy?" "Behind you, Madame. You have intelligence and yet you serve murder."

"I do what my man wishes!" Chafik did not miss the defiant note, nor the catch in her voice when she said, "I do not care what I serve so long as he is with me—" He heard her bracelets rattle again and then she ordered harshly, "Enter the next passage."

"The Impasse Batshat al-Kubra? You could not have chosen a better place. It ends with the river. The English translation is 'the Great Disaster'—"

"May the dogs of Hell tear your flesh!" The woman came nearer, and he stiffened as he felt the gun prod his spine.

They came to the head of the passage. On one side was the high wall of a house, on the other a fence which enclosed waste ground. The only sound was the soft gurgle of the Tigris, which swept the bank at this spot with a strong current.

SOMETHING moved near the wall, and a man stepped in front of the Inspector. He held a knife gripped so tightly that his arm vibrated like an overstrained wire. His eyes had a jungle look. He did not speak.

Chafik said, "It would be courteous to introduce yourself. Shall I do it for you? My records are very complete. They mention a certain Syrian who specializes in agitations for foreign powers. There is no description of him, but it is known he is always accompanied by a woman, who was once an actress." He made a little bow and said in a very clear voice, "I am at your command, Mohammed Khadami. And at yours, Madame Zubayda. Those were your last aliases, I believe?"

"Kill him!" The woman drew back into the shadows.

Chafik said sadly, "Madame, your sex should be a symbol of life, not death."

"Enough, thou!" Zubayda made a choking sound.

"Your man has savage instincts," continued the Inspector conversationally. "If your love was not an obsession, you could calm him. Indeed, I believe that if you had borne him children—"

"Will you kill him, Mohammed?" demanded the woman in a fierce voice. "Has he not tortured us enough?"

Speaking for the first time, the man said, "Let him first have his wish and hear my voice." He threw back the cloak and exposed a face drawn with exhaustion and distorted with hate. He shouted, "Now hear my voice and let it echo in your ears as the fires burn you! Thibhahum besm er rassoul! Thibhahum

besm—" With final shattering of nerves and reason, he screamed as he lunged with the knife.

Inspector Chafik's backward leap was stopped by the wall. He pressed against it, waiting, but his mind was still clear, and he thought: It was a successful experiment. The man is now quite mad. Khadami was still shouting in his dreadful voice, but as he was about to lunge again an explosion rocked the alleyway.

There were three shots in as many seconds, and the sound of bullets tearing into flesh made Chafik shudder. He saw the man who had cried death fall and clutch at his torn chest.

Sergeant Abdullah burst from the haze of dust, his heavy police pistol raised for another shot. Chafik said, "Do not waste ammunition. This man is keeping his appointment at Samarra . . . How rightly this is called the Place of the Great Disaster!" He turned swiftly and caught the wrist of the woman Zubayda, and with a dextrous twist made her drop her lifted gun. "Dream of vengeance later," he told her, and added not unkindly, "To soothe the last moments of your man would be an act of charity—"

Chafik reached into the darkness and picked up the bundled child, abandoned by the woman when they first entered the passage. As he rocked it gently, he heard Abdullah say, "Sir, my hand was mercifully steady. Visibility was exceptionally poor, and if you had not jumped away from him—"

"You came very quietly, Abdullah, and even I did not know you were there for certain. I sprang because I hoped." The little man felt suddenly weak and leaned against the wall. "There would have been no hope for me at all if this woman had been a better actress."

Zubayda rose. She said in an expressionless voice, "Mohammed has gone now, and as you are the hangman's procurator, that is for the best." Her mouth shaped with petulance, and when she asked, "How could I have been a better actress?" she was like a child who clung to the fantasy of a favorite doll amid the wreckage of a bombed house.

Chafik said, "This is not yours." He held out the child, which was making mewling sounds of hunger.

"Not mine, no." The woman made a movement to take it, and then drew back.

"Obviously a mummer's prop," Chafik said in a harder voice. "Otherwise I would have walked blindly into your trap."

Zubayda said, "I do not understand you. I am a good actress. I know I am a good actress." She put her hands to her face and the bracelet slid down her brown arms.

"Madame!" Inspector Chafik struggled to keep sympathy out of his voice. "I knew you played a false part when I first saw you—a mother who begs for her starving child does not wear bangles."

THE END

Collier's for June 26, 1948

DANCING-SCHOOL BONANZA

Continued from page 23

light diversion. Others, having attained success, find they must learn to play well. Still others come to class because the need to stay young has suddenly become crucial. The proportion of men over women is variously estimated to be from 60 to 75 per cent.

The fad seems to have caught on everywhere. Socialites hold blue-ribbon sessions in their homes. Department stores, factories, government agencies and even United Nations groups are in the habit of arranging after-hour classes for their employees.

In the rush to handle this bonanza, dancing schools have mushroomed. Leroy Thayer, executive secretary of the Dancing Masters of America, largest teachers' trade association, has the figures. According to these there are about 15,000 establishments employing more than 30,000 teachers.

The schools—good, bad and indifferent—flourish in every sizable city and mark every up-and-coming hamlet. They range from dives that "guarantee" to make any walker a popular dancer in three hours, to swank places which screen students for everything from blood to income. Of these, the experts say, not many more than 10 per cent are worth patronizing.

The Largest Chain of Studios

Arthur Murray remains the colossus, with branches in 140 cities and 20 resorts, a staff of 4,000 teachers, and an enrollment of 80,000 students last year. Other established studios, noting his and their own gilt-edged success, are expanding. Miss Dale's, which prefers mob to snob appeal, with no proportionate drop in prices, now has a half-dozen studios. So does Don Pallini, who specializes in the Latin dances.

Popular dance teams have jumped on the bandwagon. The most spectacular of these is the Fred Astaire school, which literally rolled out a red rug and opened one of the world's most beautiful studios in New York City last year. It is Hollywood to the hilt, a symphony in chartreuse and raspberry with overtones of gray and green. Physically, it has everything—a series of beautifully appointed studios, thick carpeting, a gorgeous rococo pink ballroom, a \$40,000 music system piped into every room, glamorous instructors and a swank address.

From the very first blare of advance publicity, everyone both in and out of the trade has been asking "How much has Astaire to do with the school?" No one has figured it out definitely, although

a few facts do emerge. He has invested in it, did engage in some preliminary teacher-training, periodically visits the school and exercises a veto on policy.

Astaire early became aware of the story that he had nothing to do with the enterprise. One evening Arthur Murray visited the studio, lording it past the receptionist, and ran into Astaire himself. He was accorded a bland welcome.

"Arthur," said Fred, "I understand a lot of stories have been circulated about my not being here personally. I'm glad you're here to see me now."

Actually, there are financial backers, chief of whom is Charles L. Casanave, who made a small fortune in motion pictures and has been learning the bobs and turns of the dancing school business. Like everyone in the game, he speaks like a messiah on the subject of dancing. The source of revelation for him, and for the public too, he insists, is Fred Astaire. He explains that Astaire was periodically approached by gleaming-eyed promoters who wooed him for his name, that Astaire turned them down, but that on several occasions he had said to Casanave wistfully, "I would like to impart to the American people my feeling for dancing."

Result: the New York school, representing an investment of more than a half million dollars, and several other schools outside of New York.

Imparting his feeling for dancing to the American public has brought some headaches to Fred. One time he stopped to watch the lesson of an enterprising sixty-three-year-old.

"How do you like it?" he asked her. "Oh, I love it," she cooed. "I think it's just wonderful. The only thing that gives me trouble is the dance you do in Blue Skies."

"To tell you the truth," said Astaire, coolly, "it gives me trouble, too."

Outside of New York the Astaire project is rapidly expanding. Schools are operating on its franchise in 17 cities and more than a dozen resorts.

The boom in ballroom schools is a fairly recent development. Twenty-five years ago the learning of dancing for social purposes was a painful and somewhat scorned phase of adult education. Teaching it just didn't rate until Arthur Murray discovered that such a venture could be a goose that would lay golden eggs to jazz music. While the rest of the industry today does not warm to him noticeably (he dismisses the gibes of competitors and says they're jealous) they grant that he systematized the business, brought it into the open and established its respectability with the aid of every

He's got "good taste"
*...he's got P.A.**



She can tell he has good taste in furniture—yes, and in pipe tobacco too. He's got P.A.—Prince Albert—that rich-tasting tobacco that's cool, mild, and easy on the tongue.

P.A. means Pipe Appeal*
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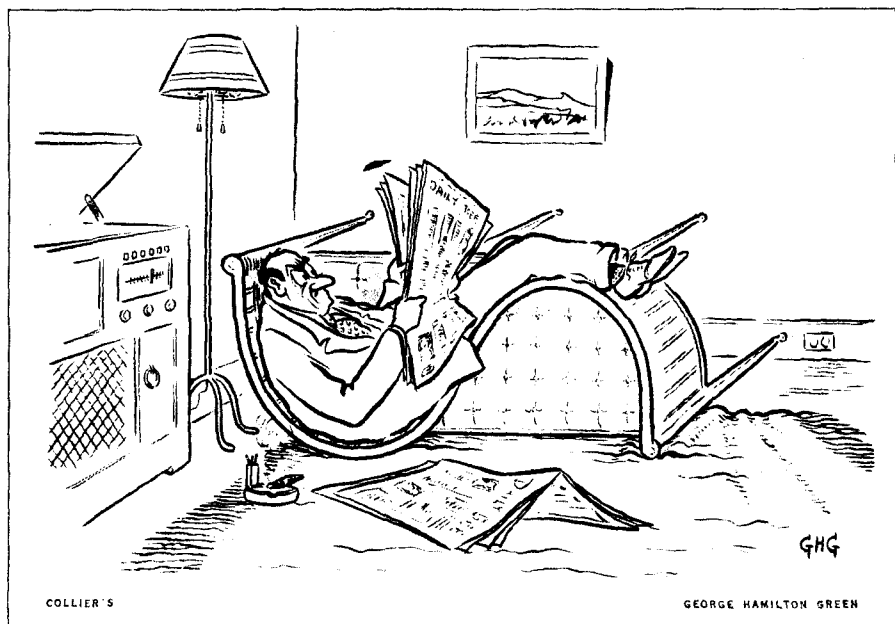
● There's something about a man with a pipe that appeals to the ladies—just as there's something about a pipeful of Prince Albert that attracts pipe smokers! P.A.'s choice crimp cut tobacco is especially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try it—and see why Prince Albert is America's favorite smoking tobacco!

For a grand-tasting cigarette, there's no tobacco like easy-to-roll P.A.!

The National Joy Smoke



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Collier's for June 26, 1948

Shop *refreshed*... Have a Coca-Cola



*A little minute
for a big rest*



Meet your friends



5¢

*Ask for it either way... both
trade-marks mean the same thing.*

When you are shopping, and want to get off your feet,
there's a soda fountain near by. People think of it as a
neighborhood club... where you relax and enjoy *the pause*
that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.

psychological and advertising trick in the bag.

The business got big-time during the thirties when Americans began to take a lively interest in the sort of ballroom undulating that Latin-American music can produce. If the industry ever adopts a ceremonial dance it should be the rumba. The rumba has meant as much to dancing schools as the permanent wave did to Antoine.

The South American way can be expensive, though. More than 75 per cent of the aspirants want to rumba for their money and this is the tough step to learn. It looks easy, but it is apt to take between 30 and 40 hours of instruction before you have it down pat. The samba, which is only now beginning to invade the hinterland, requires far fewer lessons. Although it looks complicated, it is based on the waltz and quite easy to learn.

An Escape from War Tension

The war added immensely to the interest. There was more money around and sources of entertainment were limited because people could not venture far on rationed gasoline. Thousands of G.I.s were filling the canteens and USO centers and finding the charms of light-footed hostesses too enticing for mere audience participation. Dancing seemed for civilians and military alike to provide a popular escape from anxiety and restlessness.

Combine these factors with high-pressure advertising and the increased number of older people who desire to stay young longer, and you will get some idea of why revenue for dancing schools rocketed in 1944, doubled the 1944 figure in 1945, and had more than doubled that by 1947.

Running a dancing school is a highly complex enterprise for which a hep businessman is far more important than a hepcat. The successful establishment has to win clients and keep them coming, enticing their friends and relatives when it can. To achieve these aims, it uses a lot of salesmanship, psychology and dance know-how. Almost every large school has dreamed up a "unique," "master," "magic" or "key" step as its distinctive shortcut to dancing success. This the prospect is urged to sample, gratis, at a 15-minute or half-hour guest lesson, during which he is given an analysis of his dance-floor prowess as part of a cleverly contrived sales talk.

The lessons are usually conducted in a room that has one mirrored wall. That

mirror is a wonderful thing. Startled by the discovery of strange and unsuspected gaucherie, you are likely to do one of several things—stiffen, turn limp or be galvanized into a canter. The probabilities are that you will try to keep your eyes somewhere else, on the principle that if you don't look, maybe it will go away. But not for long. The attraction to see yourself perform will be overpowering.

Everyone out of captivity, by the way, has a sense of rhythm, even if in a rudimentary form. An earnest and crestfallen young man who enrolled at one school was dead sure he'd have a terrible time getting the hang of any step. After he had received every assurance that eventually he would succeed, he blurted forth this story:

"I guess I really should tell you. I took a guaranteed course and I couldn't learn. When I asked the teacher about it, she said, 'We can't guarantee your kind of person. You just don't have rhythm.'"

Investigation revealed that the "guaranteed" course he had taken cost him \$5 for 16 hours' instruction which was given to a class of about 300 people in a room that could not comfortably hold more than half that number for dancing purposes. The "guarantee," never in writing, is a timeworn giveaway that the school is not to be trusted.

The smart dance masters seek the pleasant, college-bred sort of glamor in their instructors. The ostentatious beauty and the men's-collar-ad smoothie are usually undesirable because they're too apt to be overinterested in themselves. Teachers range in age from 20 to 35 years. The largest group falls into the middle twenties. About three fourths of them are women.

Far more important than the instructor's appearance, and probably his dancing ability, is his skill as an amateur psychologist. Not being able to dance is considered a delicate condition, and the cure should be so painless as even to give pleasure. Students pour forth their troubles, hopes and life histories to their teaching partners. Too often the latter is the only light in a lonely student's life.

Dancing is a great leveler, and instructors soon discover that while no two individuals are exactly alike, people generally are similar in their reactions. Like many students, most actors and celebrities are self-conscious, intense and nervous. Left alone with their instructors and their own mirrored images, Lowell Thomas, Lincoln Ellsworth and Gene Tunney, sportsmen though they are, are reported to have quivered noticeably.

Rudy Vallee permitted absolutely no onlookers, not even another teacher, at his samba lesson. Katharine Hepburn pitched in for three hours at a clip, sweating it out intensely and showing none of the willowy nonchalance she exhibits on the screen. At the least misstep she would yowl with rage and at a particularly smooth turn coo like a dove.

Walter Pidgeon had to bone up on the tango for a scene in which he was to whisper, while dancing, "Darling, I'll love you always, always!" He really had it down to a system, which proved his undoing. Because, when he faced the camera, he could only count as he had at school, "O-n-e, t-w-o, three, four, five!" Pidgeon, a man of unassailable poise on the screen, couldn't unlearn it, and the scene had to be cut.

Although she registered under another name, Ingrid Bergman fully expected to be recognized. When she wasn't, even after she had gone so far as to discuss the resemblance she bore to herself, she changed instructors.

While taking lessons incognito is a common device, people who resort to this seem to have an inexplicable desire to shed their anonymity at school. At the conclusion of an intensive six-week course a gorgeous blonde volunteered that she was really a burlesque queen of considerable fame. Why had she not said so before? Well, what would her public think if it were discovered that she had still some dancing to learn!

Love Laughs at No-Dating Rule

Although dancing schools invest themselves with romantic-looking trappings, they frown upon dating between students and faculty. The regulations of some schools provide for the fining of teachers for the first offense and their firing for the second. Permission can be sought from the management under some systems, but it is usually refused. Even so, pupils and teachers often dance to the altar.

An economist from Brookings Institute signed up at the Murray School in Washington. The minute he saw his teacher, something clicked. So he proceeded to the supervisor for permission to date her. The answer was a polite but firm, "No"—for policy reasons. His respectability was unquestioned.

"I understand your position perfectly," he replied soberly.

The next evening he called to explain that business reasons would make it impossible for him to go through with his course of 40 lessons. He would, he said, have to shorten it to 10 lessons and take them all that week at the rate of three a day. This was done, and three weeks later he and the girl were married. They now have two children.

Most people still shy away from publicity. Congressmen, for whom social grooming is a political must, treat their need for dancing lessons circumspectly. They are afraid that the folks back home will complain about their frivolous use of the taxpayers' money. And when Winchell divulged the news that Eleanor Roosevelt was attending class she promptly discontinued the instruction, although her teacher declared the former first lady was the most apt pupil she had ever seen.

The rolls of those who come to dancing school are studded with the names of celebrities. Many of these insist on anonymity and in deference to their wishes the majority of the schools treat all enrollments confidentially. But the fear of discovery is growing less. Ninety-nine per cent of men in business now give their right identities, whereas before the war the figure was only 40 per cent. Most teachers are convinced that the time will come when students will feel as free to admit to dancing lessons as to having gone to college.

THE END

THE TRUTH ABOUT DANDRUFF

Itchy Scalp... Falling Hair



WARNING!

Watch out for dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair—warning signals that your scalp needs immediate attention.

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JERIS has "double-action." Its anti-septic ingredients kill the dandruff bacillus*, rout loose, unsightly dandruff instantly. JERIS also has a special ingredient that stimulates blood flow, gets at the *very root of the trouble*. For a healthy scalp and handsome hair, use JERIS every day. At drug counters everywhere. Request it at your barber's, too!

*(Pityrosporum ovale), which many authorities recognize as the cause of infectious dandruff.



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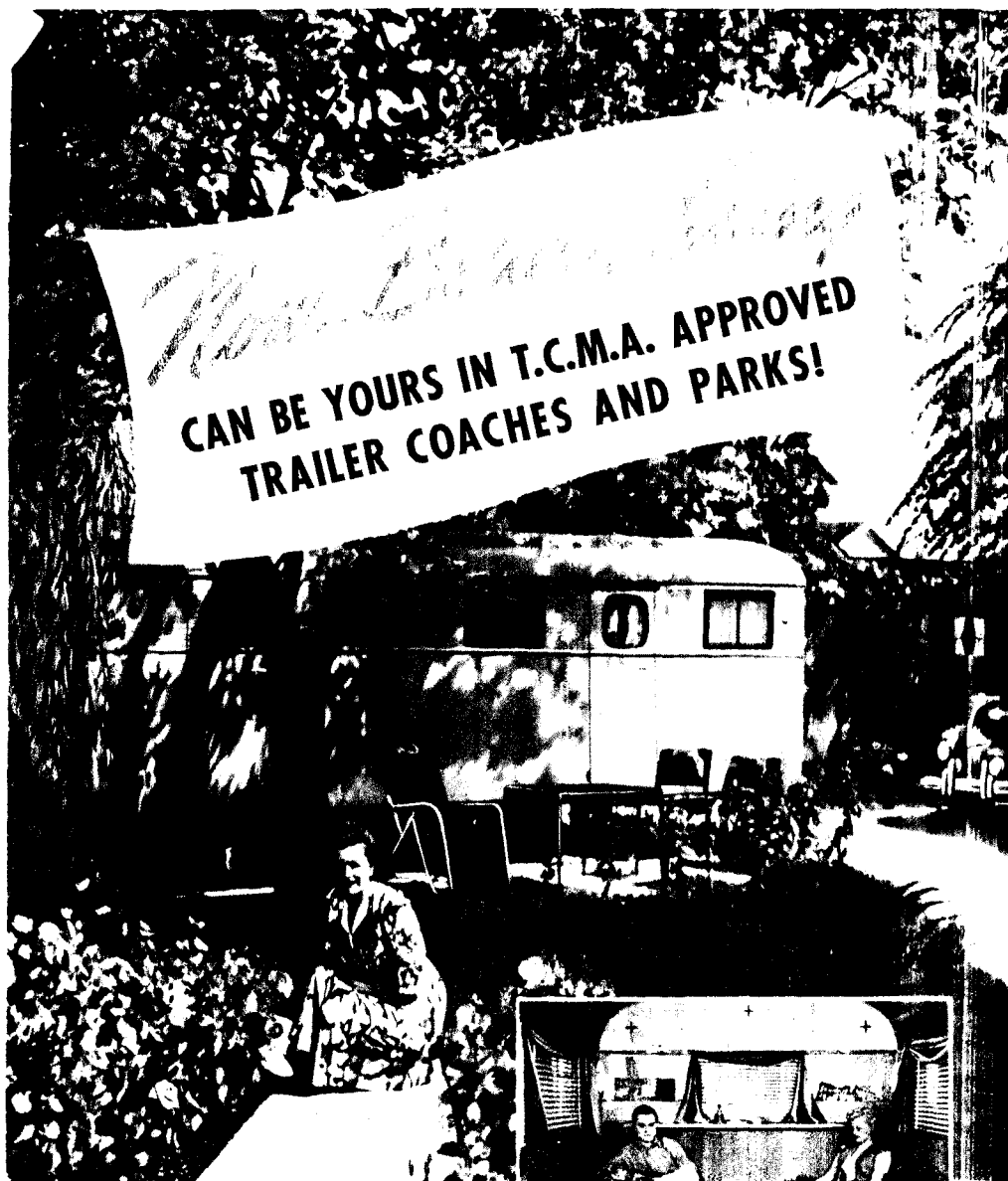


Collier's for June 26, 1948

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Home-Like Trailer
**CAN BE YOURS IN T.C.M.A. APPROVED
 TRAILER COACHES AND PARKS!**



* YOU'D LOVE the kind of life enjoyed at beautiful, T.C.M.A. approved, Jacona Trailer Park . . . a civic asset of Aurora, Colorado. Mrs. Ginhling (above) and her husband—residents of the Park—are typical of the thousands of nice people who prefer the many advantages of living in comfortable T.C.M.A. approved trailer coaches in approved trailer parks. Build to basic standards by the leaders of the industry, T.C.M.A. approved trailer coaches offer you *today's biggest dollars' worth* in living comfort and convenience. You'll enjoy freedom combined with ownership . . . economy with luxurious comfort . . . mobility with amazing completeness.



"HEINE" GROH—one of baseball's "greats," and renowned for his infield hitting with his famous bottle-bat—is a trailer fan of long standing. "Heine" and Mrs. Groh enjoy life at beautiful Woodland Trailer Park, one of the show places of Cincinnati.



You can move right into a furnished home like this that you can be proud of—and that you can take wherever you want it, for living or travel.

In T.C.M.A. approved trailer coaches you'll find tastefully-decorated living rooms . . . built-in furniture . . . good heating . . . efficient insulation . . . ultra-modern, equipped kitchens . . . ample storage space . . . and the privacy of separate bedrooms with luxurious beds . . . everything you need for comfortable, healthful living. Write today for 72-page Official Yearbook, with specifications of all T.C.M.A. trailer coaches . . . America's finest!
TRAILER COACH MANUFACTURERS ASSN.
 Dept. 620, Civic Opera Bldg., Chicago 6, Ill.

Write . . . LEARN HOW YOU CAN BUILD AND OWN A PROFITABLE TRAILER PARK

There is an excellent profit opportunity for a trailer park in your community. T.C.M.A. can give you—or your group—valuable facts and guidance, even to free architect's plans and the advice of experts retained by the Association. As a first step, ask for "Planning a Profitable Trailer Park." It contains a wealth of pictures, diagrams and cost data. Write today to Trailer Parks Department, at the address above.

**TRAILER COACH
 MFRS. ASSN.**

us I know what I am talking About. But I never have been able to Interest People in doing anything about the Mater.

There are Millions of Dry Water Wells that can be used; down spouts and a few Feet of Tile Pipe will Capture all the Rain Water off of Farm Buildings; Thousands of Miles of Ditches along the High Ways can be Damed up to a Few Feet.

Any Cub Geologist can find these Sands. There never will be a Less Costly way of Storing Water or a More Lasting One.
 W. A. HELLER, Tyler, Texas

BACK NUMBERS

DEAR SIR: Quite some time ago there was a story published in your magazine titled Home-coming. Could you please tell me the writer of this story? And is it possible to purchase back issues of the Collier's?

MARION S., Ansonia, Conn.

Marian Sims, Jan. 13, 1945; address Harry L. Hughey, c/o Collier's, Springfield, Ohio, enclosing 10 cents in postage or coin.

THE BOO IN BOUDREAU

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I just finished reading Lou Is Cleveland's Business (May 15th) by Kyle Crichton. I think it was wonderful! Every loyal Indian fan loves him and Crichton.

To lose Boudreau would be like losing the Statue of Liberty. You're darn' tootin' we love him. Lou is our king—long may he reign!

JOYCE SACK, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE NEW LOOK FOR MEN

GENTLEMEN: In reply to Shirley Lantz's letter (The Week's Mail, May 15th) pulverizing us boys: 99 per cent of the women don't care how a man looks, so long as his pockets are loaded. A man usually has no hair, as he has worn his head to the bone paying her beauty-parlor bills.

You never see a man walking down the street with sloppy slacks covered by a fur coat. Men keep their chins sunk in shirt collars as they are up to their necks in debt.

Men's hands are rough because they are constantly turning the handle of the grindstone women keep their noses to.

Most men don't have enough money to buy but one suit, and that is usually a strait jacket. A man's suit looks slept-in because he never can find room enough in the closet with Daughter's 40 house coats.

As for men's rudeness, i.e., slamming the door in their faces—some of the faces I've seen on women, they look as though they had the door slammed on them.

Furthermore, Shirley, a man can't be catty like you. He has to lead a dog's life.

JAMES WARREN, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Seems like this Lantz Gal did a hitch in the Navy and spent her shore leave in water-front gin mills. Where else could anyone meet such men as she describes?

H. P. DUNKLY, Sarasota, Fla.

. . . Shirley Lantz talked critically about men biting off their toenails. Just for curiosity, I tried; I can touch my nose with my big toe, but nibbling is beyond my skill.

M/SGT. LESTER J. ROSE,
 MacDill AFB, Fla.

. . . Would Miss (and I'm sure it is Miss) Lantz care to send a photograph for publication? Maybe then the readers would know why she is so prejudiced against men.

R. ANDERSON, Houston, Texas

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

DEAR SIR: Morgan's Food's Paradise (May 1st) was like a visit to the mad scientist's secret laboratory on Lonely Rock. Imagine processing foods such as steaks and have them remain untainted and edible for six months!

We had a bull session and decided that

the high-voltage electricity killed the germs responsible for deterioration; then why don't new ones get right to work? Our best idea was that the intense voltage froze the molecular structure; that the germs just did not have the force to break down that electronic freeze. That last brought up a \$64 question. If a molecular cementing results that even active germs cannot get at, what would happen when the gastric juices in the stomach try to work on it? Perhaps we would chew for hours and even our amoebae couldn't get anything out of it!

BARNARD S. ADAMS,
 Guatemala Ciudad

Let Señor Adams' amoebae relax. One of the gimmicks of the process is that the steaks must be protected from fresh phalanxes of germs after being "shot." This is done by sealing them in plastic envelopes or other containers beforehand. Thus protected they can be preserved indefinitely and opened when the consumer's gastric juices reach the boiling point.

A YEN FOR TAXES

GENTLEMEN: So General MacArthur, according to his critics, has done nothing to reform the tax situation in Japan (General MacArthur, May 15th). If that charge be true, he is on equal footing with a lot of senators and congressmen in our own fair land. And if he is up to the desired performance, let's bring him back and let him do ours first.

NORMAN F. WYKOFF, Glendale, Ariz.

ASTHMA, OR PAI

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In the past six months I have contributed to campaigns for the downfall of infantile paralysis, juvenile delinquency, V. D., tuberculosis, cancer, reckless driving and heart trouble.

I am beginning to wonder if there isn't a Malady-of-the-Month Club somewhere running all these campaigns.

If there is: When are they going to get around to my asthma?

JOHN P. HOTCHKISS,
 Compton, Cal.

DREAMBOAT DIRECTOR

DEAR SIR: My troubled conscience forces me to admit certain background facts about my picture series depicting the helpless blonde who adorned Fisherman's Prof (Apr. 17th). First, no photographer knows less about fishing than I do. I merely clicked away while Earl Gresh, fabulous president of the St. Petersburg, Florida, Rod & Gun Club, who had supplied boat, reels, jacket and even the fish for the shooting, directed every move of the Gal Who Could Do No Right. In the accompanying shot, Gresh is demonstrating the proper cast motion to Bob Green. The Blond Dreamiss Lorraine Davies looks on.



Both are Conover models and Lorraine, who is ex-Florida Tangerine Queen got out a screen test offer after the Collier's story.

My conscience also insists it was a shame to take an honorarium for working with such a Luscious Lass.

HY PESKIN, Flushing, New York

Collier's for June 26, 1948

WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

HERBERT HOOVER is working quietly but diligently among Republicans for a favorite idea of his. It's a law to make ex-Presidents lifetime members of the U.S. Senate. Hoover stressed that he is not advocating the proposal for himself. He will be seventy-four in August and is wealthy. But most Presidents leaving the White House, he pointed out, do not have independent means and must make a livelihood. Also, Hoover feels strongly that it would be in the country's interest to retain in the public service an ex-President's unique experience and knowledge.

MENTION of Nebraska around Democratic National Headquarters brings big beams of pleasure. Reason is William Ritchie, short, go-getting Omaha lawyer, who as Democratic state chairman has given the practically defunct party organization a new lease on life. National Democratic chiefs rate Ritchie one of their best state chairmen.

Ritchie has been building an entirely new state organization from the ground roots up. He claims he now has working organizations in 74 of the 90 Nebraska counties. Also, he is trying to cement a farmer-labor tie-up. But Ritchie will need everything he can produce to dent the G.O.P. hold on Nebraska. Since the 1942 defeat of the late independent Senator George Norris, the Republicans have had complete domination of the state.

IF PRESIDENT TRUMAN can help it, there will be no shortage of gasoline this summer and fall. He's afraid of the adverse effect that would have on the electorate. The President has personally ordered federal oil administrators to leave nothing undone to ensure plenty of gasoline during the campaign period. The rub is that if the oil industry goes all out on gasoline production now, there is practically certain to be a serious fuel-oil shortage next winter. But—that will be after election.

INTRODUCING Eamon de Valera at a Washington banquet, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen observed, "Just as Gaul was divided into three parts, so history is divided into three eras, the Pagan Era, the Christian Era and the De Val-era." Replying, the tall, gaunt ex-Premier of Eire said wryly, "Back home, my opponents call it the devil-era."

ONE factor that neither side mentioned openly but which played an important role in the hot row over the new terms of the Atomic Energy Commissioners was Dr. Vannevar Bush. The noted scientist was the G.O.P. choice for head of the AEC. But the White House was against him. Although the President, at Army-Navy urging, named Bush chairman of the Armed Services Research and Development Board last year, Truman has never been very enthusiastic about him.

CHALK up round one for Economic Cooperation Administrator Paul Hoffman. Quietly but firmly the former Studebaker boss derailed White House and State Department personnel plans and picked his own key assistants. That was the real significance behind the appointments of Howard Bruce, Baltimore industrialist, as Hoffman's deputy administrator, Richard Bissell, as assistant deputy administrator and Dennis A. FitzGerald as food administrator. The Administration

had others slated for these jobs. Next round is filling the numerous important vacancies in the lower echelons. On the basis of his record so far, there is no reason why Hoffman shouldn't win this round, too.

CERTAIN vital aspects of U.S. Intelligence continue to give informed Congressional leaders the creeps. For example: One key agency is seven months behind in processing and evaluating highly important foreign reports. This astounding condition prevails despite the fact the agency is top-heavy with personnel and has ample funds. Because of the extremely secret nature of the agency's work, outraged Congressional leaders don't feel free to make a public issue of this dangerous inefficiency and incompetence. But they're doing plenty of talking privately.

THERE'S a very good reason why big, hearty Governor Mon C. Wallgren of Washington State is so interested in the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. His chances for re-election as governor aren't too good. As of now, the odds favor Arthur Langlie, former liberal Republican governor and Seattle mayor. Therefore the Vice-Presidency looks like a very nice foxhole to Governor Wallgren.

IN THE constant flow of official and other economic analyses one factor is rarely mentioned, although it's of key importance. That is the extraordinary strength and stability of the U.S. banking structure. Today the banks are sounder and more fluid than ever before in the history of the country. In the past four years, there have been only two bank failures; one in 1944, none in 1945 and 1946 and one in 1947. In the same period a decade ago there were over 200, and in the years before that they ran into the thousands annually.

Major factors contributing to this unprecedented stability are the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which guarantees deposits up to \$5,000, and the \$70,000,000,000 of government securities held by commercial banks.

ONE unexplained and unpublicized mystery in Greece is a prisoner-of-war camp the British are maintaining in Glyphada, a suburb of Athens. Around 500 German POWs are in the camp. Beyond their own housekeeping chores, the POWs do nothing, and have considerable freedom. They are given overnight passes and numbers of them are seen regularly in Athens.

The Greek government has repeatedly asked the British to evacuate the POWs on the ground that they serve no useful purpose and their camp is urgently needed to house refugees, particularly children, of whom there are thousands. But so far the British have done nothing.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, apparently, is painfully skeptical when it comes to political labels.

Presenting a petition from 5,000 California almond growers opposing a cut in the tariff on foreign nuts, Representatives Alfred Elliott, Franck Havenner and Clarence Lea assured the President that "all these people are Democrats." The President appeared unimpressed. "I have noticed," he observed dryly, "that some California Democrats have a habit of not voting the right way."

ROBERT S. ALLEN



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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN
THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MONEY

BY DAVID DUNCAN

The Story:

MIKE FINNEY, the narrator of the story, has been afraid to cross the border from Mexico to the United States, because he had once forged a passport to go and fight in the Spanish revolution. After a quarrel with a fellow expatriate, one PHILIP TREMAINE, Finney takes the border permit which Tremaine has left behind and crosses the border under Tremaine's name. He goes to San Francisco where, to his complete surprise, he is met by a girl who he realizes is Tremaine's sister, CATHERINE. Greeting him as "Philip," she treats Finney as if he were her brother.

In the Tremaines' house, Finney meets MRS. TREMAINE, who calls him "son"; then, at dinner, he is overcome by an attack of what he supposes to be a recurrence of his malaria. He is aware that policemen have come and arrested him, then he passes out. He comes to in a prison hospital, where he reads a newspaper story about the sensational arrest of Philip Tremaine, wanted for a murder committed ten years ago; Finney's picture, with Tremaine's name under it, is on the front page. In an effort to fight clear of the frame-up, Finney escapes from the hospital and returns at night to the Tremaines' house.

Sneaking past the police guards, he encounters Catherine and disarms her of her pistol. Mrs. Tremaine is not at home. Catherine attempts to convince him that, inasmuch as her brother Philip ran away after the murder when she was still a child, she didn't remember what he looked like, and believed her mother when the latter told her she was to meet her brother at the bus.

Saying she wants to help him now, she gives Finney money and a change of clothes. As they enter the living room, a tall, hard-looking man confronts them. Visibly flustered, Catherine steps forward and introduces Finney. "Mr. Wickersham," she says, "this is my brother."

III

MY HAND dropped to my pocket. If the tall man had rushed me, if he'd shouted, if he'd so much as made an abrupt gesture, I think I'd have used the gun. I was that tense. But he stood very still, looking at me with a craggy Abraham Lincoln expression. Catherine leaned against her chair facing me. Her eyes held a warning. There was fear in them, terrible fear. Why now? Why the brother act again? It didn't matter much at the moment because Wickersham—whatever Wickersham might turn out to be—wasn't happy to see me no matter who I was. I'd walked into it again.

"Who the devil are you?" I said.

The tall man's eyes arched. "You

I hit the ground on a steep incline and skidded along on my face, my arms grasping for something to stop me before I went over the edge . . .

don't remember me? I suppose you wouldn't. Actually we met only once and I was pretty much a kid then. I'm John Wickersham, Jr. You remember my father well enough."

"My memory has slipped a little the past few years. Suppose you move over by Catherine so I can see you both at once." He glanced at the pocket my hand was in, shrugged indifferently and did as I asked.

He sat down in the chair I'd occupied earlier.

"I thought something was wrong," said Wickersham. "When I heard you were back, I wondered if you might have come to face questioning and trial. It surprised me. I didn't think you had the guts. But after you broke jail, I knew you never intended to face questioning at all. It had to be something else. Why are you here, Tremaine?"

"For a clean pair of socks. And who was your father?"

"You remember, Philip," Catherine broke in with a shaking voice. "He was the family legal adviser for years. He was a friend of Father's. Since he died, John here has taken over."

SO THAT was it. He was the family lawyer. If I were Tremaine, he'd probably be my counsel. Except that his opinion of Philip Tremaine was obviously rather low. Was she trying to tell me my chances were better if I played along? When you're drowning and your worst enemy hands you a rope, you'll grab it even when it might be a trick to pull you halfway out and drop you again.

"I said my memory had slipped."

"Insanity might be the best plea at that," said Wickersham. He was a cool devil. "Or were you thinking of faking a suicide so you could come back and haunt Catherine after she inherits the money?"

"So Catherine inherits the money?"

"My dear rat, don't act as though you're ignorant of the terms of your father's will. It was given enough publicity. The whole thing was designed especially for you. Your father was an honorable man. All you have to do to inherit the money yourself is either clear yourself or serve your sentence. Since the sentence will undoubtedly be life, that alternative isn't so attractive."

"If I commit suicide, Catherine inherits the money?"

"It doesn't have to be suicide," he said easily. "That would be the decent thing for you to do, of course—but if you fell down a flight of stairs and broke your neck, it would serve just as well."

"Are you my lawyer?"

He sighed. "God help me, no. I don't take criminal cases. My only function is to administer the will. Your father was more than generous. There's twenty thousand set aside for your defense in case you stand trial.

(Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

WARREN WARMUP

BY GEORGE CREEL

WHEN hopeful Republicans gather to nominate a Presidential candidate, California's 53 votes will be cast solidly for Governor Earl Warren. Let the East have no doubt of it! And they will stick right on down to the final ballot unless released by the governor himself.

A high tribute, and one that usually excites ambition to fever pitch, but as yet there is no sign of increase in the Warren blood pressure. He has frowned on the manufacture of campaign buttons and banners, does not want to have his name entered in any state primary, and refuses to race about the country making speeches.

Strange behavior but normal enough for Earl Warren. The son of a Norwegian father and a Swedish mother, a vast calm is part of his Scandinavian inheritance.

"Of course it's a great honor to be designated as the Bear State's favorite son, and I'll never get over being proud," he admits. "But pshaw! Why run a temperature? I'm a dark horse without even a touch of bay."

His supporters, however, refuse to be daunted by their hero's mixture of modesty and caution. As they blueprint the political situation, Dewey, Stassen and Taft are equally matched in strength, desire and determination. So what more probable than a deadlock, necessitating search for an acceptable compromise?

Who then but Earl Warren? A campaigner without parallel, they cry, for never yet has he met defeat. With independent voting on the increase, what better choice than one who has demonstrated ability to smash party lines? City attorney, district attorney, attorney general and two-term governor

—a steady climb, evidencing capacity for growth. He is fifty-seven years old, stands over six feet, weighs 215 pounds and is handsome in a wholesome, two-fisted way. No man ever *looked* more like a President, his admirers claim. He is the son of a sturdy, industrious mechanic, and himself the father of six children.

Best of all, he is proclaimed as a true liberal, steering a sane middle course between the stand-patters and the crackpots. Where is there a state that can match California's progressive and humane laws, ask his followers, pointing out that Earl Warren has seen to it that the aged, the orphaned, the sick and the blind and the unemployed all receive adequate care; the rights of management and labor are protected, but no amount of pressure has been able to gain a privilege for either group; he has been attacked both by the unions and the great corporations, but never once has the governor been pushed off balance; besides rebuilding and expanding California's physical plant, he has managed to cut taxes and provide safeguards for the future; huge sums have been tucked away in special reserve funds, safe from squandering hands, that will not only finance a Ten-Year Plan, but take care of any drastic drop in revenue.

With due allowance for political bombast, the record supports many of the claims made for Governor Warren. Few men actually have had longer experience as a public servant; in fact, it might be made the subject of criticism that he has never

California has never had a native son in the White House and Republican supporters of Governor Earl Warren hope that this deplorable situation may be remedied next fall



earned a dollar in the competitive struggles of private life. Coming out of World War I as a first lieutenant, the young lawyer took a job as clerk in the legislature, and officeholding has been his career ever since.

Neither can there be denial of Earl Warren's ability as a vote getter. Elected district attorney of Alameda County in 1925, he stayed in that office for 14 years, winning campaign after campaign. As a result the Republican party drafted him to run for attorney general in 1938. While the rest of the ticket was buried under a Democratic landslide, Warren triumphed by a handsome majority and this made his nomination for governor in 1942 a foregone conclusion.

At the general election in November, he won by 1,275,000 to 932,000.

Renominated in 1946, Warren faced the gloomy fact that not once in 32 years had Californians given any governor a second term. Warren filed on both Republican and Democratic tickets, as California law permits, and the primary results showed that he not only had polled 774,502 votes against 70,331 for three other Republican candidates, but he had also won the Democratic nomination by 593,190 votes against 530,968 for Robert W. Kenny, his opponent on that ticket.

Praising his honesty and courage, the Warren faithful recall that as district attorney of Alameda County he waged successful war against graft and corruption, sending the sheriff and the millionaire

head of a paving combine to prison; when he prosecuted four union officials for a brutal murder, hostile thousands picketed the courthouse throughout the trial; in addition to threats of political reprisals, he received death notes, but drove on to gain convictions.

During Warren's term as attorney general, the shame of the state was the bold operation of gambling ships off Los Angeles, but just outside the three-mile limit. When city and county officials failed to enforce the law, he loaded his deputies into small boats and boarded the floating Monte Carlos. Axes smashed the tables and wheels and put an end to the racket.

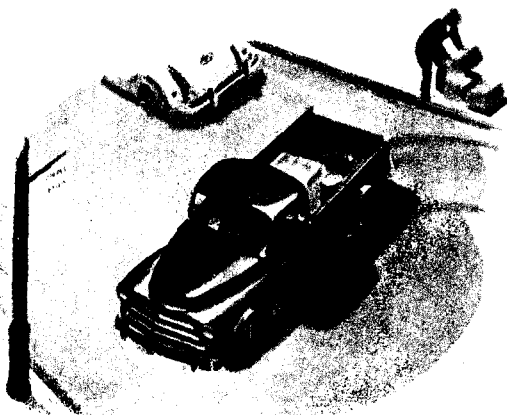
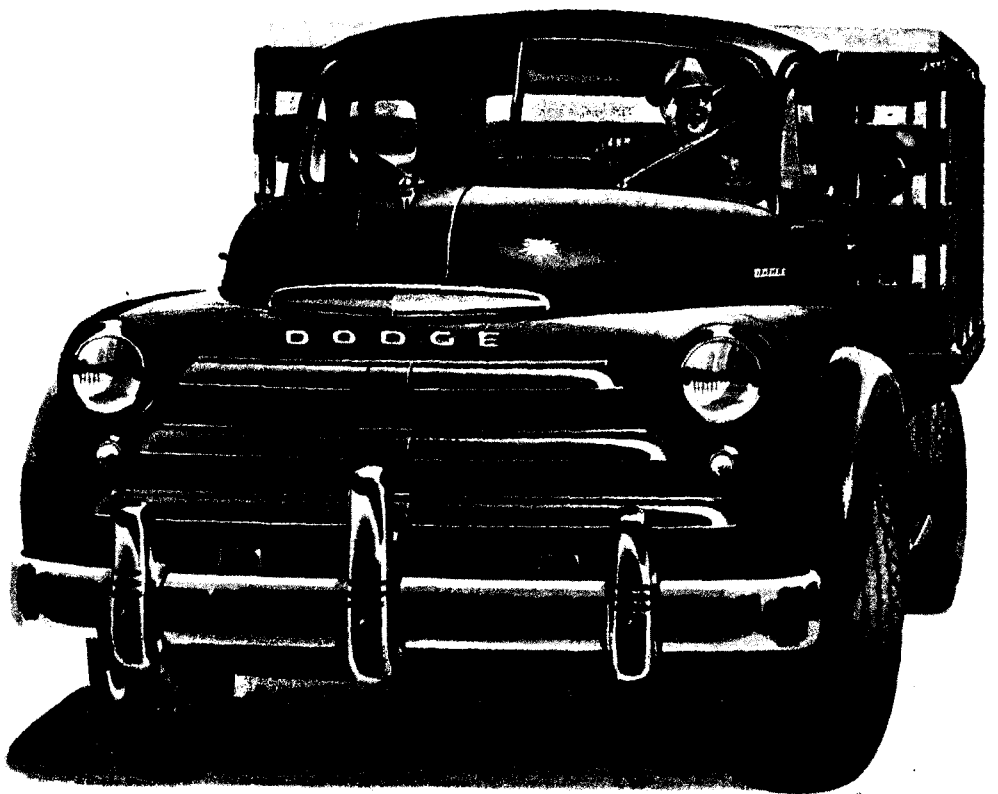
As governor, all his appointments have been made on the basis of merit rather than party affiliation—a fact admitted even by Democratic leaders. Former governors, accenting political differences, feuded with their legislatures, but at the outset Earl Warren announced an "era of good will," and asked the senators and representatives of both parties to sit with him for the consideration of proposed laws.

This amiable insistence on co-operation, backed up by a genuine friendliness, has done away with the old deadlocks, and there have been only two or three knock-down fights at the most. His one real legislative defeat was in connection with a prepaid health-insurance plan designed to meet the needs of wage earners in the lower income brackets. When California doctors fought the bill as "socialized medicine," legislators (Continued on page 80)

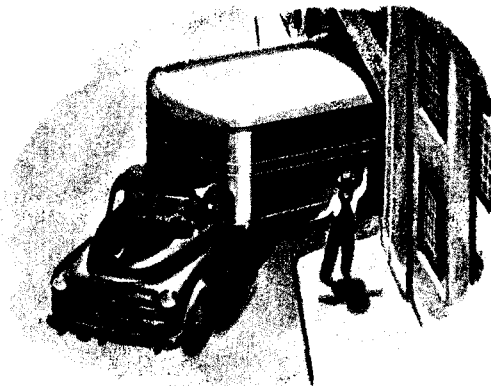
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPP

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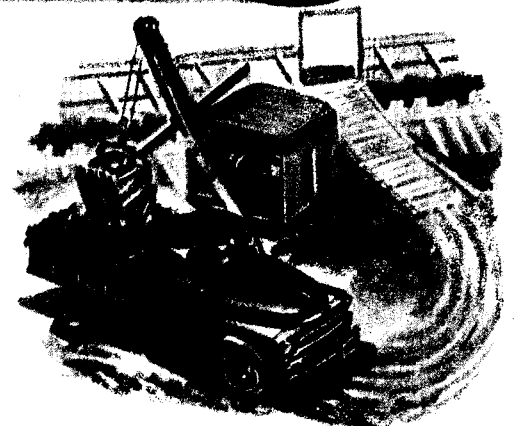
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This new weight distribution, combined with longer springs, produces a marvelous new "cushioned ride." Look at the chart at the left. See how Dodge compares with competition . . . not only in ease of handling and improved weight distribution, but in many other important features.

Driving is believing! Step into the new "Pilot-House" cab of one of these new Dodge "Job-Rated" trucks, and drive! You won't find equal *maneuverability*, *comfort* or *vision* in any other truck!



Read this 10 Point Comparison, too!

(Dodge Model F-152; 14,500 pounds Gross Vehicle Weight—and Comparable Competitive Models.)

FEATURES AND ADVANTAGES	DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCK	TRUCK "A"	TRUCK "B"	TRUCK "C"	TRUCK "D"
Wheelbase	152 in.	161 in.	158 in.	159 in.	161 in.
Cab-to-Axle—to take 12-foot body	84 in.	84 in.	84.06 in.	84 in.	84 in.
Wide-Tread Front Axles (shorter turning—more stability)	62 in.	56 in.	60.03 in.	58½ in.	56 in.
Modern "Cross-Type" Steering	Yes	No	No	No	No
Turning Diameter * —Left —Right	50½ ft. 50½ ft.	61½ ft. 61½ ft.	60½ ft. 54½ ft.	54½ ft. 54½ ft.	66½ ft. 66½ ft.
Maximum Horsepower	109	93	100	93	100
Total Spring Length (Front and Rear "Cushioned Ride") †	194 in.	171½ in.	182 in.	176 in.	182 in.
Cab Seat Width (Measure of Roominess) ‡	57¼ in.	52¼ in.	51½ in.	47½ in.	52¼ in.
Windshield Glass Area ▲	901 sq. in.	713 sq. in.	638 sq. in.	545 sq. in.	713 sq. in.
Vent Wings plus Rear Quarter Windows	Yes	No	No	No	No

* To outside of tire (curb clearance). Computed from data based on tests or computations obtained from usually reliable sources. † All four springs. ‡ Measured from competition models. ▲ Computed from width and depth measurements; no allowance for contours.

NEW DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

And remember...

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THE GENERAL WAS AN HONEST MAN

BY WILL F. JENKINS

Everyone respected him, but no one loved him except his wife—who never knew just how honest he was

I MET the General and his wife, and heard the beginning of this tale, one night out in the center of a tropic river with jungle on either side and a blanket of stars overhead. It began most promisingly.

The captain of the boat, whose name was Garrison, swore softly in my ear as I looked down at the card game. It was deep night and he'd come out of the pilothouse of the boat, and stopped where I leaned on the upper-deck rail. We were headed upstream on a river in a republic whose name does not matter. The boat's Diesel engine drummed softly below decks. The water overside was black as ebony and glossy as oil, with the wavering reflections of stars on it. But over to eastward a white-hot moon was rising, and the jungle beneath it was sheer darkness, and the noises that came out of it were not pretty. There was utter savagery all around.

But Garrison swore in a whisper by my ear, with a note in his whispering which was not like him. He glared down at the card table and the game that went on.

It was being played on a folding table on the bow deck, by the light of a gasoline lantern slung from a boom. The lantern had an incandescent mantle, and yielded a theatrical, dead-white, pitiless glare which showed the players in exaggerated light and color and shade. There was the General, jovial and at ease, cracking jokes as he dealt and made his bets. There was the *abogado*—the attorney—representing the poor devil in irons down below, who was traveling to the capital to be tried and doubtless to be condemned. There were other players. A mahogany dealer. A speculator in coconuts. A man who owned ten thousand acres in bananas.

"I'm supposed to be a businessman," said Garrison bitterly, "and I have to be a fool because he's honest!"

"What's that?" I asked, startled.

"Nothing," said Garrison more bitterly still, "except that I'm crazy and complaining about it. Any objections? The General's responsible for my having this boat and the business I've got. But because of his wife and that damned (Continued on page 81)

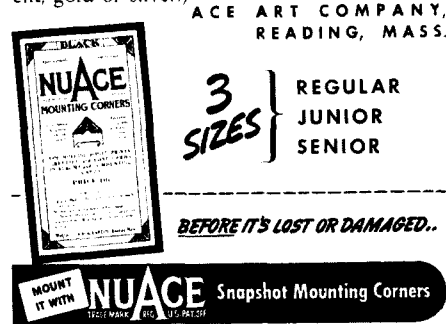
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The smoke trail spread over the water concealing the occupants of the little boat



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

CORNS-SORE TOES

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 64

You can hire a good lawyer for that, but you can't hire me. I wouldn't even know whom to recommend."

"You think there's no chance then?"

"Chance of acquittal? Frankly, no. There's a chance you'll get life instead of execution if you trot down to the nearest police station and turn yourself in. Five witnesses saw you go into Clark's office. All of them heard the shot that killed him. Two of them saw you leave the room with a pistol in your hand, leaving Clark dead behind you. He certainly didn't kill himself."

"I didn't shoot him."

He laughed. "If you believe that, turn yourself in. The police are right outside. I'd call them but I hate to see you shot down in front of Catherine."

"You're so thoughtful."

"Not very. Personally, I think you ought to hang."

THERE was something about this guy I admired. Perhaps it was because his opinion of Tremaine coincided so perfectly with my own. His remarks weren't insulting so long as I remembered they weren't really directed at me. And I liked the way he paid no attention to the gun in my pocket.

"Perhaps I will," I said. "But if I do, it won't be for the murder of Earl Clark." I dived for him at the same time I spoke. He might have been expecting a shot, but he wasn't expecting the Philip Tremaine he knew to put up a fight. It took him by surprise, and I caught him on his craggy jaw with everything I had. He slumped back into the chair. Catherine stepped forward, but I caught her by the shoulder and spun her into a chair.

"Don't move!" I said. "Stay right where you are." I scooped the rope from the floor where I'd dropped it and lapped it around Wickersham's legs. Then I tied them to the chair and did the same with his arms and body. I stuffed his breast-pocket handkerchief into his mouth and wrapped the scarf from the table around his face. He was breathing heavily through the nostrils and beginning to move a little. I pulled Catherine to her feet.

"Come on. We're leaving."

She pulled back. "Leaving? Why don't you go? Go now!"

"I'd love to, but I'm all out of rope, and I'm not leaving you here to untie this bird." I headed for the door, dragging her behind me.

"But you can't take me. You haven't a chance with me along!"

I pulled her close to me, holding her by the shoulders. "Don't argue, damn you! My legs won't carry me fast enough now. I need a car and you've got to drive it." I swept her purse from the lounge, opened it and found the car keys. I took her through the hallway and down the steps three at a time, jerking her to her feet when she started to fall. In the downstairs closet I found the brown coat she'd worn the night we met. I threw it over her dressing gown. We went through the big living room, through the dining room and into the kitchen where a door opened into the garage. I held back a second while I listened. The garage doors opened onto the back lawn, and a faint light from the outside showed the gleaming outlines of the car. It was headed in the right direction. The sound of voices came from the side of the house.

"Now listen carefully," I said. "You're going to get in the car and drive out of here. You'll stop on the curve of the driveway. You'll have to stop because the police won't let you through until they know where you're going. Wait for them. If you try bolting through, they'll put out an alarm. Tell them you're going to join your mother in Palo Alto, or

something else that's reasonable. They must have seen Wickersham come in, so if they ask about him, say he's finishing some legal work and doesn't need you any longer. While you're doing that, I'll be getting out of here along the hedge by the driveway. Slow down when you hit the street and open the car door on the far side so I can get in."

"You trust me?" she said.

"Sure, I trust you. I can trust you farther than that. I've got good reason to trust you now. It'd be a major tragedy for you if I got arrested." I pushed the keys into her hand and opened the door for her. She slid under the wheel and started the engine. I ducked behind the folded garage doors and waited while the car rolled out on the driveway. She stopped on the curve. Both cops came over to her. One of them stood at the car window asking questions while the other ran a flashlight around the inside of the car. She'd do all right, I decided.

The body of the car made a nice screen as I slipped out of the garage, wormed through the hedge and ran along the lawn behind the bushes. The drive curved around toward the front so that within twenty yards I had the house between me and the policeman. After that I straightened up and sprinted for the street below. The bushes were high on either side of the drive and were thick all the way to the pavement. I pushed into them a few feet and waited.

A minute later the car rolled down and slowed. I ran along the side of it, caught the back door as it swung open and jumped in. I sat on the floor; I was just high enough to watch Catherine.

"Drive toward town," I said. "Don't drive fast and don't go through any stop signs. Tilt the rearview mirror so I can see if anyone is following."

She tilted the mirror.

"When you come to Market Street," I said, "cross it and go on to Mission. Then turn right and drive as far as Eleventh. Turn right there and park. Got it?"

"I've got it," she said. "I'll help you."

"Okay. How did Wickersham happen to show up at three in the morning?"

"Because I asked him to come. I phoned him much earlier."

"Then you did know he was coming?"

"I'd given him up until morning. I can only think he drove past the house late and stopped when he saw the light."

"And what was the pressing legal advice you needed?"

"I was going to tell him the whole story—that you're not my brother. I was going to tell him everything."

"You sure muffed your opportunity."

"But when I first phoned him, I thought you were gone. I thought you'd escaped from San Francisco."

"You could still have told him. Why continue the brother act?"

"You saw John Wickersham. If I told him you were some stranger, he'd have charged you right there. He isn't afraid of anything. And I want you to escape."

"Well, we're making progress." We crossed Market Street and angled back and forth in the maze of streets in the Mission district. There was still some traffic—trucks and taxis mostly.

WE CAME to Mission and Eleventh and turned right. "Now park," I said. Catherine parked. I got out and told her to come along.

"Why?" she said. "Why don't you go on?"

"I'll do that as soon as it's safe."

"It's as safe as it will ever be."

"I think differently. Come on. You can add kidnaping to the other charges if you want to. Don't argue and don't talk." I had her arm again as we walked back along the street to Mission. A little way off Eleventh was a hotel I remembered, an upstairs place where you could always get a room at any hour of the night. You paid your money as you came in and left when you pleased. It looked the same as I remembered it. We went through a swinging door and up a



VAN SCHRIEBER

SPORTING ODDS

It was a 1942 game at Braves' Field, Boston, between the Phillies and the Braves. Paul Waner of the Braves was on third. Max West, trying to knock Waner in, was thrown out at first on an easy grounder. West dejectedly plodded back the first-base line toward the Braves' dugout on the third-base line. As he reached a point just behind the catcher, the Phillie pitcher uncorked a wild one, which sailed over the catcher's head toward the grandstand. Waner started to trot in from third. West, however, spotting the ball, instinctively snagged it and tossed it to the Phillie catcher, who whirled and tagged out the surprised Waner. West had made an uncredited assist, putting out his teammate Waner.

—Robert M. MacDonald, Bayside, N. Y.

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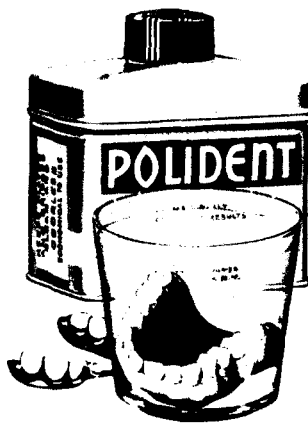
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long flight of stairs to a landing where there was a desk with a push bell on it and a sign saying to ring for service. I rang. Pretty soon a sleepy woman in a lumpy orange bathrobe shuffled down the hall and squeezed in behind the desk. She looked us over with an air of indifference. If she noticed the folds of dressing gown trailing from beneath Catherine's coat, she didn't say anything. She opened a register book and shoved it across to me while she looked for a key. I entered our names as Mr. and Mrs. Donovan. She handed me the key.

"Next floor up. That's two fifty."

There was one straight hallway on the floor above with no turns or tributaries to it. It was so dark I had to light a match to see the room numbers.

"In here," I said, opening a door and switching on a light. The room was about twelve feet square, with a sagging double bed in one corner, a rag of rug on the floor, a dark green dresser against the wall and a washbasin in the corner by the door. The only window opened on an airway between the hotel and the neighboring building.

CATHERINE was pale now. Her animation had left her. She sat down in a rickety chair at the foot of the bed.

"What next?" she said dully.

"This is where we part. You're going to stay here and I'm going on. Someone will find you in the morning and you can tell them what you please." I turned back the blankets and stripped the sheets from the bed. I ripped each one into four strips, lengthwise.

"I told you I wanted you to get away," she said nervously.

"You've told me that about six times."

"You still don't believe me?"

"I don't believe anybody. I've already made that clear. Just stay where you are. I'm not going to hurt you." She looked at me sadly but didn't move. I folded the strips of sheet into broad bands and tied her firmly in the chair. Then I ripped the end from one of the sheets to make a gag.

"Please don't," she said. "It might make me sick."

"I'm sorry," I rolled up the piece of sheet and tried to cram it into her mouth. She twisted her head sidewise to avoid me. It was the first resistance she'd put up. I got a handful of her hair to hold her head steady and tried again. She kept her teeth clenched and held her breath; her face and throat became crimson. Her eyes were shut tight. It was too much for me. I threw the gag away.

"You're good-looking, lady," I said, and my voice sounded thick. I felt like a brute. "We'll skip the gag."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

I took off my overcoat after getting the safety razor from its pocket, took off my shirt and tie and turned the tap in the washbasin. The water was cold.

"It's like this," I said. "Wickersham was right about putting ideas into my head. If I die as Philip Tremaine, I'm worth a fortune to you, but as soon as anyone finds out I'm not Tremaine, I'm not worth a cent. That's why you introduced me to Wickersham as your brother and that's why you helped me escape. You had to help me escape. If the cops jerked me back to jail, I'd tell them the whole story and then your plan is blown to bits and you along with it. Wickersham has to think I'm your brother so he'll execute the will when I die. Simple, isn't it? But I have to die in private, before I can talk to anyone. Isn't that the story?"

"What do you care now?" she said.

"Because of just one point. I can't understand why you and your mother let the police take me at all. You couldn't have believed the mistaken identity would stand up at the trial. I've wondered about that all along until Wickersham mentioned faking a suicide, and now I don't wonder any more. That

must have been the plan, except that the suicide would be a fake only from your viewpoint. I was supposed to be dead when the cops found me. They came too soon. I really owe them my life. But what I want to know is whether it was you or Mama who had the responsibility for putting a bullet through me?" I unwrapped a tiny oblong of hotel soap and tried to work up a lather while I waited for her to reply. I could watch her in the little mirror above the washbasin.

"You don't know?" she whispered. "All I was supposed to do was bring you to the house."

"Then what?"

"Then the police were to come and take you away."

"You expect me to believe that?" I pulled the razor across my face.

"No," she said. "I can't expect you to believe anything, but it's true. That's what I was told would happen, and that's what did happen."

"Why put me in jail? Why not kill me?"

"I don't blame you for being bitter," she said. "Because I was a fool. I thought you were a murderer."

"A murderer?"

"I thought you were the man who killed Earl Clark."

"This gets wilder and wilder. When Clark died, I was in Europe. I don't even know what Clark looked like."

"I believe you," she said simply. "But I still thought you were the murderer when I met you at the station."

"What gave you that peculiar idea?"

"Because that's what I was told. You think it's crazy, but it isn't. I was fourteen years old when Philip went away. The papers all said he was a murderer, and I nearly died of grief. I hadn't seen much of him, but he was still my brother. Mother had always talked about him so much that I thought he must be the most wonderful person in the world. I just couldn't believe he'd killed a man. Mother said it was all a lie, and I believed her. Father wouldn't talk about it at all. I know now that Father was silent because he knew it was true, and it broke his heart. He died a year later, but before he died, he altered his will.

"He decided that Philip had had too much money for his own good, so he left Mother with an annuity which was just enough to take care of the two of us. The rest of it was for Philip. He didn't leave it to Philip because he loved him; I see that now. In order to get it, Philip had to return and face trial. It was his, only after he'd served his sentence or cleared himself. And Father must have known that Philip could never clear himself. The money was just bait to bring Philip to justice because in some ways Father was a Roman. He believed that if people did wrong they should pay for it. The will said that if Philip died, I got the money after I came of age."

"You must have come of age about three years ago," I said.

"Yes," she said. "But the money hasn't mattered. You can't understand how it is being the sister of a man accused of murder, particularly when you think it isn't true. I've had virtually no friends since I was fourteen. Mother told me over and over that Philip was innocent, and I believed it because I wanted to believe it; I wanted to be able to hold my head up again. She told me he'd clear himself someday by finding the man who really killed Earl Clark and bringing that man to justice."

"A beautiful story," I said bitterly.

"You don't have to believe it," she flashed at me. "But I've got to tell it. I've got to get rid of it somehow because it's so horrible, what I did. About two weeks ago Mother heard from Philip. I didn't see the letter, because Mother never showed me Philip's letters. He never used his own name, and she didn't want me to know what name he was using. That should have made me wonder,

Collier's for June 26, 1948

but it didn't. Anyway, she told me he'd finally found the man who killed Earl Clark—you, but that you had no idea you'd met Philip Tremaine. According to Mother, Philip had persuaded you to impersonate Philip Tremaine by telling you it would enable you to collect a fortune when you got to San Francisco."

"Good Lord!"

"Oh, I know it isn't true," she said. "None of it is true, but that's what I was told. Philip had sent pictures of you. You saw them yourself. And I believed every word of it at the time. Mother found out somehow what bus you'd be on, and my job was to meet you and bring you to the house. Then we were to call the police. That way they'd catch you in the act of impersonation, take you to jail and the next day we'd bring the accusation of murder against you."

"It never occurred to you that you might be framing an innocent man?"

"Yes," she said. "It did. But I decided that if you were innocent it would come out at the trial. I couldn't see how you would be hurt if you were innocent."

"Maybe you begin to see it now."

She closed her eyes tight to hold back the tears. "I see a lot more than that. I went through with my part of it. I met you at the station. When you came along with me, I was almost sure everything Mother had told me must be true. And then suddenly I began to realize it couldn't be true at all."

Answer to Transposagram on page 41

DUET IS MAN OR MEN IN MOON SEND ON MORE AMMUNITION

"And what caused that marvelous revelation?"

"Just the simple fact that you would never impersonate Philip Tremaine if you had really been the man who had killed Earl Clark. And then it was so obvious after the first few minutes that you didn't want to come with me, that you were trying to escape from something else. The story Mother had told me began to fall apart, and I became more and more frightened. We were doing a terrible thing. Then at dinner I made that slip by telling you Father was dead and showing you that I knew you weren't my brother. The way Mother looked at me! And then I—I poured coffee on you so you'd have a chance to leave the room, a chance to escape before the police came. But they came too soon. Or maybe they came in time, because I don't know what would have happened if they hadn't come. That's all there is to it."

"Not quite," I said. "When I escaped from jail, the police still thought I was Philip Tremaine. They still think that. Neither you nor your mother has denied it." I finished shaving, dried the razor and started putting my shirt back on.

"Do you think the police would have believed me?" she asked. "And anyway, I thought you would tell them yourself. Instead you escaped. After that I was afraid to say anything, because I didn't know who you really were and I didn't want to do anything which might hurt your chances of getting away. It's true whether you believe it or not. I felt so guilty that I prayed for you. And then finally I called John Wickersham. I was going to tell him the whole story so he'd be able to tell me what to do. I wanted to confess. Then you came back to the house again." She started sobbing. "At first I thought you were going to kill me, and I was almost glad of it. But you didn't even hurt me."

"I only kidnaped you," I said.

"And when you told me about your own plans—about wanting to start all over again in a clean white world, I knew exactly what you meant. I've felt

that way for years. If only the past had never been! Because I know now that my brother did kill Earl Clark. And I've tried to help him put the blame on another man." She looked full at me a moment. "Someone I don't even know."

"We get a little better acquainted all the time," I said. I groped in my overcoat pocket where I found the door key, the car keys and the gun. The car keys I put on the glass shelf over the washbasin.

"I won't be needing these," I said. Then I went over to the chair and started ripping the bands of sheet away from her arms and legs.

"Why are you untying me?"

"I'm damned if I know. There might be a fire or something." I released both of her arms. "You can untie the rest of them yourself," I said. "It will give you something to do."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing. You'll have to stay here."

"How long do you want me to stay?"

"Does it make a difference to you?"

"You don't want the car?"

"There may be a watch out for it."

"What shall I say when the police talk to me?"

"Anything you please."

"But John Wickersham will know I left the house with you. I'll have to say something."

"Then say it. Tell them I brought you here and locked you up."

"Shall I tell them you're not my brother?"

"They may know already. It won't make much difference. No matter who I am, I slugged a police surgeon and broke jail."

She looked at me intently a moment. "If they find out you're not Philip, will they know who you really are?"

"They can learn."

"Wouldn't it be better?"

"It would have been better a few days ago. Now I'm not so sure. The police are looking for the wrong man, and my chances of getting away are better while they keep looking for the wrong man. And for your own protection you'd better keep acting as though you think I'm your brother. Framing someone is serious business."

She bit her lip. "Your escape means more to me than anything. If you get to the place where the past is all washed away, will you remember that I'm happy for you?" She sat very straight in the chair watching me.

"Yes," I said. "I'll try to remember."

I paused a moment at the door. "I've got a feeling you don't know much about men. Don't judge all of us by your brother."

"I won't," she said.

"I think I believe your story," I said. "Does that help any?"

She nodded. "It means a great deal. Goodby—whoever you are."

"Goodby," I said.

I UNLOCKED the door, left the key in it and slipped from the room. Outside, the corridor was dead silent, but the recesses of the old building seemed to breathe with creaks and drafts. The stairs creaked too as I descended; I passed the untenanted desk and went down the next flight to the street.

For a minute I hesitated in the entrance while I looked up and down Mission Street. The pistol was hard in my pocket. Except for a few drunks there was no one on the sidewalk. An empty coupé was parked in front of the hotel, and a half block down on the other side of the street was another car. A streetcar rattled by, its few passengers looking pale and tired in the bright interior. There was an atmosphere of peace in the electric dusk of the city, and—curiously—an atmosphere of finality. It was as though all things ended here. The city was like a veil of mist. You could see into it, but you couldn't see through it. Somewhere on the other side was the destination I'd

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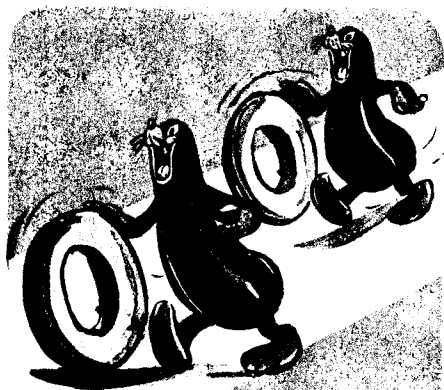


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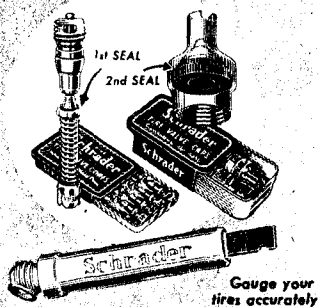
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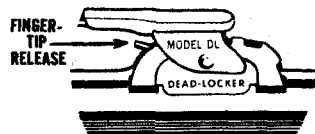
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originally sought—the place where you walk out of the mist into the bright certainty of the things you used to know. It was all there somewhere, but I had the giddy sensation that I'd lost the way. I kept thinking of the girl upstairs. Catherine Tremaine. I'd forgotten to be hard as stone. I shouldn't have listened to her if I ever wanted to get through the mist and see the snow fields again. I should have left her bound and gagged.

I knew it for sure when I felt the flow of warm air from the hotel door behind me and started to turn. I never finished turning. Something crashed against the back of my head and I went blank.

SOMETHING rumbled in my ears and vibrated through my head. I had difficulty breathing and lights kept flashing in front of my eyes at regular intervals. My body was curiously cramped. I tried straightening it out but it wouldn't move. My hands were tied together and tied in turn to my feet. The smell of dust was in my nostrils. I couldn't tell where I was or how I got there. I had a vague sense of guilt, as though I'd deliberately injured myself for the sake of a few minutes' pleasure. I had trusted someone because it was a pleasure to extend trust, and now I was suffering for the mistake.

I opened my eyes, but all I could see were the occasional flashes of light. They came as a reflection through an opening in the heavy robe that was thrown over me. I watched for several seconds, then felt my body being pulled backward as though by some magnetic force. It lasted just a few seconds. Then I realized where I was. I was on the floor of a car. The sound in my ears was the roll of the tires. The lights were street lamps, and my body had felt the magnetic pull when the car turned a corner.

Figuring all this out took a long time. I kept working at it because it gave me something to do while I waited for my mind to clear. It was slow in clearing. The sense of guilt kept interfering with my thoughts, and I had recurrent visions of myself standing by the chair in the hotel room ripping away the strips of sheet which held a pair of arms. The guilt and the release of the arms were somehow connected. The arms had followed me down a dark stairway and had hurt me. And I could see the face behind the arms; the soft eyes watching me. I stared until the face faded and turned into the opening in the robe that was folded over me.

The car was still moving. How long it had been moving and in what direction, I didn't know. It finally stopped. The sudden silence helped me hold my attention on the present. Another car pulled up beside the one I was in, and a man's voice spoke from the seat in front of me.

"Drive on up the road to the curve and turn around. If you see anyone coming, flash your parking lights." The voice was familiar. It was achingly familiar. It had a shuffling, sullen quality to it which even the urgency of the moment couldn't altogether eliminate. "I think he's already dead," the voice continued. I almost had it. "I won't give you a chance to miff things this time." The touch of sarcasm did it. Memory came back. The man in the front seat was Philip Tremaine.

So he'd followed me after all. He may even have preceded me, arriving in San Francisco first to make sure his plans were carried out. They'd gone wrong somewhere, but he was trying again. I'd underestimated him completely. He wasn't the unpleasant bore I'd thought him; he was a determined and calculating man. He hadn't cracked, and I had.

"Go ahead," said Tremaine. "When I'm finished, drive back and pick me up. I'll wait across the road there."

The car alongside pulled away and there was silence again for a few seconds. Then I heard the front door open and next felt a gush of cold air as the rear door by my head opened and a hand

threw back the robe. I lay perfectly still with my eyes closed. If a bullet was coming, there was nothing I could do. The hand gripped the ropes where my hands and feet were tied together and started dragging me from the car. I stayed limp while, grunting and cursing, he swung my body around and hoisted me into the front seat. Then he closed the door, went around to the other side of the car and slid under the wheel. He wasn't through with me yet. He lowered the window beside me enough to push my head out. Then he cranked up the glass until I could feel it pressing into my throat while the top of the window frame pressed down from above. He was behind me so I opened my eyes. We were in the hills. The ground dropped away from the side of the road, and far away I could see lights strung out along what must be a highway. The pale glow along the horizon looked like morning.

The hands were at work again, this time cutting and pulling away the ropes that bound me. I felt the smooth, sure fingers slide over my wrists. My legs dropped to the floor when they were freed and my arms fell to my sides. They were heavy and dead, like clubs. The panel of glass squeezed hard against my

throat as my weight sagged downward. It was choking me. Somehow I had to hit the window crank with my hand and pull my head out. I had to do it fast enough to get at the man sitting beside me before he could hit me again. I had to do it with hands that had no feeling in them. It was an abstract problem which I never had time to figure out.

At that moment the starter rasped, caught, and the car lurched forward, nearly snapping my neck. The headlights were on now. I stared ahead and saw the black surface of the road sweeping off to the left in a long curve. Beyond the road was the white line of a guardrail, its row of reflectors glittering out a warning. Beyond the guardrail was a void.

The car made another violent lurch forward as though the accelerator had been shoved clear to the floor. At the same time I felt a rush of cold air as the door to my left opened and slammed shut. My body came to life all by itself without my thinking about it at all.

I hit the window crank with my hand and fell back into the empty seat behind the wheel. There was no chance to reach the brake. I grabbed for the wheel and pulled, at the same time shoving



CARL ROSE

There's a Trick to It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Before the advent of radar and other mechanisms of supersensitivity, landing an airplane depended largely upon the skill of the flier. After the scientists had developed radar, it was discovered that bats had a kind of radar of their own. It also has been discovered that the ladies and gentlemen of the red suits in a deck of playing cards likewise have a kind of radar which insures a safe landing when flying, which oddly enough the kings, queens and jacks of the black suits do not have.

The magician offers to demonstrate and runs through a deck of cards and takes out all the picture cards. He then separates the red cards from the black. The six black cards he puts in one pile and the six red cards in another pile. He puts an ordinary-size dinner plate on the floor which he announces to be the landing field. He then asks the spectator to hold the black cards about three feet above the plate and try to drop them on the plate. The magician hands the cards to him, one at a time, and he drops them. None of them will go near the plate. The magician then takes the six red cards and drops them, singly, from the same height. All his cards land on the plate. It certainly seems as if the red cards were able to steer right for the plate.

The secret is that anyone not in the know will drop the cards edgewise, and no matter how careful the aim, when dropped in this manner, the cards will go wide of the plate because of air currents. However, the magician can make all his go directly down merely by holding the cards perfectly flat as he drops them. By edgewise is meant that the cards are held vertically, and by flat is meant that the cards are held as if they were lying on the table. The magician can insure that the spectator will drop his cards wrongly by handing them in the position he wants to have them dropped. With a very little practice, the magician is able to drop one card after another so rapidly that the spectators will not notice how they were held.



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down on the door handle at my side. The sudden twist on the wheel threw the door wide open and I half dived, was half flung through it. I hit the ground on a steep incline just outside the guardrail and skidded along on my face, my arms grasping for something to stop me before I went over the edge. They finally wound around a scrub pine that had its roots wedged in the rock right where it started dropping away. I stopped just in time to hear the car crash at the bottom of the cliff about a hundred feet below. The gasoline ignited.

FOR a minute I hugged the pine tree with all the strength left in my body, overcome by sheer panic. My head was down, my feet up, and some irresistible force seemed to be shoving me toward the flames below. I squeezed the pine tree. Then I realized I wasn't sliding any more. Somewhere across the canyon a window lighted up and I made out the outline of a man in an open doorway.

I doubled my legs and let them slide toward my shoulders until my knees met the pine trunk. Then I twisted slowly until my head was pointed uphill. As I turned, little pebbles came loose and trickled over the edge. I wormed upward, pulling at grass, bushes and the sharp edges of buried stones. The incline became shallower as I progressed, until finally I reached the stump of one of the guardrail posts, still rooted in the ground at the side of the road. I lay there panting.

A car with its parking lights on was rolling slowly down the hill from my right. It rounded the curve and came to a halt across the road from me. I couldn't see the driver but I saw a dark figure emerge from the bushes and approach the car. That would be Tremaine. A second later a door slammed and the car rolled silently on. I was supposed to be lying with a broken neck in the junked car a hundred feet beneath. It was the second time I was supposed to be dead. Only this time he'd shown himself. There'd be no round arms or somber eyes to soften me from now on.

For about five minutes I stayed where I was, slowly recovering strength. My face was raw and bleeding; my overcoat was tattered and covered with dirt; my body was one big throbbing bruise.

I had to get away before anyone came and while there was still a little night left. I struggled to my feet, and started downhill. It was the only direction I had strength enough to take.

The world began to get gray with morning. Far over to my left I could make out an arm of water with hills black against the pale dawn behind them. That had to be the lower arm of the bay, which meant I was somewhere on the peninsula south of San Francisco. I ran my hands through my pockets.

The gun was gone, of course. So was the razor. My wallet had been changed to another one something like the one I'd carried up from Mexico. It was engraved with the same initials—P. T. Inside it were Philip Tremaine's cards and a picture of his mother. In my coat pocket I found a letter addressed to Tremaine at a Mexican address. The letter was signed by Mrs. Tremaine and contained nothing except a little family news and some motherly greetings. I'd been fixed up again with Tremaine's identity so I could pass for him after I was dead. It was better than the first time; this time I was even wearing his clothes.

The only money left was a five-dollar bill. Tremaine, thoughtful to the last, had taken the rest of it and left me with just enough to keep up appearances. It reminded me of the twenty pesos he'd left in his wallet at Calisto.

I staggered back on the highway again and started on down the hill. With my face battered up, I'd be picked up the first time I showed it. On the other hand, the situation had improved in one respect at

least. Tremaine was in the vicinity of San Francisco, and he was the man who had murdered Earl Clark. If the police got him, they'd have no reason to hunt any longer for me.

Tremaine would stay hidden now that he was supposed to be dead. He'd wait for my body to be identified as his and give Catherine time to inherit her fortune. Then he'd step in and demand his share as the price for staying dead. He had to be damned certain that whoever identified my body as his would be utterly convincing to the police. A mother and sister could do that. The sister. I'd untied her from the chair and a minute later I'd been knocked unconscious for my trouble. Tremaine wouldn't stay with her long because the police would want her for questioning. But he still had to tell his mother what had happened. If she were in Palo Alto, I was headed in the right direction.

There is something about being the hunter rather than the hunted which bolsters up the ego and gives strength to flagging muscles. There is something about being struck on the head by the hand you've freed which makes hatred burn with an even brighter flame.

A car swept around the curve behind me. I didn't hear it or see it in time to duck so I kept on walking, hoping it would go on by. It slowed though and stopped.

"Better hop in," the driver said. I started to tell him, no thanks, but thought better of it. The highway patrol would be looking for whoever was in the car that went over the cliff.

"Thanks," I said and slid in beside him. I kept my collar turned up against my bloody face. It was still dark enough that he might not notice it right away.

"Going to the city?"

"No, I'm headed south."

"Fine," he said, "that's the way I'm going. We can ride together a way."

I was afraid he'd turn out to be one of these chatty drivers, but he didn't speak again for a long time. We drove down from the hills and hit the south Bayshore Highway. He turned south and drove on for about ten minutes. Finally he spoke:

"You know, I used to work for the F.B.I."

I looked at him then.

"Don't jump to conclusions," he said just as softly, keeping his eyes on the road ahead. "I'm not working for the F.B.I. now."

The man was Plumpy.

ON THE oily waters of the bay two little sailboats ran with the morning breeze, leaning away from the wind and circling across the water like a pair of white gulls. I could see the dark figure of a man in each, shouting and waving to the other. They were up early. The sight relieved me somehow. Part of the world still laughed. I looked at Plumpy again.

"Don't do anything rash," he said. "You're in no condition for it." He kept the car rolling easily and lighted a cigarette. He offered me one. I needed it.

"You damn' near made it," he said. I leaned into the corner of the seat and tried to rest my head so it wouldn't hurt so much.

"Close doesn't count."

"No," he said. "No. Have you figured out yet what's happened to you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then you're ahead of me a little. But not far." He dug two fingers into his vest pocket and pulled out a card. "Here."

It was the business card of the Blackstone Research Company. In one corner was printed *Rex Tuttle, Representative*.

"So you're a private detective."

"We call ourselves representatives," he said. "Sounds better. But an onion is an onion. We met before once."

"I remember. I wish now that you'd given me a bigger scare than you did."

"Yeah. I wanted to have a good look at you and hear your voice once. When

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you ducked out of Laredo so sudden, I thought someone must be after you."

"You were."

He laughed again. "You mean to say you were trying to get away from me?"

"That was the idea."

"Hell, that was silly. I knew you were going to San Francisco even before you crossed the border. I was just there to make sure no one was following you."

"Like who?"

"My God, man, killers don't cross the border under their right names every day. It's been a long time since Earl Clark died, but once in a while there's a guy on duty at the border who remembers everything. My first duty was to see that you weren't picked up."

"Suppose I had been?"

"Then I reported the news and faded out of the picture. That would have been the end of my job. You see, I was hired to pick up the trail of a man named Philip Tremaine, make sure he crossed the border all right, and then report the time and place of his arrival in San Francisco. I was told that's where you'd go. I had a picture of you along, and I checked the border register, so there was no mistake. I had the right man. Kinda odd, though. You weren't quite what I was expecting."

"What were you expecting?"

"Well, I know quite a bit about the background. I read up on it after I got the assignment. This Tremaine had all the dough in the world. Always had to have his own way. After he got kicked out of college he was shipped off to Europe, where he played around with other people who'd been shipped off to Europe. He was there a couple of years until just before the war started, when the State Department canceled his visa for being too friendly with the people we were about to go to war with. So he comes home again. Hardly gets here before he gets into this brawl with Earl Clark over Clark's wife and ends up shooting him."

"Yes?"

"So this guy I spot in Laredo doesn't quite fit the picture. He smokes a cheap brand of cigarette; he has calluses on his hands; he doesn't have the sullen drawl which Tremaine is supposed to have. Nothing definite—just the general picture. I'm not suspicious—just a little curious. The story I'd been told when I was hired was that Tremaine was coming home to face trial voluntarily, and that it was important for him to reach San Francisco without being stopped."

"Then this guy ducks out on me in Laredo and that worried me some, because the other part of my assignment is to report the time of his arrival in San Francisco. I found out that a San Francisco ticket had been sold but there was

no way of knowing which bus you were on, so I flew west and parked in Fresno, where I checked everything that came through. You showed up two days later. I wired the information ahead and got on the second section that followed about five minutes behind yours. I thought you might need some identification at the station in San Francisco. But when I got there I saw you climb into a taxi with your sister. That's the end of my job, see? I'm all through."

"This wire you mentioned—who received it?"

"Mrs. Reba Tremaine. After all, I was hired to deliver you to Mama."

"But I was delivered to the cops."

HE SNAPPED his cigarette butt from the window. "I didn't have a thing to do with that, but it set me wondering. All my curiosity came back. I'm not a clumsy operative. My job was to make sure no one else was following you, and believe me, I did—especially after you ducked out that way. So the police didn't know a thing about your arrival in San Francisco until after you got here. They weren't expecting you. That means someone tipped them off after you arrived, and it wasn't your Uncle Tuttle. That's when I got curious again. After all, the idea was that you'd turn yourself in. You didn't."

"No. Must have been Mrs. T."

"Well, it isn't hard figuring that out now. But it's still none of my business, see? You're a murderer and why should I worry about you? But then they run your picture in the paper and I take a close look at it. The one I'd seen of you was a snapshot taken somewhere in Mexico and didn't show your features very well. But the newspaper shot was full view, and I knew that somewhere I'd seen another picture of you—full face."

"Yes?"

"Like I said, I once worked for the F.B.I. I was a fingerprint man. Didn't have the education to get into the personal-investigation branch, which is why I left government service. Well, I remember a picture in the F.B.I. files, and it isn't a picture of Tremaine. So it occurs to me that this guy I picked up in Laredo isn't Tremaine at all and that he's being framed. This other guy hasn't murdered anyone that I know of. He's done a few other things that people frown on such as altering passports, which might land him in the clink for a while—"

"Yes?"

"I can't figure out any connection at all between the real Tremaine and this guy I pick up at the border. So I figure it this way—see if I'm right."

"This second guy—let's call him Fin-

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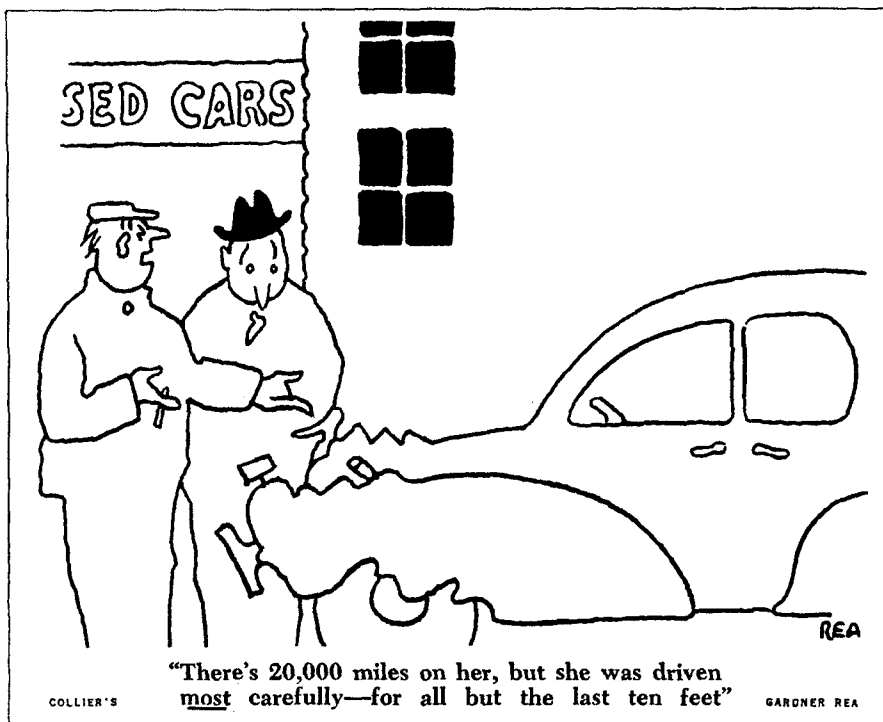
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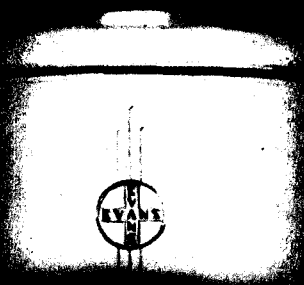
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PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

ney just for ducks—meets up with Tremaine in Mexico. Finney doesn't know anything about Tremaine's past because when Tremaine shot Earl Clark, Finney was somewhere in Europe and not receiving his home paper regularly. Finney wants to come back to the United States, but he's afraid to do it under his own name because twelve or thirteen years ago he falsified a passport to go fight in Spain. Apparently he doesn't know that the government has forgiven most of the boys who did that. Even before he went to Spain he spent a couple of years making street-corner speeches right here in San Francisco, but so far as I've been able to find out, Finney and Tremaine have never been in San Francisco at the same time until maybe very recently.

"Anyhow Finney is worrying about how he can get home when he runs into Tremaine in Mexico. Finney tells Tremaine his troubles, and Tremaine very kindly offers his Mexican tourist permit for Finney to use. A forged permit, by the way. Tremaine points out how his physical description just about fits Finney. He knows that when Finney crosses the border he'll head for San Francisco. So Finney takes the damned permit never knowing what kind of a jam he's headed for. Right?"

"No," I said. "Wrong. You give this Finney too much credit."

"How's that? Did he steal the permit?"

"He thought he was stealing it." He chuckled. "Yes, indeed. I see it now. They didn't even have to be friendly that way. For a while I thought Finney might have killed Tremaine to get it."

"Tremaine isn't dead."

"So you know who tried to push you over the cliff. Good enough. Killing the guy might be a fine idea but there's enough against you already without that. A short while ago all you were guilty of was falsifying a passport. You could have got off easy. But now you've re-entered the country with forged papers under a false name; you've impersonated a murderer, slugged a police surgeon, broken jail, kidnaped a woman and to all appearances stolen and wrecked an automobile. Somewhere along the line you must have been guilty of breaking and entering. It might be better if you really were Tremaine because it would be hard to prove you'd kidnaped your own sister or stolen the family car."

"The Tremaine car?"

"What car do you think?"

"You're certain of that?"

"You don't think I'm driving around for pleasure, do you? I've had my peepers on the Tremaine house ever since you broke jail. When the gal drove off tonight, I followed. I thought she was alone and might lead me somewhere. Quite a surprise to find you in the car with her. Quite a surprise to find someone else following, too."

HIS words ran on for a while but I couldn't listen to them. There was no reason why I should feel worse than I already felt, but I did. I hadn't seen the person who had struck me, and as long as I hadn't seen, there was a chance I was mistaken in thinking it was Catherine. Now I knew there was no mistake. Plumpy had just given me the clincher. It had been the Tremaine car that went over the cliff—the same car Catherine had driven and parked at Mission and Eleventh. When it went over the cliff, the keys were in it. And I remembered distinctly tossing those same keys on the shelf over the washbasin in the hotel. She was the last person to have those keys before I woke up in the back seat of the car. It made me sick. Catherine had knocked me cold and helped her brother try to kill me.

"There's nothing you can do about it though." Plumpy was still talking—"Nothing except run. Run like hell. Tremaine is probably on his way back to Mexico already where he'll stay in hid-

ing waiting for your dead body to be identified as his. It won't be, but that isn't going to do you any good. You're hot. Your fingerprints are all over everything and sooner or later they'll be identified. I wouldn't give you another twenty-four hours. There'll be others who'll remember who that newspaper photograph reminds them of."

I pushed myself to a sitting position. "I can't understand why it hasn't happened already."

He snorted. "People think they remember faces, but they don't. What you remember is the whole person—the voice, the gestures, the tricks of expression. Any good stage mimic knows that. The face isn't very important. Anyhow, no one has seen Tremaine around here for ten years. Before that he'd been in Europe right up to the time Clark was shot, so no one was very intimate with him. He didn't leave any recent photographs of himself around, and apparently his family burned all the old ones. They couldn't keep the story out of the papers but they kept his picture off the front page. I know. I looked through the old papers trying to find a picture for

"Think so? Maybe I think different." He swung the car off the highway and pulled up at a filling station. "This is as good a place as any to part company. Out you get, brother."

Waving back a service-station attendant, Plumpy wheeled the car around toward San Francisco, leaving me standing by the gas pumps.

THE attendant gaped at my bloody face. "I fell on it," I said. "The fellow in the car said I could catch a bus for Palo Alto from here. Is that right?"

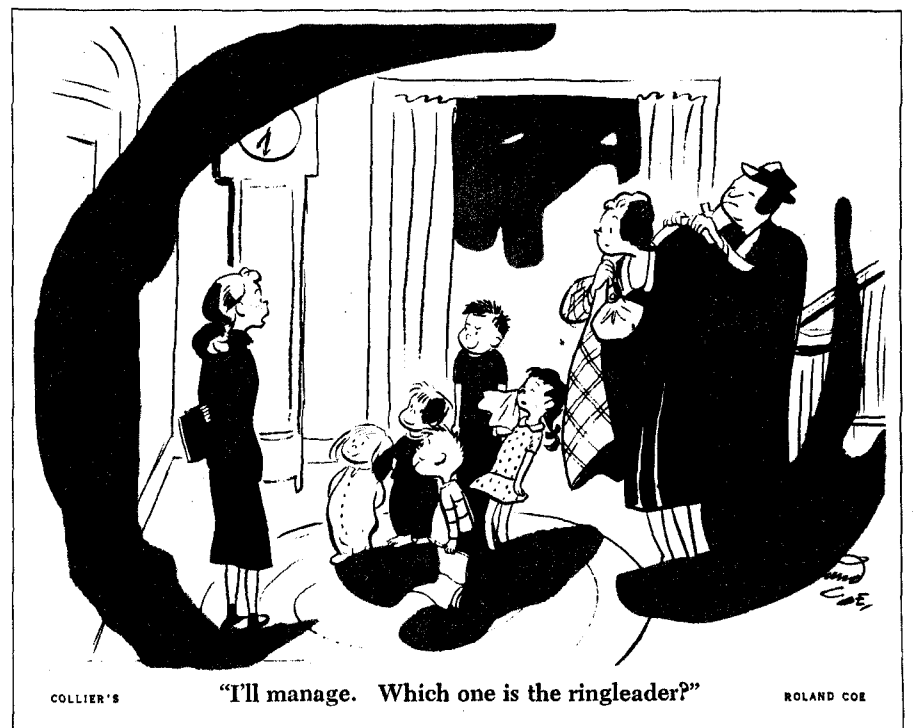
"Down at the lunchroom." He jerked his thumb toward a roadside café about two hundred yards down the highway. "There'll be another one along soon."

"Is your washroom open?"

"I'll unlock it for you." He got some keys and led me around to the side of the station. "I'll get some soap for you. Car wreck?" I nodded. "Anybody hurt bad?"

"I was alone," I said. "Guess I went to sleep for a second."

He nodded and went around to the front and returned a minute later with soap and towel. "Want some adhesive for those cuts on your forehead?"



myself. So when your picture was printed with Tremaine's name under it, who was going to question it? Especially when a sister and a mother both claimed you were Tremaine. But it won't hold once somebody checks your fingerprints or pulls out your old record. That's what I don't get. You were supposed to die, not go on trial. Why did they let the cops take you the first time? They couldn't very well kill you while you were in jail."

"Once I thought I knew the answer to that one. Now I don't."

"Well, I know enough anyhow. What are your plans?"

"I don't have any."

"Think maybe I'm going to turn you in, is that it? Nope. I'm not working for the Feds these days. If they want you, they can find you for themselves. Uncle Tuttle is a private operator and there's no reward out for you yet. At least, not for Mike Finney. Right now my business is with the Tremaines."

"I see. Going to try blackmail?"

"Don't know just what there is in it, but it's worth a try. If they succeeded in killing you, it would be worth a lot."

"Sure, I'm sorry I'm not dead."

He nodded in agreement. "Yep. If you were dead, they'd pay almost anything to keep me shut up. But right now they think you're dead, so the trick is to get to them before they learn otherwise. That's why I want to get you out of the vicinity."

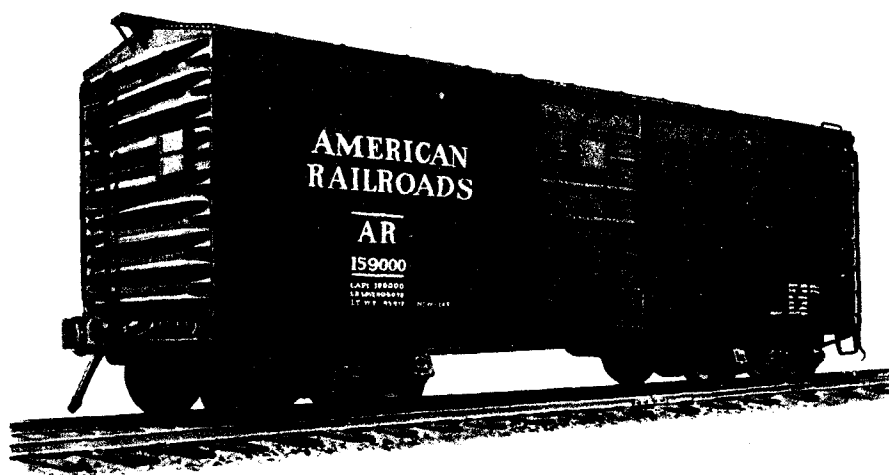
"You're going to be disappointed. There's no ready cash."

"Thanks. I'll see how they are after I wash." I went into the lavatory and looked at myself in the glass. One side of my face was caked with blood, and my hair was matted with the stuff. I felt the back of my head; it was swollen and throbbing. I wondered what she had used. My overcoat was minus a couple of buttons; a big rip ran down from the lapel. The front of it looked as though it had gone through a meat grinder. I took it off and put it on a hook. Underneath it, the suit was still in pretty fair condition. I took off my coat and shirt and started washing. I doused my head in a basin of water and scrubbed my hair. I nearly keeled over a dozen times from standing with my head down, but I finally finished the job. After the blood was off my face, it didn't look as bad as I'd expected. It was sore and bruised, but the deep cuts were all in my scalp and forehead. I combed my hair sideways so it hid the worst of them. Then I dressed again, shook out the overcoat and threw it over my arm.

When I stepped outside, the sun was up. The attendant was putting gas in a car. I took the towel around to the office, threw it over a chair, waved at him and started limping down the highway toward the café. About halfway there, a dry culvert ran under the road; it was a good place to chuck the overcoat.

No one was in the café except a couple of truck drivers and a sleepy waitress. The truck drivers paid no attention to

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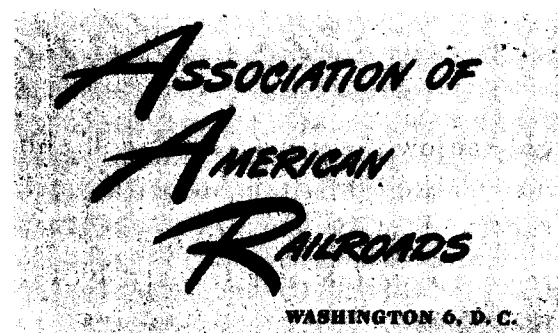
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me. I ordered hot cakes and coffee and just had time to finish eating when a southbound bus drew up to a stop. . . .

In times of stress, plans for action come to mind almost automatically. They are often very poor plans and express nothing more than an instinctive search for a way of self-preservation. My immediate plan was to find Philip Tremaine. The execution of the plan was more difficult than formulating it because I didn't know where to find him. His disguise was the best in the world. He simply had to wear his own face and no one would look twice at him, because his name had by now been associated with my face. He wouldn't even have to hide. First, so I reasoned, he would go to his mother. She must be told that I was dead in order to be prepared to identify my body as his. He might have accomplished this already. He'd had plenty of time. My hope was that, thinking me dead, he wouldn't bother to hurry; I thought I had a chance to catch up with him at his mother's house.

THE bus went through Redwood City ten minutes after I got on it. The ride wasn't a long one after that. A clock in a Palo Alto drugstore where I went to find a phone booth showed the time to be 7:45. I sat in the phone booth and looked up Reba Tremaine's address.

The town isn't big, so I didn't take the chance of asking anyone where to find the street I wanted. I just walked, watching the street signs and house numbers and trying to get my body into working order again. I came to the right street finally, hitting it at the eleven-hundred block. The house I wanted was in the three-hundred block, eight blocks to my left. The street was quiet and shaded by big maples that lined it on either side.

It was about a five-minute walk to the place. The house was a one-story bungalow. It set well back from the street, with about fifteen feet of space on either side between it and the houses next door. The shades were drawn on the front windows. No policeman was in front.

I went by on the opposite side of the street, turned at the corner and walked slowly around the block. About halfway back on the next street was a vacant lot which opened a view across the alley to the rear of the place. No policeman in sight in back either, and the shades on the kitchen windows were drawn. There was a garage at the rear of the house with an alley entrance; its doors were open; it

was empty. The place looked deserted, but while I watched, a car eased into the alley and entered the garage. The glimpse I had of the driver was brief—enough to tell me he was a man and nothing more. But I could think of only one man who'd be calling at Reba Tremaine's house at this early hour.

I ran across the vacant lot to the wall of the neighboring house, slipped along the wall to the rear and crossed the back yard up to the protection of a little shed which was directly across the alley from the garage. The driver was already out of the car. I waited for him to appear from the garage, but he went through a small door at the front end. I heard the door slam and heard his footsteps on the walk leading to the house.

The garage was between us, so I ducked across the alley and into it and found the door at the other end. I opened it carefully, just a crack, and got another fleeting glimpse of the figure as he rounded the corner of the house. For a few minutes I stayed where I was. If an officer were waiting inside the house, then Tremaine was walking right into him, and I could hear about it from where I stood. Seconds passed and there was no sound from within the house.

Then I did hear voices. They weren't loud enough to distinguish the words, but the flow of sound had a conversational rise and fall. One voice belonged to a woman. That would be Reba Tremaine, I decided, roused from bed by her son and helping to plan his final escape. He'd need a little money perhaps, and he'd need to tell her exactly what had happened so she'd be able to tell the right lies when the time came. Right now his cool insolent voice was probably describing the conditions of my death. Both of them were going to be damned surprised when I walked in on them. My plan was very concise up to that point. I would lay him out cold, identify him by every means at hand, call the police and leave him for them to find. The car in the garage was my means of escape, and I'd take Reba Tremaine along until I knew her son was in the hands of the police. Once they had the real Tremaine in their hands, they'd lose interest in me. It would leave only the federal men for me to worry about, and so far they weren't interested because, except for Plumpy, no one had even mentioned the name of Mike Finney.

I opened the little garage door wide enough to slip through, and stepped onto

the soft dirt of the flower beds bordering the house. The voices were a little clearer and seemed to be coming from a room in front. That meant I'd better try the back door first because I didn't want to give anyone a chance to slam the front one in my face.

There were four wooden steps leading up to a screened porch. The screen door opened easily when I put my hand on it. I stepped across the back porch and peered through a slit of glass just below the drawn shade of the window. The kitchen was just inside, and from the kitchen a door led into what looked like a hallway. I could see about three feet of it from where I stood. The voices were still audible. I put my hand on the knob and tried it. The door was locked but it wasn't very solid. Someone had slammed it a few times when the key was turned, and the bolt had gnawed a groove for itself in the door frame. I got my knee against the frame, leaned with all my weight and pulled gently at the door. The tongue of the lock scraped over the chewed wood until it was free. I stepped inside, closed the door as far as it would go without another struggle and listened. I could distinguish the words now.

"It's a horrible, horrible thing," Reba Tremaine was saying.

"It can't be helped," the drawling male voice replied. "That's the way it happened. I came to you right away because you have to know about it. I hope it doesn't involve you too much."

"It can't help but involve me," she said. "There'll be all that disgusting publicity again. Our pictures in all the papers, reporters pounding on the doors. I just can't bear it."

"It can't be helped," he repeated. I heard a chair scrape as he got up. "Anyway, that's the story. I haven't much time and I'm dead for sleep. I'll be on my way."

THE complete confidence and coolness of the man's tones gave me all the seething energy I needed. Reba Tremaine's gasps of horror hadn't been at the manner of my supposed death, merely at the thought of the publicity. The publicity worried her, but everything else was taken care of. So they thought. I marched out of the kitchen and into the hallway, making no effort to remain silent. I even tromped a little.

"That's just part of the story," I said as I stepped into the living room. "And you won't be on your way." I headed straight for the man standing in the center of the room. Then I stopped. The room seemed to sway a little as I looked at him. I caught a glimpse of Reba Tremaine coming to her feet, her hand clutching at the throat of her blouse, her mouth distorted and gaping.

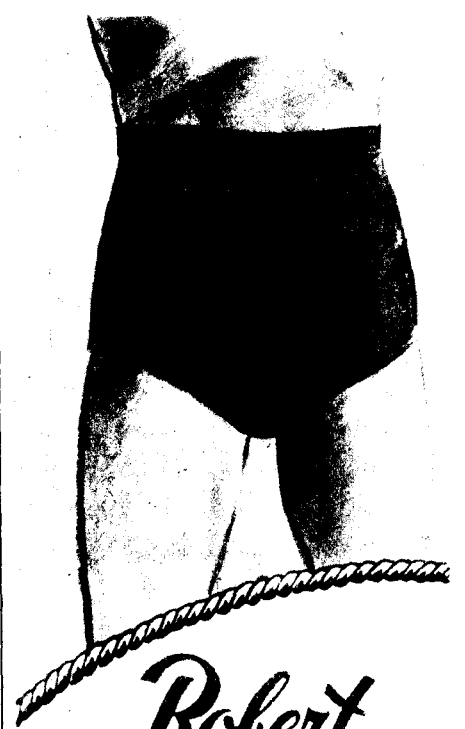
"Philip!" she croaked. "Philip!"

But I wasn't looking at her. I was looking at the tall man in front of me, and while I looked, all the energy drained out of my body and was replaced by sick disappointment. I'd been too angry to see straight; I'd been too anxious to see Philip Tremaine. Because the man in front of me wasn't Tremaine at all; it was Wickersham. He'd probably been telling Mrs. Tremaine about my appearance at the San Francisco house during the night.

He had a red, swollen jaw where I'd socked him. His fingers went to it involuntarily when he saw me; an expression of positive delight entered his eyes.

"Well, well," he said reflectively, smiling at me. "I certainly never thought I'd have this opportunity so soon." He stepped toward me and swung. I made an instinctive effort to duck, but there was no heart behind the effort. I was too dazed by this final twist of events to do more than wobble. My duck was a slow bow. His big fist landed full on the side of my face, and I escaped into a sudden and peaceful darkness.

(To be continued next week)



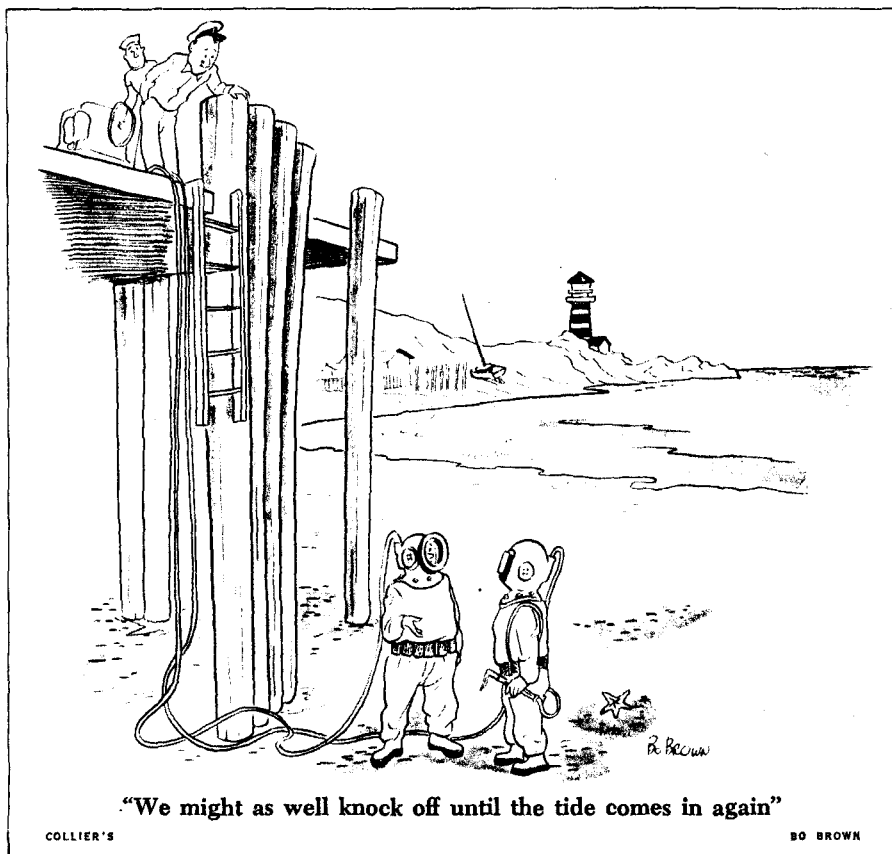
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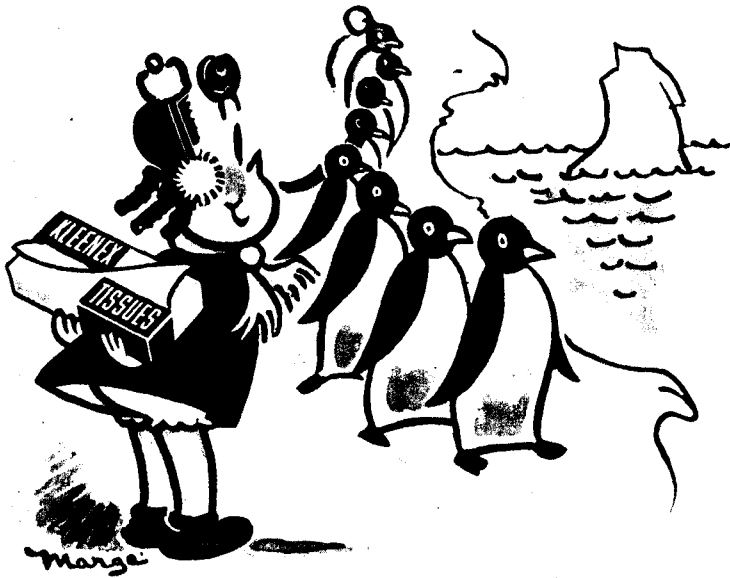
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WARREN WARMUP

Continued from page 65

ignored Warren's appeals and smothered the bill in committee.

Against this one setback are many victories. For example, the governor proposed a long-range highway program and, in order to raise the necessary millions, urged a hike in the gasoline tax from 3 cents to 4½ cents a gallon, together with an increased tax on commercial vehicles. The major oil companies, long a political power, screamed, but Warren matched them blow for blow and won. As a result, the state now has \$75,000,000 a year to spend on state highways during the next decade, and also \$9,000,000 a year with which to help cities and counties improve their roads and streets.

Organized labor, as well as Big Business, has also come off second best in bouts with Earl Warren. The threats and pleas of union leaders could not induce him to veto a Hot Cargo bill, prohibiting secondary boycotts, and it was over the anguished protests of both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. that he signed a measure outlawing jurisdictional strikes.

During his administration old-age pensions have been upped from \$40 to \$60 a month; unemployment insurance raised from \$20 to \$25 a week for a maximum of 26 weeks, and the waiting period lowered from two weeks to one; workmen's compensation benefits now range from \$9.75 to \$30 a week, with an outright death benefit of \$7,500 to widows, and the act has been broadened so as to provide cash payments for workers when ill or injured through nonindustrial causes.

Child-care centers, a federal war project to handle the little ones of working mothers, have been continued by the state at heavy cost; aid to the blind has been increased from \$50 a month to \$75, and aid to needy children from \$10.40 a month to \$23.80.

From 1937 to 1943, the minimum pay for elementary, high school and junior college teachers was \$1,320 a year. Today the annual minimum for all teachers is \$2,400. Declaring that there was no room in a progressive state for the one-room and two-room school, the governor has launched a large-scale building program, and the \$20,000,000 already allotted to impoverished school districts will be raised by another \$30,000,000 if he has his way.

Modernizing the Prison System

California's penal system has been completely overhauled and with emphasis on rehabilitation rather than mere custody. Along with new construction and remodeling, the prisons have been divided into three groups—maximum security, medium security and minimum security—and an Adult Authority determines the classification of prisoners, fixes prison terms and is entirely responsible for discipline and paroles.

Apparently the Warrenistas have ample justification for their claim that the governor is the Republican party's answer to its prayer in the event of a deadlock. A consistent and courageous progressive, steering a sane course between radicalism and standpatism; an experienced executive with a genius for co-operation, and a candidate who has proved his ability to attract and hold the independent vote.

But the chorus of praise is not free from impassioned dissents. Prior to Earl Warren's advent, Republican leadership in California was notorious for its conservatism, and while the Old Guard has been whittled down almost to the vanishing point, the survivors retain both their voices and their views.

A particular offense is the nonpartisan nature of the governor's appointments,

and his failure to put tried and trusted Republicans in key posts. As for his social welfare laws, they are attacked as an "attempt to steal New Deal thunder," a bid for the old Roosevelt following that is "filling the state with the old, the lame, the halt and the blind." In support of the charge it is pointed out that aged aid recipients have increased by 10.5 per cent; children eligible for aid by 25.5 per cent; blind aid recipients by 11.4 per cent; and correctional institutional inmates by 10.4 per cent.

Charges of Extravagance

According to the dissidents, luck, rather than prudent administration, has been responsible for California's overflowing treasury. Up to 1942 the state was deep in the red, and would still be a jump ahead of bankruptcy but for the millions brought in by defense activities. The governor's special reserve funds are dismissed as a "drop in the bucket," and his tax cuts derided as merely one tenth of what they should have been. They bemoan Earl Warren's wastefulness, and, as evidence, cite the 1948-1949 budget—a total of \$919,943,287, while for the

From next week's installment of **THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: On the evening of Pearl Harbor day, Churchill called Roosevelt from London. "The President told him that we were all in the same boat now."**

same period Governor Dewey is asking only \$707,500,000 for New York!

Governor Warren, to be sure, meets the attack head on. While frankly admitting the "staggering" size of the budget, he stresses "the most phenomenal growth ever experienced by any state in the history of our country . . . the inflationary forces which have accelerated during recent years . . . the tendency to shift the costs of government from local taxation to state taxation," and winds up with the bold challenge that his budget, aside from all other considerations, "reflects the insistence of a progressive people upon ever higher standards of education, public health, social welfare, institutional care, public works and other necessary governmental services."

All of which is just so many words to the Old Guard, and they are going ahead on the compilation of a Warren dossier that will emphasize his "radicalism," his "prodigality" and his "nonpartisanship." They will file this dossier with the Republican high command at the proper time. And in event of a deadlock, they are confident that their "damning indictment" will prevent any consideration of California's governor.

"With Henry Wallace in the field," they argue, "Democratic defeat is certain, making it perfectly safe to nominate a sound conservative and 100 per cent party man. And that is what Earl Warren isn't. There's nothing we can do to head him off as a favorite son, but we can and will stop him in the convention."

Their enthusiasm undimmed, Warrenistas laugh at the Old Guard remnant as "just a lot of zombies," still living in the days when Republican candidates were chosen in "smoke-filled back rooms," and hopefully waiting for the second coming of Warren Harding. "Give us a deadlock," they say, "and Earl's in."

So there you have the difference of opinion that makes convention fights as well as horse races.

THE END

Collier's for June 26, 1948

THE GENERAL WAS AN HONEST MAN

Continued from page 67

son of his, I've got to risk losing it! That's enough to swear about!"

He went away into the darkness aft. I'd met the General's wife. She wasn't young, but she had the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. And she'd looked at me so eagerly when she heard I'd soon be going back to the *Estados Unidos* she'd made me a little uncomfortable.

The boat went on up the river. I hadn't known the General had anything to do with Garrison's business. In fact, Garrison had told me, in some satisfaction, that he didn't pay graft to anybody. Which was remarkable for a *Yanqui* in the tropics.

The card game below me went on. The General lost a bet, and grinned at the man who'd won it. He was marvelously at ease, and that was queer, in a way. Nobody else cracked a smile. The *abogado* looked gloomy, as if he knew his journey would be futile for his client.

Garrison came back scowling. "What's the General got to do with your boat?" I asked. "And what's this about his son?"

"His son was a deplorable incident," said Garrison briefly. "He's why I'm making a fool of myself for his mother. The General's an honest man. When this business began to make money, various eminent *politicos* sent their worthless relatives to me with polite notes saying they hoped I'd be able to make use of their talents. Meaning, hire them or be run out of business by official interference. I think the General heard about it. Anyhow, he gave an interview to *El Diario*, up in the capital pointing out how valuable my boat and its development of interprovincial commerce was to the country, and how all patriots should honor me. I had no more trouble."

He glowered at the brightly lighted bow deck. Suddenly he said angrily:

"How law abiding are you?"

"That depends," I said cautiously.

"You could be heaved out of the country," said Garrison, "and you might spend a week or so in jail while they were deciding to do it. But would you break a few laws for the good of your soul and no other reward whatever?"

"If it were very good for my soul," I said, "but not otherwise."

He growled and went into the pilothouse. He came out again and said:

"Then watch that game like a good fellow. That's all. If it starts to break up, fall over the rail or something."

He vanished astern again without further explanation. I smoked and watched the card game. I'd never heard of the General's son at all. And all I knew of the General was the mildly humorous tale of how he got started.

TWENTY years before, he'd been a junior lieutenant in a regiment of barefoot soldiers, and his company commander went off on extended leave. He was left in charge. And for three months his soldiers collected all their pay and all their rations for the first time in their experience. They thought they were in heaven. But the General—then a mere lieutenant—was in a very bad fix when his superior officer came back. For his breach of ancient tradition, he was sent off to fight fever and bandits in the mountains. But it happened that his men liked him. So they not only took pot shots at bandits to oblige him, they actually reported it when the bandits tried to make the usual deals for advance military information. In consequence, the young lieutenant came marching back to the capital with practically the whole bandit population of the mountains as prisoners, and there was nothing to do but promote him. It was his start up the ladder of military rank.

Collier's for June 26, 1948

Garrison came back yet again, cursing to himself. I stopped him. "What is all this, Garrison?" I asked. "What's up?" "At the moment," he told me furiously, "nothing! I'm incompetent! I haven't mastered the art of picking locks. Damn women!"

There were just two women on the boat; the General's wife and the wife of the poor devil in handcuffs down below. She was going along with him to his trial, and she was white-faced.

"Picking locks?" I said helpfully. "I used to know an escape artist. He showed me some interesting tricks."

"Come on, then!" said Garrison.

I followed. Back about thirty feet. Down a ladder. It seemed remarkably dark back here. Down three steps into a cabin. The two women were there, standing beside the prisoner, a lean young Latin without a tie. He was handcuffed, and the chain passed around a sort of iron stanchion strengthening the cabin roof. The General's wife and the wife of the prisoner were plainly united in a bond of completest understanding. They turned quickly as I entered.

GARRISON had introduced me before. Now he said formally that I claimed the art of picking locks, and the General's wife smiled warmly.

"*Bueno! Bueno!*" she said gaily, turning to the younger woman. "This is fortune!" To me she explained pleasantly: "It is necessary to release this young man, *Señor*. My husband, the General, discovered that he had stolen much from the government. He arrested him. But he did not profit from his thefts. He obeyed the orders of another, who has already fled the country. Therefore this young man will take the penalty for the much greater thief, and that is not just."

The younger woman looked at me with frightened, hopeful eyes.

"But Garrison—" I protested.

"The *Señora*," said Garrison coldly, "insists that this young man be released. For the good of my soul I agree. If you have a gift for felonies, don't ask questions, but get those cuffs off him!"

I could not pretend confidence, because I didn't have it.

"I'd have to have a dollar watch and a pair of scissors," I said uncomfortably, "just to try it. And I ought to have a pair of handcuffs to practice on."

The *Señora* laughed. I'd spoken in English. She translated. The prisoner's wife caught my hand suddenly and kissed it. I felt ashamed.

"Come up in the pilothouse," said Garrison. "There's an old pair of cuffs there, for morale. The key won't open this set, though. And I've a watch I'd been intending to get fixed."

We went out and up again. The stars were lurid, even with the moon—white-hot and huge—now well above the horizon. I had that daunting sensation of absurdity which comes in situations out of all reason. Garrison sent the river pilot down for coffee. Then he angrily gave me a battered watch, a pair of rusty handcuffs, and turned up a pair of disreputable scissors.

I smashed the watch on the jamb of a cupboard door and pulled it apart. It was rather like dissecting a crab, but harder. I stuck my fingers with small gears. Presently I had the spring. I snipped out a section of it and said:

"I've never actually done this before. Why the devil can't the *Señora* work on her husband? A little connivance—"

The windows of the pilothouse were open and we could hear the sounds of the card game. The General threw back his head and laughed. Alone. The others merely murmured. Garrison scowled.

"He's a monster of integrity," he said

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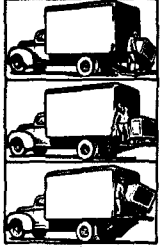
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bitterly. "That's why I have to make a fool of myself. For the sake of his wife. I'm sorry for her. She's had the devil of a life, between her son and the General's honesty!"

I messed with the spring and the rusty handcuffs. When cuffs are snapped on, the swinging piece that locks on a man's wrist has teeth that catch in a ratchet to keep it locked. The escape-artist trick is to slide a bit of bent watch spring under that ratchet, push the swinging piece one notch further so the ratchet climbs up, and then simply slide the handcuff off. It works nicely.

"He's not human!" said Garrison between his teeth. "Once there was a revolt down south. They sent him—he was a major, then—to hold the rebels in check while they gathered an army to put down the whole thing. He'd a couple of hundred men. But when the army started south they met the major on his way back, with the head of the revolt in tow. He'd given the man safe-conduct and was heading for the capital for a conference. How's that thing coming?"

"I almost have it," I said, encouraged. "The general in command of the army, of course, pointed out that the General—then a major—had no authority to grant a safe-conduct. So he took the poor devil of a rebel leader and stood him against a wall and shot him. And the General—down yonder, I mean"—and Garrison nodded toward the card game—"blew up. He rode hell-for-leather to the capital and resigned his commission, and rode hell-for-leather back to the army, and as a civilian and a free agent very politely slapped his former superior officer's face. It was very public and very deliberate and the other man simply could not back down. So there was a very formal duel, with all the trimmings, and he killed his man very competently, and then he rode on back to the rebels and told them what had happened."

THERE was a promising click in the handcuff I worked on. "I'm coming along!" I said. "I think I'll manage it! What did the rebels say?"

"They made him the head of the revolution," said Garrison dryly. "The fine drama of his performance was inspiring. So then the government sent down a flag of truce, and he proved the rebels had some right on their side, and a provincial governor was fired and some of his subordinates jailed, and the rebel army went home. And the General was a hero to the populace. The army took him back to its bosom as a brigadier general, praying that his example of integrity wouldn't be too widely imitated."

Quite incredibly, I got the click I was listening for. The locked handcuff came open. I locked it again and tried afresh. "But why—" Then I realized how completely insane all this was. "Look, Garrison," I said. "Why the devil do we have to turn a prisoner loose? I've nothing against him, but if he did steal—"

"The Señora wants it," said Garrison bitterly. "She is the one woman in the world for whom I will not only make a fool but an ass of myself. I am risking my boat and my business for a minor thief I never saw before and devoutly hope never to see again. Simply because I know her husband and knew her son. If you tell me I'm crazy I'll agree with you, but dammit—Are you set?"

I nodded. The river pilot was coming back. The picture of the card game was as starkly theatrical as before. That incredible white glare like a spotlight made the scene preposterous. There were some huge, eight-inch moths fluttering about the lantern now, and when they were out of the light they looked like bats, and when in it like stuffed plush theatrical properties. When the light struck just right, too, their eyes glowed like garnets. The General pushed a stack of coins to the middle of the table. Two men

dropped their hands. A third started to match it, changed his mind, and tossed in his cards. The General raked in his winnings. Then, grinning, he laid down his hand face up. He'd bluffed. He roared with laughter.

"Damn him!" growled Garrison in my ear. "Come on after me in a minute."

He went out. I stood there, suddenly irresolute. The insanity of this proceeding became an overwhelming conviction. The air which flowed past me was humid and hot from the day now past. You could almost smell the sunshine that had heated it. And that was normal and proper, like the habit of minding one's business in the tropics as elsewhere. But then the boat swam through a chill, wet tendril of jungle air and then the sweat on my skin felt icy.

The pilot came in and I went after Garrison to explain how completely irrational it was for us two foreigners to interfere in the administration of justice in this nation. Especially since the man in question was admittedly a thief.

But the General's wife smiled at me in the shadowy cabin, and the prisoner's wife greeted me with a gasp of relief.

"I've told them you can open the handcuffs," said Garrison. "Do your stuff." I said indignantly, "Listen! What are you going to do after he's free? We're out in the middle of the stream. What'll you do? Let them swim ashore?"

There was consternation. The women had not thought. Garrison made profane sounds under his breath. He is a very decent man, Garrison. He must have been very deeply moved, to set about obeying a woman in this lunacy without thinking past his reluctance.

I bent over and tried my silly scrap of spring. The prisoner breathed on my neck as I worked. He was stiff, rigid, torn between intense hopefulness and absolute despair. There was a little scratching noise. One hand was free. I worked again. He had no handcuffs on. He moved his hands as if they were numb.

"All right," I said in unreasonable irritation. "He's loose. And what are you going to do about it?"

Garrison muttered, and said without hope, "That's right. He can't swim ashore. Not with his wife. If they did, the jungle—"

The General's wife smiled confidently at me. "But this Señor will think of something. His wife is going to have a baby, Señor. He cannot be put in prison. You cannot put a man in prison when his wife is going to have a baby!"

It was sheer lunacy. There were probably twenty people on the boat, any of whom might stop watching the card game and come back and catch us at this business. And we had absolutely no excuse for what we were doing.

"Listen!" I said exasperatedly. "You'd need to get a small boat overboard with a moderately plausible excuse. You'd need to account for his escape. For credibility, he ought to have had friends who'd hidden themselves on board. It should have been done a long time ago, anyhow. The moon's up now and anything on the water will show up like a sore thumb. It's crazy!—Garrison, can you make your engine smoke and stink?"

Garrison said, "Yes. But why?" I explained grandly, with the fine precision of someone acting contrary to all his upbringing and common sense. Inspired, I pointed out the necessity of shifting some cargo below decks to make a hiding place for the mythical rescuers of the prisoner. I insisted on a food supply. I urged a weapon or two. And then I said severely to the prisoner—who regarded me with desperately intent eyes—that if by any chance he was discovered, he was not to use those weapons to avoid recapture. They were for the jungle only. I was very firm about this.

HIS white-faced wife panted as she listened. I hardened my heart against her and spoke authoritatively to Garrison, as if I knew what I was talking about. Then I made a final gesture and went back to the pilothouse and looked down once more on the card game.

The moon swam higher in a sea of stars, and the roof of the jungle glistered with the dew upon it. There was a bellowing noise of a beast somewhere. It was hopelessly discordant and morbid. But I knew it was only a caiman on a mud flat. I heard a tiny shriek off to the right, and knew that a monkey had found death twining horribly about him in the blackness. And there were the voices about the card table, and there was the monotonous muted drumming of the Diesel engine below, and there were all the sounds and smells and dissonant sensations one encounters in a tropic night.

Presently the pulsing rhythm of the Diesel changed subtly. I looked astern, and there was a smoke trail behind me. It grew thicker. I don't know what Garrison did to make it, and still less do I know how he kept his engineer's hands off whatever adjustments he did make. But that smoke would nicely hide anything Garrison chose to leave behind. The boat went on. Moonlight silvered its white paint and made flamboyant streakings on the bow wave as it spread.

Then the sound of the engine changed violently. It coughed and sputtered and made plaintive sounds, which were plainly pathetic appeals for aid. And then it cut off, and the boat drifted onward, the water whimpering alongside.

The players about the card table looked up, and Garrison appeared and





Eldon Beerbower lost all of his hair at the age of 12. Three years later, still completely bald, Eldon began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Above, Eldon after eight weeks use.

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Mrs. Amy Clevenger, Central Point, Ore., age 62. "I was completely bald for two years. Now I have almost all my hair back."



Left—O. K. Nulton, Olympia, Wn., age 65—"My hair was falling out by handfuls. Now my head is almost completely covered with hair." Right—L. H. Coolidge, 5023 Prince St., Seattle, Wn.—"Hair is filling in; scalp condition much improved."



Left—Rev. L. C. Elliott, 2033 S.E. 51st Ave., Portland, Ore., age 70—"I purchased on advice of my barber and I got results." Right—Marjorie King, Vanport, Ore.—"It is almost unbelievable, but two years ago I was completely bald."

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made an elaborate explanation in a tone of mild vexation. Then he bellowed, and two men came out of the crew's quarters, yawning, and put the small boat over-side. Garrison got into it himself while one of them held the painter, and fished around the stern with a boat hook. He seemed satisfied, and presently swung back to the deck. He went below and within seconds the Diesel was at work again, drumming not quite right but satisfactorily enough, and the boat picked up way once more. But it still left a smoke trail of pearly white vapor that rolled and spread over the black water in the moonlight. It veiled everything behind us. . . .

Nothing had happened. Nothing would happen. We went onward through the night, the black river furnishing a playground for star images and for splashes of the moon's reflection. A way had been opened for the prisoner and his wife to escape. That was all.

A LONG time later, Garrison came back to the rail where I still looked down. He regarded the General morosely. "He's off," said Garrison. "He's miles behind, now, with his wife. I'm a fool! None of my business, either, but I couldn't refuse that poor damned woman. She was thinking of her son."

The General yawned amiably, down below. He tossed in a bet with the air of a man who is about to quit.

"The General," said Garrison dourly, "is one of those cases you read about in the history books, but they really belong to the psychiatrists. He's an honest man. His honesty was the secret weapon behind the last revolution. It brought in the current regime."

He explained that the previous regime had stolen a little more openly than even a Latin-American electorate will stand for, and trafficked too brazenly in places and immunities from internal-revenue regulations. And at last someone in power actually tried to cover up a murder, with the assistance of authority. Then suddenly there was street fighting in the capital and rumblings in all the provinces. There was an excellent setup for a nasty civil war.

"The General stopped it," said Garrison without admiration. "He signed a manifesto and the government ran away. Because people believed the General was honest. They'd back him. Oh, of course there were countermanifestoes, and a lot of bandits began to call themselves patriots defending legal government, and some people who thought themselves patriots probably found they'd become bandits overnight. So it was pretty bad for a while, but the people would back anybody the General backed, so that was that. But for a while there were too many bandits."

The card game was definitely breaking up. I heard a sound behind me, and there was the General's wife, wavering irresolutely, but smiling anxiously in the moonlight. Garrison hastily said, "Perdoname," and escaped into the pilot-house. I think he wanted to avoid being thanked. The Señora looked at me.

"I—have to express my gratitude," she said with an odd catch in her throat. "You have much experience, Señor, and it was needed."

She probably thought me a professional burglar, but there was nothing in her manner but graciousness.

"I wished to help the poor young man," she explained, her eyes searching my face, "because his wife was going to have a baby. He knows, now, that it was wrong for him to steal. So he will steal no more."

I agreed politely. This was no time for cynicism.

"And naturally I feel most acutely for a young man who has done wrong." She hesitated, and said, "Because of my son."

I bowed. I did not understand at all, but I bowed.

"So sometimes—when my husband's sense of duty forces him to actions which are harsh—" The Señora had a little trouble breathing. "Sometimes I do as I did tonight. I think my husband would forgive me, but he could not forgive himself. You see—"

She saw her husband on the deck below. She smiled at him. It was a very tender smile, with compassion and affection and a very odd maternal quality in it. Somehow, it would make me very uncomfortable to know that a woman had smiled at me like that. Even though it was all tenderness. And then her uneasiness vanished.

She said lightly, "There is a trivial thing I would like to do. There is a young man in New Orleans who may not communicate with his family. If you would be both kind and discreet and give him a message, it would be a great comfort to his parents."

"I will be in New Orleans within a month," I said.

Her eyes shone. They were very beautiful eyes. They shone out of all proportion to the favor she had asked. Her hand shook a little as she put a bit of paper in my hand.

"Here is his name," she told me. "At least, it is the name he uses. I have not the exact address, but there is information which will enable you to find him."

"There are, of course, such things as directories," I said encouragingly.

Her breath came fast. I had the feeling of one witnessing tragedy. But her expression was radiant.

"Surely you will find him!" she said. "Oh, surely! But I beg you to be discreet! And—the message is simply that his mother has heard of his good fortune and his good conduct, and nightly gives thanks in her prayers for his safety. And—she loves him very much. You will give that message, Señor, discreetly?"

"I will give it," I promised.

She went away quickly.

I smoked. Minutes later, Garrison came out again.

"What'd she want?" he asked sourly.

"Stopping over with gratitude?"

"In a way," I said noncommittally. I had a very queer feeling. "You were telling about the last revolution—"

"About the bandits who were left over after it," said Garrison in some distaste. "Some were thieves and some had backed the wrong crowd, and some—it was the sort of thing that always follows a revolution. But it was bad. They had to be cleaned up. So the General was given the job, with a special law passed by Congress for authority. Amnesty for all bandits who surrendered before a certain time. Summary execution for all caught red-handed after that date. Some surrendered. A lot didn't. That was bad."

There was no one on the bow deck now but the General. The joviality had gone from his manner as if he'd taken off a mask. He sat heavily in his chair, staring at nothing.

"They caught a dozen of them," said Garrison in a low tone, "right at the gates of the capital. They'd just murdered a tavernkeeper and a cantinera—you might say a barmaid—rather horribly. No doubt about their guilt. And one of them was the General's son."

"What's that?" I demanded.

"The General's son was one of them," said Garrison. "He'd always been one of those young men who instinctively despise everything their parents stand for. If the General had been a crook, his son might have wound up an archbishop. But, anyhow, the officer who caught the gang wanted to know what to do about the General's son."

I felt very queer indeed. Garrison took a deep breath.

"That's why I had to do as the Señora asked," he said. "Dammit, nobody could refuse her! Because of her son, she wants to help other young fools who're as inexcusable as he was. You can't help

helping her! Though how the devil she can keep on living with the General—"

"What happened?"

"I suppose he sweated blood," said Garrison. "The request for special orders came direct to him. It was a bad fix for an honest man. If he did the natural thing, his reputation would be gone forever and the revolution he'd just made possible would be discredited. But on the other hand, the boy was his son—his only son. It took him eight hours to decide. I don't know how he did it."

"Did what?" I demanded.

"Sent back word that he couldn't interfere with the law. So the boy was treated like all the rest. Stood up against a wall and shot."

I looked down at the heavy figure sitting alone in that glaring light. An unpleasant stirring of anger came to me.

"Yes?" I said. "Sure about that?" I was thinking of the scrap of paper in my pocket and the message the General's wife wanted me to give. "Maybe you're right. But I've an idea—"

"There's no question about it," said Garrison. His mouth twisted a little. "I didn't believe it would happen, myself. Maybe, like everybody else, I wanted to catch the General in a little conniving just because he was known as an honest man. And I'd never seen an execution. I knew the boy. I'd tried to do him a favor once, and he sneered at me. So I went to see him shot. But when the firing squad leveled their rifles at him, his face had the most amazing expression of stark disbelief I've ever seen on any man's face in my life! He still looked as if he didn't believe it, when the guns went off."

THERE was a movement down in the pitiless glare of the lantern. The General got up. The light was savagely harsh. It was merciless. He looked very, very tired. He went slowly back toward his cabin. He did not look happy or jovial or at ease with himself, now that he was alone. But he was an honest man, and it occurred to me that he had a highly ironic reward for his integrity. Every human being in his country believed in him implicitly. But nobody smiled at him. Nobody but his wife, who was the only person he hadn't been honest with. She could smile at him because she believed that there was a young man in New Orleans.

But I knew better. I could understand to the fullest that expression of stark disbelief on a young man's face when the rifles of a firing squad came up for him. If he knew his mother loved him, and knew his father. . . . I took a scrap of paper from my pocket and tore it to bits. I tossed the fragments overside. There was no use trying to find that young man. He wasn't there. The General was honest.

THE END

A CORRECTION

In an article entitled You'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain, published in the May 15, 1948, issue of Collier's, it was stated:

"In Swain County, North Carolina, mountain people swear by old Dr. Crawford, who can tell you what ails you the moment he pokes his nose through the door—and sniffs. For Dr. Crawford diagnoses entirely by his sense of smell. Each disease, he finds, has its own peculiar odor; and after smelling it out, he has only to sniff at his medicine bottle to mix together just the right dose."

There was absolutely no thought, intent or purpose on the part of Collier's to injure the reputation or professional standing of Dr. J. H. Crawford of Graham County, North Carolina, and Collier's retracts and apologizes for any statement, appearing in the article, which is or might be considered as reflecting on the reputation or professional standing of Dr. Crawford.

Collier's for June 26, 1948

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...WE'RE STRONG ENOUGH FOR PEACE

NO DECENT American anywhere in the world wants a war with Russia. Thomas E. Dewey, Robert Taft, Harold Stassen, Harry Truman are just as hostile to a war with Russia as are Henry A. Wallace or William Z. Foster. The American politician who advocated a war with Russia could not be elected dogcatcher.

That's fact number one. Fact number two is that the Russian people doubtless also much prefer peace. So when the Moscow radio unceremoniously announced that the United States invited friendly talks with the Moscow government, almost universally the news was welcomed.

The critical comments by American officials and other officials on the unexpected Russian publication of these conversations were understandable but unfortunate. What our officials said tended to obscure the highly desirable action they had taken. Even if the Russians did take political advantage of American efforts to safeguard the peace, our government had the credit for taking the initiative toward protecting the peace. That fact probably did not escape attention even among the subject peoples of middle Europe.

John Foster Dulles, Secretary Marshall's aide at Lake Success and Governor Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs, emphasized a distinction recently that it is helpful to remember in this connection. The Russian government and the Communist party are two quite different organizations in spite of the fact that the Russian government is Communist.

The Communist party may fanatically believe that there can be no peace between capitalism and Communism, but the Russian government may still find it expedient not to go to war with the United States. The majority of Russians are not Communists, even though their government is run wholly by Communists.

The practical difficulty is that Russian officials have to protect themselves against the attacks of Communist politicians, just as American statesmen have to fend off violent and often unreasonable suspicion and attack by hostile partisans.

We have, however, great advantage in that sincerely we want nothing in Europe. We have asked for nothing, and we want nothing. The Communists may be so deluded as to think that American gifts through the Marshall Plan are capitalistic effort to win imperialistic markets, but that is not

true. More than that, intelligent Russians know these charges are not true.

We have the further advantage of being perfectly willing to tolerate any kind of government other peoples desire, so long as our right to live as we prefer is conceded. So we are under no necessity to be aggressive. We have no such desire.

Accordingly most Americans seem to hope that our government press for peace negotiations, regardless of the bad manners or even bad faith of Russian politicians. We lead from strength, not weakness. Being strong, we can afford to be tolerant. The one thing we don't want is war. If by patience, persistence, tolerance and unceasing effort we can bring about peace, we shall have benefited ourselves and the world.

Surely the goal is sufficient to enable us to overlook the taunts of Communist politicians. After all, our own more conservative partisans are not always scrupulously fair in debate. —W. L. C.

... WE'D BETTER CONSERVE WATER: The most alarming (though definitely not alarmist) article Collier's has printed in a long time was Lester Velie's *Are We Short of Water?* The piece told, you may remember, of water tables sinking dangerously in various parts of the country, of overwelled areas where water is taken out of the ground much faster than nature can replace it, and of consequent man-made droughts and creeping desert areas.

This mining of our underground water resources has gone especially far in the Texas Panhandle, in California and Arizona, and in the giant urban communities of Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

We aren't running out of water yet; but we might. It's time, clearly, for more states to pass water-conservation measures adapted to local conditions. Only eight states up to now have such laws. Most of these are aimed at curbing excessive sinking of wells, by requiring permits for all such enterprises and empowering the state engineer or some similar official to exercise various restrictions.

It seems to us, too, that one or more seaboard states might consider encouraging the discovery or development of cheap ways to turn salt water fresh—maybe by offering generous rewards analogous to the \$10,000 prize offers recently posted by the U.S.

Atomic Energy Commission for discovery of workable new uranium deposits.

The main idea is to take to viewing water as the basic and priceless natural resource that it is, and to conserve it accordingly. The time to start is now, while the problem can still be solved at reasonable cost and without undue hardship to anybody.

... IN CONSTRUCTIVE TAX REVISION: The recent cut in federal income tax rates was concededly a stopgap measure, and many of its sponsors were frank to admit that it was passed largely because there is a Presidential election this year. The relief was none the less welcome for all that. We do hope, though, that Congress won't neglect to hammer together, with due deliberation, a long-range and scientific revision of our entire federal tax system, for adoption as soon as may be.

In which connection, we'd like to mention a survey recently made by *Mill & Factory* magazine, a trade journal for management and production people. The survey was on the subject of the time allowed by present tax laws for amortization of factory equipment and machinery—rather a dry-sounding matter to the layman, maybe, but highly important to him just the same.

Existing laws assume that factory machines and facilities will last 10 to 25 years. In actual fact, most of these things wear out or become obsolete in 5 to 7 years; sometimes sooner. The tax law just doesn't square with experience.

Consequently, 76 per cent of 1,000 U.S. executives of manufacturing companies quizzed by *Mill & Factory* reported that the tax laws in this respect do not satisfy them. Of these, the great majority (95 per cent) thought a manufacturer should be permitted to amortize his equipment over a period of less than 10 to 25 years if he so desires.

In that case, obviously, industrialists would be encouraged to set aside more money than they now do for future replacements and improvements. The general effect would be to stimulate industry to keep on its toes, adopt new processes and scrap old ones faster, and thereby sidestep the paralysis which can overtake a tax-hobbled or otherwise hampered enterprise. How about this reform in the next general tax statute?

Should a woman buy a man's ties?



1858 For years women have been ribbed about their taste in men's neckwear. But how good are men at picking ties? When the name Corby's came to Canada, a man chose his own neckpiece. Result: a deadly dull black string tie. No wonder Grandpa wore a beard!



1870 A puffy ascot, secured by a lover's-knot pin, marked a gay blade when the name Corby's was 12 years old in Canada. Later, but still before the feminine touch was felt, came a typical uninspired specimen—drab, brocaded four-in-hand . . . astride a "gates ajar" collar.



1945 Returning servicemen went all out for gaudy colors. Costly hand-painted jobs turned up frequently, as the name Corby's celebrated its 87th year in Canada. But don't blame the women—men wanted wacky hues as a relief from years of khaki.



1948 Where do the gals come in? They'll still rush tie counters on special occasions. And they'll select better looking ties than most men would pick. So, it's wise to go along with your best girl's choice. Just face it and toast the ladies' good taste . . . in Corby's the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Note Corby's popular price—you'll like it, too!



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